



"If the American public cannot agree on why we failed in China, we have little prospect of constructing an effective policy either toward China or for the rest of Asia." So writes JOHN K. FAIRBANK, who had seven years' experience in China before, during, and after the war. In 1942-1943 he was a Special Assistant to the American Ambassador at Chungking, and in 1945-1946 served as head of the OWI office in China. He is a Professor of History at Harvard and the author of The United States and China, published by the Harvard University Press.

CHINA

by JOHN K. FAIRBANK

THERE are many interpretations of the Chinese Communist rise to power and most of them go to extremes. Some regard it as simply a Russian plot, overlooking its all-Chinese cast. Others see it as an unavoidable act of nature like an earthquake, neglecting the very human nature of history. Some say we helped Chiang Kai-shek too little, and some — rather few — protest that our error lay in helping him too much.

Amid all these confusing claims and considerations, military, economic, and political, we have neglected the realm of ethics. I believe our chief failure in dealing with the Communist revolution in China has been to underestimate the vigor of Chinese moral sentiment as the basis of patriotic effort and to pay too little attention to the morality of our own position in the eyes of the Chinese. Aware of our own revulsion against Communist methods and doctrines, we have generally assumed that other sensible people would see through them too. Aware of our own generous good will toward China, we have assumed that it would shine through our aid programs, no matter how the aid was used. Yet today we are up against the fact that a significant proportion of Chinese Christians and Western-trained Chinese professors, the natural protagonists of Western ideals in China, have been heatedly denouncing our "aggression" in Korea and Formosa. We find ourselves most violently condemned in China, not only by the Communists but also by

patriotic Chinese who have been close to our way of life. This is an unhappy denouement to a century of Sino-American friendship. How shall we account for it?

The quick and easy explanation is Communist propaganda and indoctrination. Communist lies are so big that they really constitute an entire realm of thought, beginning with Lenin's great half-truth that imperialism is the final phase of capitalism. In China the Malik view of the world now holds sway. The Chinese people are at present a "captive audience." If Mao Tse-tung can feed them the "facts," he can control the judgments they reach. This still does not explain, however, how so many Chinese have come to put their trust in Mao. What is the explanation of his rise to power?

On this point our counsels are discordant; yet it is plain that if the American public cannot agree on why we failed in China, we have little prospect of constructing an effective policy either toward China or for the rest of Asia.

The popular explanation among Republican political aspirants is to blame it on the Democrats. This is reminiscent of the old Chinese ritual which made the Emperor in Peking responsible for drought, flood, famine, or other acts of nature anywhere in the empire. As used today by people who ought to know better, there is a slick element of self-flattery in blaming the revolution in China

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on the administration in Washington. It assumes that we Americans can really call the tune if we want to, even among 475 million people in the inaccessible rice paddies of a subcontinent ten thousand miles away.

This theory that Mao Tse-tung's rise to power in China is somehow our fault in America appeals both to the Puritan conscience and to our view of ourselves as world arbiters, but it leaves Chiang Kai-shek out of account. After all, he came to power in Nanking during the Coolidge administration. Since then the leadership of Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Indonesia, Burma, India, and Pakistan has seen cataclysmic changes amid two decades of violence and disaster. Hoover, Roosevelt, and Truman have occupied the White House. Chiang Kai-shek sat on top of the Chinese revolution as long as he could, fighting it with arms rather than reforms, but no amount of American aid could have kept him there forever, nor could even a nation of MacArthurs put him back today.

The final word on the Generalissimo as a recipient of American aid and advice has long since been written, by several score American specialists who were not political appointees and who included General George C. Marshall. Six hundred pages of their sober reports and appraisals were published as appendices to the White Paper on China in August, 1949, and may still be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents for three dollars. Among them General Wedemeyer in his famous report of September, 1947, concluded that "the only working basis on which national Chinese resistance to Soviet aims can be revitalized is through the present corrupt, reactionary, and inefficient Chinese National Government." Wedemeyer recommended military aid "under the supervision of American advisers." Secretary of State Marshall, who had sought vainly for a year to advise Chiang Kai-shek, refused to take the risk involved in trying to save him with American military power. This was fortunate, indeed, for by 1947 Chiang was beyond saving. The explanation of his collapse, like the explanation of Chinese anti-Americanism today, must be found within the Chinese scene, in the realm of Chinese public opinion and its moral and ethical sentiments.

2

AN ancient Chinese military maxim runs: "Know your own side. Know the other side. In a hundred battles you will win a hundred victories." With our European background, we know little of Asia or its ethical values. Today our greatest danger is that the Russians may capitalize on our ignorance.

The conditions of Chinese life are far outside our experience or even imagination; rice or millet without meat, shoes without leather, a board to sleep on, worms in the belly, and an age-old dislike of

landlords and foreign invaders — all this has been the stuff of everyday experience among an intelligent people crowded in a hundred thousand villages across the face of the world's oldest country. In a modern world where there is hope of betterment, these conditions have been inevitably the where-withal for revolution. When our missionaries and traders first stimulated the revolutionary process in the old Chinese empire by importing subversive Western ways a century ago, they represented a dominant Western society which had no need to understand the effete East. Today it is different. The spread of industry and nationalism, science and democracy, has turned the tables on us. Asia is changing faster than we are.

The Communist success-story in China is now well known in outline: the methods of indoctrinating students who can mobilize peasants, the techniques of rent reduction and land redistribution, of village "liberation" and class reorganization, of personal conversion and guidance by self-criticism. Not many serious observers fell for the line that the Chinese Communists were "mere agrarian reformers." They take pride in being Communists, but they use agrarian reform as a basis for power, just as they use Chinese patriotism. As yet no signs of Titoism have appeared. Nor should they be expected as long as the Stalinist dogma retains its appeal to Chinese idealism, and its moral respectability in Chinese public opinion.

This peculiar Chinese public opinion is a pervasive force which we have neglected to our own disaster. It is not expressed in editorials, in a country where the press is controlled and the people largely illiterate. But it led Chiang's armies to surrender, taking with them the American weapons that Mao's armies now can use against us. This Chinese public opinion is the force that bestows the traditional Mandate of Heaven upon the successful rebel in Chinese politics. It goes back to the beginning of Chinese history and is intimately bound up with the Chinese moral sense. It includes a healthy respect for military and police power, but not for them alone. In political life this force of opinion is seen in the acquiescence of the people in the government of the day. One might call it part of the "unwritten constitution" of the Chinese polity; and let us remember that the Chinese body politic is the oldest in the world. In short, in the crowded life of China the attitude of the populace, their coöperation or avoidance of coöperation with the regime in power, has been the index of that regime's longevity. This attitude has not been expressed through political institutions like the elections and parliaments of the West, but it has been made evident through many centuries in the daily conduct of the people. Bad government, for example, invites corruption, which produces worse government. A regime whose leaders have lost public respect is soon knifed by its own bureaucracy, in

which bad men drive out good. Community non-coöperation, well known to us in Chinese shopkeepers' boycotts, can spread to the whole nation.

The Russians or the Nazis may have been able to get results from a slave-and-police state, but the Chinese Communists are taking no chances. They rose to power by establishing within China greater moral prestige than the Kuomintang, and thus far they have worked hard to keep it — long hours, ascetic living, incorruptibility, and devotion to their cause. Their Communism, though genuine Marxism-Leninism of the Moscow orthodoxy, is operating in the shadow of twenty centuries of Confucianism. While no one expects China's dead past to reassert itself, one must still acknowledge that the Chinese way of life is distinctive and persistent. In dealing with the Chinese people neither we nor the Communists can disregard it.

3

IT MAY seem paradoxical that a Communist system which uses slave labor and terror in East Europe and Russia can maintain a genuine moral prestige in China. Of course many millions in China oppose the new order. Newly "liberated" peasants find themselves taxed as never before. But let us remember that our own revolution of 1776 was carried through by the active one third among us. The inner core of the Chinese Communist Party, which now claims five million members, has been knit together and battle-tested over a generation. It is operating a coalition in which non-Communists actively participate. The broad extent of this active non-Communist collaboration among China's small literate elite is the index of Communism's ideological success and of our failure. These non-Communist intellectuals include scholars and administrators of international repute, men of integrity who defied Japan, spent the war years in the shanty towns of Free China's universities, and refused to be intimidated by Kuomintang police. They are not men easily bought or coerced. Their active collaboration seems due to several factors.

First, China is in a period of hope; the promises of the new order are still untarnished, as in the first years of Soviet Russia. Second, the period of Nationalist collapse is still fresh in memory — the inexorable inflation, the Kuomintang terror against intellectuals, the insecurity. Today the inflation has been suppressed, albeit by Draconian methods, and civil war is over. Third, what one expects of any government in China is not what we would expect in America. Incorrupt officials are a blessing even if public services are few. Young Communist administrators can shine against a background of warlordism. Fourth, while the Peking regime is far from thoroughly established over large areas of the South, where disaffection and unrest are reported

on a large scale, the fact remains that for the patriot who wants to save his country there is no rival channel for his effort, no competitor to Mao as a leader, no one else with his prestige.

What is this moral prestige? Mao has it not merely because he fought for thirty years and won. It springs rather from his apparent "sincerity" (in the sense in which Chinese and Japanese diplomats used to accuse each other of lacking it), his purity of intention. By his pronouncements and conduct, Mao and his party have established the general belief that they mean well toward the Chinese masses, that they know China's basic problems and have the means and determination to solve them. If he and his party lead China only to disaster in the end, it will not be the first time that self-appointed saviors have believed themselves utterly sincere.

This sincerity can be understood only in the old Chinese context, where the ideal government is not "the rule of law," but "the rule of men and virtue" — that is, government by superior men whose decisions are guided by their enlightened moral sense. This was the essence of the Confucian tradition. The rigorous training in the classics, the ancient examination system, the inculcation of orthodox Confucian morality, all aimed at administration by superior men who could rule benevolently and justly by applying the moral precepts of the sages, not by following the letter of the law. The opportunity for Marxism-Leninism to exploit this Chinese tradition is obvious.

The inveterate evil in the grand moral concept of sage-government has been that Chinese officials often mouthed virtue but grew corrupt. Personal despotism has been the twin brother of Confucian morality. The pluralism of our society, which requires no One Man at the top and which gives us variety and strength, stems from the rule of law as opposed to the rule of men. It is on this ground that we line up against Marxism-Leninism and also against the Confucian tradition. But in the Chinese context, a Marxist-Leninist regime which is distinctly below the level of political life which we would tolerate in our own country seems to hold the promise of being an improvement over the old order. It is judged by the professed intentions and the conduct of its leaders. Can their promise be realized?

If we also judge by the aims set forth by Mao and the Chinese Communist Party, it seems possible; judged by the Russian record, it seems entirely improbable. Russian manipulation of the Chinese revolution, so badly bungled in the 1920s, has achieved a new high point. The Marxist-Leninist ideology of the Chinese revolution, which commends itself by promising increased production and welfare at home, is the same ideology that proclaims the Kremlin's international crusade against "capitalist-imperialist aggression" in foreign relations.

The Communist thought-control system which mobilizes great production drives and efforts at national reconstruction within China is the same system that feeds the Chinese people Moscow's lies about American "aggression" in Korea or Formosa. Russia contrives to get the Chinese people to do her dirty work. Militarism is likely to eat up China's small productive surplus and impoverish her people; Mao is likely to lose his moral prestige and find himself head of another Communist police-state. But this is still for the future.

4

OUR first step in the necessary long-term job of appealing to Chinese moral sentiment and enlisting it against the Russian system is to recognize our own past errors. When we supported Chiang Kai-shek, both he and we fell into a trap. Relying on our support, his shaky Nationalist regime was under less pressure to carry through reforms which would compete with Communist reforms; with our arms, it was the more inclined to use force against the Communists, which quickly proved disastrous. On our part, having committed ourselves to approach China only through Chiang as the legitimate channel during our war against Japan, we were less able to bargain with him for post-war land reform and other reconstruction programs which might have headed off collapse. The White Paper documents our long frustration in this quagmire, unable either to influence the Nationalist regime effectively or to dissociate ourselves from it, impotent either to reform Chiang Kai-shek or to disillusion his political backers in America.

First, we must recall that Chiang, like other Asian leaders in contact with the West, had to have two faces: toward us abroad he was a true patriot and a Christian, incorrupt and unflinching; toward the world of Chinese politics, he functioned as a power-holder and political manipulator, head of the government, party, and army, but not a reformer. While chief of state, he had to be his own Boss Hague, enmeshed in political deals with the conservative landlord-warlord forces of the countryside. This made him the natural target of complaint and moral indignation.

Second, the Chinese Communists used against us the well-tried tactic of polarization, which operates in two phases. In phase one they espoused all things good and desirable, all the reforms and freedoms dear to the liberal heart, and denounced all Nationalist evils. This made the liberals regard the Communists as almost liberal, and made the Nationalist right wing regard the liberals as almost Communist. Phase two followed when the Communists proclaimed, "There is no middle road; who is not for us is against us," while the Nationalist right wing, being themselves totalitarian-minded, attacked the liberals who tried to stay on a middle

ground. Examples abound of this pulverizing of the center by both extremes. Thus in June, 1946, a non-Communist liberal peace delegation from Shanghai came to Nanking to protest against civil war. Nationalist thugs surrounded them at the station for several hours and finally gave them a professional beating up — no one was killed but all were hospitalized. Several of these genuine would-be liberals are now collaborating at Peking. In incident after incident the Communists, with an assist from Nationalist goon squads, won over the liberals of China.

Third, it has not been difficult for the Communists by ceaseless repetition and illustration to identify the United States with the hated Nationalist regime, especially when the Nationalists themselves and their ardent American backers have constantly asserted this identification. Our asserted identity with Chiang has been the Communists' trump card, the big gun used against us. Thus the good name earned by three generations of our missionaries and educators has been all but smothered, and China is being steadily mobilized against American influence.

5

WHAT is the remedy for our disaster? In general I think we must bring the moral factor more fully into our political-economic-military thinking. We must distinguish in our own minds between the Communist reform program within China, which has both good and bad points, and the Chinese Communist integration in the Russian system of imperialism, which menaces both world peace and the welfare of the Chinese people. We must abandon any hope of engineering a Chinese Titoism by some tactic of wooing or bargaining; yet we must never forget that China and Russia are two different countries with different ways of life and different group interests, which may not be forever controllable by Stalinist dogma. It seems apparent to us that the best interest of the Chinese people conflicts with the ulterior interest of the Kremlin; within the wall of Moscow propaganda, however, the Chinese people may have great difficulty in seeing this. We should make it possible for them to do so. This calls for a more vigorous American information program, but primarily it calls for an American determination to avoid the Russian trap of polarization.

This tactic has given the Russian and Chinese Communists their greatest success. When Mao says, "We lean to one side," we play his game by saying, "China is in the Russian camp." Actually, Mao is engaged in trying to drag the Chinese people into the Russian camp, but we give a push, too, by refusing recognition. It now seems plain that the Stalin-Mao axis never wanted us to recognize Communist China; the British recognition has not

been accepted in practical terms, nor would ours have been. But to the Chinese people we, not the Communists, now bear the onus of preventing friendly relations between the United States and the new China. By neglecting the struggle for moral prestige within China, we have let the Communists consolidate their position as defenders of China's welfare and national interest. In actual fact, we are convinced that Chinese Communism is selling out China's true interest to that of Moscow. But we cannot demonstrate this so long as we are successfully pictured by Moscow as acting out the role of "imperialist aggressor" which Moscow ascribes to us, and which keeps us in an immoral and suspect position in Chinese eyes.

This Russian success has two bases, one domestic and one foreign. In domestic affairs the Chiang Kai-shek regime, as the record is compiled and reiterated against it, has no way to regain its shattered moral prestige: the Communist tactic is therefore to keep us identified with it. This is done much more effectively than the American people realize. As long as the Chinese Communist effort to solve China's domestic problems keeps its momentum, as long as the Chinese people are brought by persuasion and coercion to acquiesce in Communist leadership, and as long as we seem to threaten the Communist-led effort at China's national upbuilding by our apparent support of Chiang, this tactic will work. Our big news and picture magazines help it week by week.

In foreign affairs, the Russian effort in China is like the Russian effort elsewhere, to pin the evils of aggression upon us. Since this concerns events outside the direct experience of the Chinese people it can be accomplished by the Moscow lie-machinery, and we can combat it only by getting our own information into China, as into other parts of the Soviet orbit.

This suggests two essential lines of approach to China. First, it is absolutely essential that our information program become effective. The Voice of America is hardly a whisper in China, and must be greatly enlarged, but it may prove to be less important than other channels of information that we might develop. The overseas Chinese communities of Southeast Asia are closely connected with South China. The traditional grapevine, by word of mouth, still operates in every village if we can only reach it with the facts.

Second, we must make every effort to avoid taking *unnecessary* positions where the Chinese Communists can force us into conflict with the Chinese nation. Either diplomatic or military conflict with us helps them to consolidate their control in China and to wipe out our moral and practical influence among the Chinese people. In such conflicts, Chinese Communism stands to build up further support for its polarized anti-American

position in China, while Russia stands to involve us in an enormous side show which cannot be decisive but can weaken us. Our strategic problem is therefore to decide what positions we must hold at all cost, even at the cost of fighting Chinese, and what positions are not necessary to us.

Our effort to support the UN in Korea is essential and must continue even if China is maneuvered into fighting us there. A majority decision to seat China in the UN, by which we have promised to abide, might help the Chinese people view the world more independently. Meanwhile Formosa is of marginal military value to us and less distinct than Korea as an issue of principle. As General MacArthur's famous letter made clear, it could be neutralized by whichever side had air superiority in a war. Thus with superior air power on Formosa we could dominate the air over the coast; but with superior air power on the continent, an enemy could dominate the air over Formosa. Meanwhile Sino-American hostilities over Formosa can waste the military strength of both parties and make Stalin that much stronger. In the long term Formosa is less valuable to us than peace with China. We must try to settle its disposition through the United Nations.

In summary, we will get nowhere in China either by further support of Chiang or by appeasement of Mao. We can, if we try hard on all levels, build up our prestige by helping other, accessible parts of Asia solve their problems. We can try to get this story into China; we must get the facts before the Chinese people. Although under Communist control, it will be many years before they can be thoroughly "communized." In the meantime we have a bare chance to rebuild our moral position in their eyes and to combat the prostitution of China for purposes of Russian imperialism. But this requires a recognition among patriotic anti-Communist Americans that our failure in China has only partly been due to the knavish tricks of Communism and was partly our own grievous fault, for giving our aid too carelessly to a regime which had grown incapable of representing its own best aspirations or our moral position. It is on the score of domestic reform in China that we parted company with Chinese public opinion, for we (thinking of ourselves first?) considered that the evil of Russian imperialism would outweigh the benefit of the reforms promised by Chinese Communism; and too many of the Chinese people did not agree with us. It is never too late in history for great peoples to change their minds. But there is no hope of friendly relations with the Chinese people until we take ourselves out of their purely domestic politics, take China out of American party politics, and concentrate upon the paramount menace of the Russian totalitarian imperialism which we both face.

Atlantic Portrait

A choreographer and dancer whose ballets in Oklahoma!, Bloomer Girl, Brigadoon, and Allegro have brought a new quality to the American stage, AGNES DE MILLE here pays artistic tribute to Martha Graham, the greatest in her profession. A New Yorker like her grandfather, Henry George, Miss de Mille decided to make the dance her lifework after her graduation from the University of California. Louis Horst, her first accompanist, was also the accompanist and mentor of Martha Graham, and the three came to know each other in a "plain, folksy way," meeting for dinner and movies occasionally, and always talking about the one thing that mattered.

MARTHA GRAHAM

by AGNES DE MILLE

I

To nondancers Martha Graham may be vaguely known as that angular, arty woman with a head like a skull who moves in spasms and jerks. To her colleagues, she stands acknowledged as one of the few great living choreographers, one of the dozen greatest dancers. Virgil Thomson considers her the most powerful actress in the American theatre, while Katharine Cornell, who might have some claim to that title herself, makes a more sweeping statement. "She is not only the greatest American artist in the theatre, but in any field."

Graham is one of the few people who have found an original way of communication. It is not a readaptation or personal development of the old way. It is a new way. This happens only occasionally in painting and music. It is noteworthy of Graham that in twenty years of invention she is still what she was at the beginning: the most unpredictable, the most searching, the most radical of all choreographers. Furthermore, no dancer that I can name has expanded technique to a comparable degree. She has, herself alone, given us a new system of leverage, balance, and dynamics. She is one of the great costume designers of our time, as revolutionary in the use of material as Vionnet. In point of view and subject matter, in choice of music and scenery, she cuts across all tradition. And for each new phase, there was needed a whole new style. Her idiom has shown as great a variety as Picasso's. This enormous span of achievement has covered twenty years and none of it has been easy. Some people mocked, and many turned away. The public and critics have been in turn outraged, exasperated, stimulated, or adoring. No one has ever been indifferent.

From the beginning Graham knew what she wanted to do and did it. She was born in Pittsburgh of Scotch Presbyterian parents, and raised in Santa Barbara, California. Her father was a physician who specialized in mental ailments. So from

an early age she grew accustomed to the idea that people move as they do for reasons. Her father, for instance, used to detect lying by the manner in which people held their hands. He did not wish her to dance. She had to wait until he died before she started training.

She entered the Denishawn School in Los Angeles while attending the Cumnock School and came under the spell of Ruth St. Denis. Thereafter she never took any aspect of dancing flippantly. When she was graduated from high school, she joined the troupe as a student and performed tangos with Ted, Japanese flower arrangements with Miss Ruth, and music visualizations to Doris Humphrey's choreography. I saw her during this period. I remember her hurtling through the room to Schubert, or sitting bare-legged on the polished floor with smoldering watchfulness. The mask of her face was like porcelain over red-hot iron. One felt that the gathering force within might suddenly burst the gesture, the chiffon, the studio walls, the pretty groupings of graceful girls. The intensity she brought to bear on each composition was not comfortable to watch. She went with the troupe on a European tour. Ted Shawn built an Aztec ballet around her which gave her the opportunity to vent some of her ebullience. In this she had the chance, for instance, to gnaw on his leg. No one subsequently, they told me, ever did this so well.

It was during this tour that she came under the influence of Louis Horst, the Denishawn musical director, who in manner was something like Dr. Johnson and in appearance a cross between Silenus and Micawber. He urged her to try her own wings. So she up and left, and with great courage came to New York and started out on her own. Horst left the home fold shortly thereafter.

Denishawn viewed this double departure poorly. Girls did not rebel this way. Not since Miss Ruth herself dressed up as an Egyptian cigarette ad in

1906 and gave Oriental mysticism a new lease on life by undulating in a roof-garden restaurant had a young woman broken with tradition so flagrantly. For the last two decades dancing had been Russian, which was art; American, which was commercial (tap, acrobatic, ballroom, or musical-comedy, the last a vague term applicable to anything successfully cute); Duncan, which while emotionally good for young girls was fast losing favor; or Denishawn, which combined the best features of all. Graham had the audacity to think that there might be still another way, stronger and more indigenous.

Martha put in a couple of seasons in the Greenwich Village Follies. Then, with a little money saved, she started serious experimenting. She taught at the Eastman School of Music, entering the project with great diffidence. But Horst believed she had genius. He accepted, however, no easy revelations. The technique, the choice of subject, the music, the old manner went. He brought her music. He brought her books. He took her to study the Indian corn dances. He played for classes. He composed for her concerts. He comforted and quieted her pupils. He organized her appearances, sitting up nights addressing folders or working over the account books. He scolded and forced and chevied. The relationship was full of storm and protest.

"You're breaking me," she used to say. "You're destroying me."

"Something greater is coming," he promised, and drove her harder. "Every young artist," he explained once, "needs a wall to grow against like a vine. I am that wall."

Graham's early recitals were given in 1926 with a few pupils on Sunday nights in New York. This was a stirring period in American dance history — a period of revolution and adventure. There were at least ten soloists working in New York and a score or more imitators developing their experiments. Every Sunday throughout the winter season, at least two dance concerts were given. We all turned out en bloc for every occasion, wrangling and fighting in the lobbies as though at a political meeting.

I am glad I participated in the period of the originators. There are a force and a wonder in first revelation that have no duplication. Greater dancers may be coming, greater and more subtle choreography; but we worked when there was no pattern and no precedent. We made it all as we went along, and every concert was a perilous test for all of us, a perilous, portentous challenge. We risked everything. Every one of us had thrown overboard all our traditions — ballet, Duncan, Denishawn — and was out to remodel the entire medium. There were no rules. We worked alone. We struck sparks from one another. It was a kind of gigantic jam session and it lasted nine years, until the end of WPA. There are brilliant young

dancers today, but no one with the power of Graham or Humphrey, and all of them are imitative of the styles in the thirties.

2

BALLET is largely a series of poses, linked with the lightest and most flowing movement. It strives always to conceal effort. The great jumps derive their effect solely from their apparent ease in conquering gravity and human inadequacy. Graham thought that effort was important since, in fact, effort was life, and she thought that the use of the ground rather than the escape from it was vital. And because effort starts with the nerve centers, it follows that a technique developed from percussive impulses that flow through the body and the length of the arms and legs, as motion is sent through a whip, would have enormous nervous vitality. These impulses Graham called "contractions." She also evolved suspensions and falls utilizing the thigh and knee as a hinge on which to raise and lower the body to the floor, thus incorporating the ground into the gesture proper for the first time.

All this differs radically from ballet movement, where the arms and legs are used as separate revolving members on a steady spine, and where all effort is concealed. It is different from the Von Laban-Wigman technique (which Graham had never seen), and it is probably the greatest addition to dance vocabulary that has been made in this century, being comparable to the rules of perspective in painting or the use of the thumb in keyboard playing. In a purely abstract sense her code of technique may well be more beautiful than any of her compositions; it is certainly more durable because it has gone into the vocabulary of the dance.

Compare her findings with the achievements of other single historical figures. Camargo in her lifetime is supposed to have invented the entrechat quatre or jump with two crossed beatings of the legs, and to have shortened the classic skirt to ankle length. Heinel is credited with the double pirouette. Vestris, the greatest male dancer of the eighteenth century, expanded the leg beatings (batri) from four to eight and evolved pirouettes of five or six revolutions. The father of Maria Taglioni put her up on full point although others had been making tentative efforts along this line. Legnani exploited the fouetté pirouette — not her own invention. None of these altered the basic principles or positions of ballet technique. Anna Pavlova is credited by Swetlow, her biographer, with adding the trill on points. Each of these is a minute advancement for a lifetime of experimenting. Fokine, Balanchine, and Tudor have shown enormous invention, but none of them departed basically from ballet stance or ballet coördination.

It may be argued that Duncan created a new

way of moving. But this is not strictly true. She refused, rather, to accept the old way and evolved a personal expression that was based on simple running, walking, and leaping. She worked almost without dance technique. Her influence has been incalculable, but her method was too personal for transference.

In ideas, Graham always led the field. She was doing dances of revolt and protest in the posh days of 1929. She was searching religious ritual and American folkways when revolution became the young radicals' artistic line in 1931-1933. The Communists then suddenly discovered that they were Americans with grass roots down to the center of Moscow and put every pressure on Graham to make her their American standard-bearer. But she was nobody's tool. She was already through with folkways and making experiments in psychology, and while other concerts were padded with "American Suites" and "Dust Bowl Ballads," Graham began to turn out her superb satires, "Every Soul Is a Circus" and "Punch and the Judy," which foreshadowed some of Tudor's work and a very great deal of Robbins and de Mille. The dance world seethed with satire and Martha concerned herself with woman as artist and then woman as woman, inaugurating her poetic tragedies "Letter to the World," "Deaths and Entrances," and "Salem Shore," and developing the first use of the spoken word in relation to dance pattern. Everyone else began to do biographies; Graham delved deeper and deeper into anthropology — "Dark Meadow." She began to search Greek mythology for the key to woman's present discomforts — "Labyrinth," "Cave of the Heart," "Night Journey." Nowadays the doctors sit out front biting their nails and taking sharp note.

By 1930 Martha Graham's group had expanded to over twenty and she was a charter member of the Dance Repertory Company, founded by Helen Tamiris, and including Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman and their groups. That year Graham danced "Heretic," the first landmark. In the second season she produced "Primitive Mysteries," based on the Catholic-American concept of the Virgin, a work unsurpassed by her or anyone else. Thereafter she gave an annual series of New York concerts and toured in all the major cities. She had a brisk whirl on the opening program of Radio City and she starred in special performances of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" under the auspices of the League of Composers, with choreography by Léonide Massine. She staged the dances and movement in Katharine Cornell's "Rape of Lucretia" and "Romeo and Juliet." She has earned her living throughout by teaching, an occupation that has gone on all her professional life without respite, winter and summer.

The group which started with three pupils from the Eastman School expanded to over twenty in

three years. She added men to the ranks in the middle thirties, but in the early days she took only women. These girls are not to be thought of as the usual adolescent, illiterate dance student. They were all adults; many held degrees of one sort or another and had deliberately chosen this form of dancing as opposed to the traditional. Among their ranks they have numbered great soloists, Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, Dorothy Bird, Anita Alvarez, Anna Sokoloff, Pearl Lang, May O'Donnel, Yuriko. They embraced every possible sacrifice in order to serve their work, and lived like ascetics. There was no whoop-de-do whatever connected with this form of dancing. The discipline was merciless; many of them endured real privation.

The girls were paid \$10 per season. The box-office receipts barely covered the advertising and rental, never the rehearsal costs. To meet their own expenses, some of them waited on table. None of them were adequately fed or housed. Their leader worked them until midnight every night except Sundays and holidays, when she kept them all day as well. But the girls danced with the ardor of novitiates. They took the stage with a conviction rare in the theatre. The quality of their group performance was incandescent.

Graham not only rehearsed the girls and herself to the point of utter exhaustion, changing or re-creating whole sections until the very eve of a performance; she always ripped up her costumes and spent the entire night before in a fever of sewing. Incidentally, she cut and stitched her costumes herself with the aid of a sewing woman. Apparently she had to do this as a nervous catharsis. Contrary to all rules governing athletes, she never slept for two nights before an appearance. Martha spared no one.

3

WHEN Graham first performed "Primitive Mysteries" in 1930 the audience rose and screamed. John Martin of the New York *Times* dealt in terms he had hitherto reserved for Duncan. "Probably the finest single dance composition ever produced by an American," said the *Herald Tribune*. For this work she was granted half a Guggenheim fellowship. (Being a dancer, although the greatest, she was naturally not entitled to the usual grant awarded a painter, or writer, or scientist.) She went to Mexico.

The winter following the Guggenheim trip, I had occasion to visit her in her studio on 9th Street. She said to come late and see the end of rehearsal — about eleven o'clock. (She had to work at night. Most of her girls had jobs during the day.) I came late. This was the first time I had actually seen her in the throes. At the conclusion of rehearsal, the girls were dismissed and Martha went into her little sleeping cell and didn't come out. Louis said I was to wait, that Martha was out of sorts. I

waited the better part of an hour. Then Louis suggested, in a dispirited way, that I might as well go in as not.

Martha's room was about five feet broad, as I recall it, and it contained a bed, a chest of drawers, and an armchair. Louis more than filled the armchair. I took a box. In the center of the bed was a tiny huddle buried in a dressing gown. The only visible piece of Martha was a snake of black hair. Every so often the bundle shivered. Otherwise there was no sign from that quarter.

Louis droned on, "Now, Martha, you've got to pull yourself together. You can't do this. I've seen you do this before every concert and it won't do. You're a big enough artist to indulge yourself this way, fall apart the week before and still deliver on the night. But the girls can't. They are not experienced enough. You destroy their morale. You tear them down. They're not fit to perform."

Martha neither showed her face nor moved. "The winter is lost. The whole winter's work is lost. I've destroyed my year. This work is no good."

"It is good, Martha," said Louis, persuasively.

"It is not good. I know whether it's good or not. It is not good."

"It may not be so successful as 'Mysteries' but it has its own merits."

"I've lost the year. I've thrown away the Gugenheim."

"One cannot always create on the same level. The Sixth Symphony followed the Fifth, but without the Sixth we could not have had the Seventh." (This was sound thinking and I stored it away in my own breast for future comfort.) "One cannot know what one is leading into. Transitions are as important as achievements."

"Oh please, please, leave me alone," begged the little voice.

Louis got stern. He rose; he loomed. "Martha, now you listen to me. You haven't eaten all day. Get your clothes on and come out for some food."

Martha tossed the blanket a bit. The snake whisked from one side to the other.

Louis got his ulster. Louis got his cap, a flat one with a visor which sat on the top of his white hair. Louis put the coat on Max, his dackel. Louis wheezed out his disapproval. "It's not worth it. Every concert the same. It's not worth it. She's put us all through the wringer. She destroys us."

"But, Louis," I said, pattering down the street after him and peering up around his coat. "She is a genius." He snorted. "Would you consider working with anyone else?"

At this he stopped. "That's the trouble. When you get down to it, there is no other dancer."

The date of this conversation was 1932. Up until last year he played for her classes, conducted her orchestra, comforted her girls. He still stood beside her, hand in hand, to take the bows at those times,

more frequent in her life than in most, when the power and the glory are present and spectators and performers are wrapped in mantles of bright communication.

Louis believed in Martha the most, reserving for her a respect and devotion he gave no one else, but he helped us all. His classes in choreography were for years the only ones of their kind in this country. Outside of the creators themselves, he had had a more constructive influence on the dance than anyone else, possibly excepting John Martin of the *New York Times*.

4

GRAHAM always believed, I think, that she would have general popular recognition, but first she served her conscience; as sternly as any of her New England Calvinistic forebears, she worked in the fear of God. This may sound humorless. It was not, but masterpieces, whether humorous or tragic, do not come spontaneously. They are earned.

She has worked harder than any other human being I've ever known. She taught between four and six hours every day, and not only master pupils, but varicosed ladies from Kansas City and lumpy adolescents from the Bronx. She taught and still teaches at Sarah Lawrence College and at the Neighborhood Playhouse, at Bennington College, and regularly in her own studio. It is costly to be a pioneer in any field; it is virtually impossible in the theatre without a fortune. Martha has never had a fortune. This, however, did not stop her.

The whole responsibility of school management, costumes, and personnel devolved upon her. It is true her students assisted in teaching and in other departments, but this only meant that her books were sometimes looked after by young men who couldn't quite add, and that the costumes were stored and cared for by young women with a great deal else on their minds. She has never been able to afford a full-time wardrobe mistress. Louis Horst used to take the brunt of business responsibility. More recently, the actual booking has been controlled by professional managements, among them Sol Hurok.

But the ultimate responsibility was Martha's. This left her no time for leisure. Her social life was stolen. She took about three weeks vacation a year — during which she went to California to visit her mother. The rest of the time, month in and month out, she was at it.

The pre-concert period was, of course, frenzied. Then came the season in New York when Martha danced the whole performance eight times a week, a program that would kill any normal performer of twenty. On the Monday morning following the close of the New York season she was up at nine o'clock starting the spring course. Friends protested. Friends worried. But the rent had to be paid. After the spring course came the summer

course and Bennington College and the summer composition. Then for three weeks Mother, followed by the autumn course and usually a concert tour. Then the winter composition and the preparation for the New York performance. This was her program in 1930. It is her program, with small variations, in 1950.

The center of all this turmoil one might suppose would be a virago, a wild-eyed harriidan. Well, she could be. If she thought her prerogatives were questioned, she was a very bold woman to cross. She has walked to the footlights, and with blazing eyes addressed the conductor (not Louis): "If you do that again, I shall publicly set you right, in front of the audience." He believed her and minded.

Furthermore, she can be formidable when it takes great courage to be so. The Nazi government invited her to the 1936 Olympic Games — the only American artist so honored. This would have meant world-wide publicity and a whacking sum of money that she badly needed. Martha received the representatives courteously and replied, "But you see half my group is Jewish."

The Germans rose screaming in protest. Not one of Martha's group would be treated with incivility. Their status as American citizens and as her pupils would ensure their protection.

"But," said Martha, "I also am an American citizen and their friend and sponsor. And do you think I would enter a country where you treat your citizens and their people in such a manner?"

"It would be too bad," said the Germans, "if America was represented by any but the best."

"It would be too bad for you," said Martha, "because everybody would know exactly why."

Martha told me this herself and added cheerfully that she knew she was listed at the German consulate in New York for immediate attention when opportunity offered. No dancer from the United States went to Germany that year.

5

STRANGELY, the impression she makes when you meet her is essentially feminine, even girlish. She is small — five feet three inches. On the stage she seems tall, gaunt, and powerful. She looks starved. But her body is deceptively sturdy. She has a very strong back and thighs, and she has the feet of a bushman. Lacking the speed and brilliance of a ballet dancer's, her feet have an animal-like strength and suppleness that make you feel she could, if she chose, bend her knees and clear the traffic. She has a split kick, straight up, 180 degrees. She is well turned out, almost to the degree of being crotch-sprung. (I am not speaking sartorially. She is that as well.) It was on her own body that she built her technique.

Her arms are long and inclined to be both brawny and scrawny; the hands are heartbreaking, con-

torted, work-worn, the hands of a washerwoman or an instrumentalist. All the drudgery and bitterness of her life have gone into her hands. These are the extremities, roped with veins and knotted in the joints, that seem to stream light when she lifts them in dance.

But it is the face one sees first and last, the eyes and voice that hold one. The shape of the face is Mongoloid with skin drawn taut over the bones. Her head is skull-like. The cheeks are hollows. In the eye-sockets, the great doe-like orbs glow and blaze and darken as she speaks. Her eyes are golden yellow flecked with brown, and on occasion of high emotional tension seem to project slightly from the lids while the iris glows like a cat's. The little nose is straight and delicate. The mouth is mobile, large, and generally half-opened in a kind of dreamy receptivity. The skin of her glistening teeth, the skin of her lips, the skin of her cheeks and nose, are all exposed and waiting with sensitive delight, like an animal's face or the surface of a plant as it bends toward light, every bit of surface breathing, listening, experiencing. The posture is just this, a delighted forward thrust that exposes the mouth. In more than one way she resembles Nefertiti: the long passionate neck, the queenly head, the bending, accepting, listening posture.

Her laughter is girlish and light. She has a sly wit that reminds one in its incisive perception of Jane Austen or of Emily Dickinson, whom she so greatly reveres. She loves pretty female things, and she manages to dress with great chic on an imperceptible budget, having the happy faculty of always appearing right for the occasion. Her hair is black and straight as a horse's tail. Her voice is dark and husky — breathy, like most dancers'. Her speech — who shall describe Martha's speech? The breathless, halting search for the releasing word as she instructs a student, the miracle word she always finds? The gentle "You see, it should be like this" as her body contracts with lightning, plummets to the earth, and strikes stars out of the floor. "Now you try it. You can do it." Thus Diana to the rat-catchers. No one can remember what she says, the words escape because they are elliptical. She talks beyond logic. She leaps from one flame point to another. People leave her dazed, bewitched. Young men fall in love with her after every lunch date. Young women become votive vestals. This gets tedious. They tend to clutter up the hallways, clamoring for Martha's wisdom. And patiently, seriously, Martha gives it. She makes each one feel capable of greatness.

She speaks to frenetic virgins of their fretful problems, and she is not only big sister but mother earth. She talks vocation problems with anyone — even nondancers. She lays a steadying hand on the back of all young men starting on the black and uncharted path of the male dancer. She has something of the quality of a nun or a nurse. She gives

the sense of boundless strength, the reassurance that although circumstances may be tragic, they are not outside nature. No one could say she is the healthy out-of-doors type. She is a thoroughly neurotic woman, leading a most unusual life, but she has faith — faith in the integrity of work and in the rightness of spirit. This she can communicate. Time and again she has said the word that has picked me up, dusted me off, and sent me marching.

I have always known what kind of teacher she was, and many times I asked if I might study with her.

"Certainly not. Find your own way. I won't let you lean on me." This refusal was repeated at regular intervals down the years.

"Martha, you have genius. You know where you're going."

"I don't know where I'm going. None of us knows that. And some day I'm going to give you a good smack."

"Martha," I said another day, beating my breast over a soda. "I have no technique and I have no time or energy to acquire any."

"Technique!" Her voice rang with scorn. "I can see technique at Radio City. From you I ask something greater — what cannot be learned in any class. I ask reaffirmation."

This kind of talk was all very well from her. She was one of the biggest technicians of her time. But she never got her values confused. She hoped I wouldn't.

After every concert I went to her for analysis. In very exhaustion I went to her when at one point I was truly ready to quit, and she said, "But if you don't do your dances, no one ever will. In all of time, these dances can only be done by you and now. It is not for you to evaluate them or your own gifts or personality. It is for you to create. You have no means of knowing your own worth."

And when I had some success I went back to her and said, "There is no contentment or happiness in the work. When I look at what I have done, I see only the faults. I get sick with dismay."

"Yes," she said, "that is the way it is."

"But is there never any peace or satisfaction?"

"No," she cried vehemently. "No satisfaction ever, not for a minute. There is only a kind of divine unrest. It is our privilege to know this."

As she spoke I thought it was the most desirable thing possible never to find peace of heart.

Why does one believe Martha Graham? Is it the deep sense of obsession in the face, or the sheer integrity of her life? One faces a woman who could not be bought or pushed or cajoled into toying with her principles. Though she has known prolonged and bitter poverty, she has never grown disheartened or faint-spirited or self-pitying. She is a brave and gallant creature. If her words sound contra-

dictory or arbitrary, there is the seal of her life upon them and the weight of her enormous achievement. One cannot turn aside lightly.

Why, then, is she poor? Why isn't she a commercial success from coast to coast, from country to country? The answer is simple. Outside of opera, dancing is the most expensive form of entertainment; the training and rehearsals necessitate an enormous endowment. Even the great ballet companies are ridden with debt and they cater frantically to all tastes and cut every artistic corner possible. The United States is the only country where there is no civic or national endowment for the performing arts — symphony orchestras excepted. If composers and symphony performers had to pay their own way they would not be able to maintain any very desirable standard.

Were Graham a European, unquestionably she would be a national figure and state-supported like Sibelius or Mary Wigman. She has proved herself. She is the only dancer outside of the great ballet companies that can sell out a season. But even playing to absolute capacity she loses money because of the union rates of stagehands, truckers, musicians, company managers, press agents. More money goes through her box office than through that of any other comparable figure, but it is paid right out to hirelings, or it is poured back into production. She keeps nothing for her private life, and as she is employer as well as performer, no union guarantees her even a pittance. There is no such thing as rights in choreography.

She still teaches six hours daily and composes at night or in the early morning. She still demonstrates in her classes. She still outdances every pupil. She still, after twenty-five years of creating, has the vitality to break tradition. In the most evanescent of all professions, she is regarded as an immortal. Dancers for untold generations will dance differently because of her labors. The individual creations may be lost, but the force of her discoveries has been impressed into the vocabulary of inherited movement. I could not have approached what I am without her. Robbins would not be the same, nor Tudor, nor even Balanchine — nor any ballet dancer practicing today — and we come from alien schools. Boys and girls who have never seen her will use and borrow, decades hence, her scale of movement. Technically speaking, hers is the single largest contribution in the history of Western dancing.

Today whenever I walk past the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, I glance up at the studios above. Like as not Martha is up there, particularly at night, alone or with her group, searching, searching and finding, in the strange, sealed, narrow room, a tired-eyed pianist beating out the percussive chords that seem to give her driving power. She will be there, I imagine, as long as she can stand.



An Atlantic Story



A Texas lawyer and a native son, DILLON ANDERSON of Houston is contributing to the Atlantic a series of short stories about two itinerant bums who operate strictly on a catch-as-catch-can basis. This story of their summer sashay into Texas politics is the fourth in the series, and there are more to come. In Texas, where, as everyone knows, Democratic nomination to state office is tantamount to election, the real contest occurs in July and August when the primaries are held. The general election in the fall is only a formality.

HORACE Q. BALL FOR GOVERNOR

by DILLON ANDERSON

I ALWAYS say pure chance has a lot to do with the turn a man's career will take. Like that time Claudie lost the grocery list. It was the summer he worked for Mrs. Lola Bender, the lady that ran the Lazy Day Guest Ranch below Fort Stockton, Texas. Claudie was a singing cowboy, while I managed his act and played the guitar.

One afternoon in the early part of August, Mrs. Bender sent Claudie to Fort Stockton to get a broken bridle fixed and bring back some groceries, so I went along for the ride in the ranch car. Claudie, who cannot keep but one thing at a time on his mind, got the bridle fixed, but lost the grocery list. He bought everything he could remember and charged it to Mrs. Bender; then, along about dusk, we went down to the city park so Claudie could sit on a bench and try to think up the other things on the list. But before he thought of anything, a big voice blared out, "Come on over, folks." We looked and saw that a crowd was gathering around the bandstand in the middle of the park, and beside it we saw the sound truck that kept telling people to come on over. It had four big horns on top and a red sign on the side that said "HORACE Q. BALL FOR GOVERNOR." I and Claudie went right over.

A slick-faced citizen with long sideburns and a sharp mustache was standing there on the bandstand in front of a microphone. He had a big diamond stickpin in his tie that sparkled in the lights as they came on. He told us to move in closer, and by this time people were coming across the park from every direction — men, women, and children, all craning their necks to see what was going on.

I sidled up to a tall fellow wearing duckins and a

big hat and asked him if the man up there talking was the Horace Q. Ball that was running for governor. He said, "Nope. That's the magician drumming up the crowd. Horace Q. Ball don't speak till after the show."

Claudie, who is very slow at times, looked as if he didn't get it, so I asked the man, "What show?"

"The magician's gonna put on a show," he told me. "A speakin' don't draw much of a crowd around here if they ain't a good show first."

This was when I saw the magician's assistant, standing there on the bandstand beside a little square table that had a blue velvet cover with yellow tassels and fringe hanging down all around. On the front part of the velvet cover it said "THE GREAT VAN AND HIS ASSISTANT, FLOSSIE," in gold letters. It was a mighty classy table, but I barely noticed it with Flossie herself there beside it. She was some shucks. On her head she wore a bright green scarf, pinned at the side with a gold clasp, and her lips were very red. Her little nose tilted up, and her eyes were cast down a mite, the way any lady's eyes would be in front of a strange crowd, but she had everything in every way that a magician's assistant or the Queen of Sheba ought to have, and she was well enough dressed for either part.

The yellow and blue striped jacket Flossie had on was a neat fit if I ever saw one, but it missed by several inches joining up with her skirt, which came in tight at the waist and then flounced out long and wide in a colored pattern of stars and moons and comets. At first I thought the lily-white strip around her waist was a satin sash, but when she

turned around, I saw it was not silk or satin at all; it was the magician's assistant plumb bare in the middle, and for a girl so well filled out everywhere else, she had the smallest waist you ever saw.

I glanced at Claudie to see what effect Flossie was having on him. His mouth sagged, and his eyes bugged out until you could have knocked them off with a stick. Jacob couldn't have been more admiring of any angel on Jacob's ladder.

As soon as The Great Van started to do his tricks, it was plain that he was good, all right — as country magicians go, that is. He pulled rabbits, playing cards, quarters, silk handkerchiefs, and finally a big pearl-handled six-shooter right out of Flossie's ear. All of this time Flossie never batted an eye; she only stood there, while a shy sweet smile flickered across her face from time to time, the way a light breeze will ripple across a still pond. When The Great Van did the trick of sawing Flossie in two in a big box, Claudie about halfway believed it, and he stood there twitching and fidgeting all over like a horse mule with the heaves.

Then the act was over, and the crowd cheered. The Great Van and Flossie went over to one side of the bandstand and sat there while the speaking got under way. Horace Q. Ball got up and walked to the microphone. He was a short, barrel-chested citizen of around forty with a shiny bald head, a square face, and a big mouth full of uneven teeth. He had on regular black politician's clothes, and high-heeled, square-toed boots to go with West Texas.

Horace Q. Ball pushed the microphone aside and said he didn't need any newfangled contraptions to talk to his old friends. I didn't try to pay him much mind as I stood there, stealing a look now and then at Flossie, but I couldn't help listening. He had a voice that cut through the night air the way a saw-mill whistle does. He said his trip to Fort Stockton was like coming back home — not because he had ever lived there, but because he had always wanted to. He told us he had been born very poor and had to grow up in the mosquito swamps of deep East Texas, but he loved West Texas people just as much as if he had been privileged to live in that great sun-kissed climate all of his life. He said there were some of the finest open faces in the crowd he'd ever seen anywhere, and at this Claudie stood up real straight, took a deep breath, and swallowed.

Then Horace Q. Ball told us what he was in favor of, and he covered a lot of ground, too. He was for good roads — state highways, county roads, rural roads, and farm-to-market roads; he was for big ditches beside them all that could carry off the water when it rained. He was for higher prices for cattle and all kinds of farm produce and lower prices on plows, hay balers, and other farm implements. "Why," he asked, "haven't you good people got all of these things you so richly deserve? I'll tell you why. There is waste and extravagance yonder

in Austin! That's why. It will be stamped out, fellow Texans, if you will go to the polls on August 27 and elect Horace Q. Ball your governor."

He then told us about some things he was against, and from the way he put it, nobody in Texas was actually for these things except one person — Tornado Timpson.

"Who's Tornado Timpson?" Claudie whispered.

"He's the other guy running for governor, Claudie; he's the one that's got the hillbilly band," I stated, while Horace Q. Ball went on reeling off the things he was against.

He was against Wall Street; he was against liquor and gambling; he was against cattle stealing and the foot-and-mouth disease; he was against monopolies, and on this subject he bellowed like a Brahma bull. He hated monopolies, he said, worse than the devil hated holy water. Everybody cheered, and some men back in the crowd yelled, "Pour it on 'em, Q. Ball! Pour it on 'em!" Then he got to trusts. He was fierce about trusts. Fact was, he said, he believed he hated them more than he did monopolies, and he was in a steamy lather about them both. From the way he was going on up there, I figured he would like to drop everything else right then and there so that he could go out and fight a trust or a monopoly all the rest of his born days, without even so much as stopping for a drink of water. I was about ready to go out and help him, too.

Horace Q. Ball then took up the subject of Tornado Timpson. He said he despised to bring personal abuse into a race he had tried to run on a very high plane, but he had been driven to it by the treacherous tactics of his worthy opponent. "It is not true," he said, with his right hand on his left chest and his left fist in the air, "that the trusts and the monopolies are supporting me; they are supporting that snake in sheep's clothing, Tornado Timpson, and he knows it! Ask him, when he speaks here tomorrow night, if he's not their stooge. He won't admit it, but make him deny it."

"Too bad," I told Claudie, "we can't be here tomorrow night to hear him deny it." I was pretty mad at Tornado Timpson by then — as mad, that is, as I could be at anybody so long as I had that pretty Flossie up there to look at.

2

I AM a man with more than a little romance in my nature, and that night after I turned in I could hardly get Flossie out of my mind. The red of her cheeks and lips against the green of the scarf kept flashing up in front of my eyes, and so did the milk-white waist that was not satin after all. I thought a lot about the odds on ever seeing Flossie again, and the more I thought, the longer they looked, but since I am used to outside chances, I finally went on to sleep.

The next morning it turned out that Claudie had

forgotten more groceries from the list than he had remembered; also he had brought back a lot of stuff that had never been on Mrs. Bender's list in the first place. This all meant just one thing; Claudie had to go back to Fort Stockton and, after stalling around all day, we went late in the afternoon so we could make the Tornado Timpson rally that night.

When we got to the park in Fort Stockton about sundown, the rally was just about to start. First some cowboys with guitars and some cowgirls with mandolins sang up a crowd with about an hour of good sound mountain music. It was loud and sweet. Then Tornado Timpson made his speech. He spoke in a high-pitched voice that had a snarl in it, and when he got to the part about trusts and monopolies, he was rough; in fact, he seemed to begin about where Horace Q. Ball had left off. With Tornado standing up there on the platform in his shirt sleeves, yelling bloody murder about trusts while the sweat poured down his face, I and Claudie got stirred up all over again.

On the way back to the ranch that night, I told Claudie that I was afraid the Tornado was going to beat Horace Q. Ball. "Notice the size of that crowd?" I asked. "Twice as big as the one last night."

"Horace Q. Ball didn't have no mountain music," he said.

"You can say that again, Claudie," I told him. "Flossie and The Great Van ain't holding their own with Tornado's mountain music."

"I reckon Flossie is about the purtiest girl I ever seen," Claudie said.

"She's pretty around the waist too," I told him; then we had the wreck. With that part of Flossie on his mind, Claudie hadn't noticed a detour sign in the road ahead, even though it was as big as the side of a barn. The sign said "HIGHWAY UNDER REPAIR — BRANIGAN AND SCHWARTZ, ROAD CONTRACTORS," and we hit it. We bashed in the front of the car and knocked out the lights, so we didn't make it back to the ranch until late that night.

Along about daylight the next morning the whole thing dawned on me. It was an enormous idea, and my mind froze on it like an old coon dog on a new trail. I was wide awake, sitting up in my bunk with this thought boiling around in my head: Horace Q. Ball needed music, and there wasn't a bigger, sweeter bass voice than Claudie's between the Pecos River and the Sabine. If I could borrow the guitar from the Lazy Day Ranch, we could go out and lick Tornado Timpson before August 27. We had just three weeks. I knew we didn't have to depend on pure chance any more. Lady Luck had dealt us a career on a silver platter.

I got up and dressed and went down to the mailbox and waited for the newspaper. When it came, I found that Horace Q. Ball was going to speak that night at Pecos, and as I walked back to the ranch house, I could just see that sweet, shy Flossie up

there being sawed in two again for a cause that could never win without our help.

At breakfast I and Claudie both had an extra helping of eggs, and I told him about my idea. He didn't much want to leave, but when I told him his country ought to come first, his patriotism started getting the better of him. I pointed out that the state of Texas was a very large part of his country and that Mrs. Bender was apt to fire us anyhow when she saw what we had done to the ranch car.

When Mrs. Bender came around, she gave us the gate all right; she said she didn't see how anybody that wasn't blind could hit one of those big Branigan and Schwartz signs. She wouldn't pay us for the part of the week we'd worked, but she did let us take the guitar, and we left for Pecos in our own car about noon.

We waited until nearly six o'clock that afternoon for the Ball sound truck to reach Pecos. When it came, The Great Van was driving it, and he told us Horace Q. Ball and Flossie were coming along behind in the campaign car. I told The Great Van that we had a very important message for the candidate; then I put some questions to him, and from a lot of his talk that didn't count for much, I sifted out a few things that I really wanted to know.

For one thing, Flossie's name was Flossie Widgemon, and she had once been the Sweet Potato Queen of East Texas. She came from Beaumont, Texas, he said, and she was not married at the present time. I told The Great Van she was as pretty a magician's assistant as I had ever seen.

"She is right pretty in a drab way," he admitted. Then he went on, "But she don't add a great deal to my act. We ain't getting the crowds."

Such remarks about Flossie made me and Claudie both a little sore, but I figured that it was no time to be getting into an argument with The Great Van.

"Why do you keep her, then?" I asked him.

"She's Horace Q. Ball's stenographer, and he used his influence with Branigan and Schwartz to get her this job," he answered.

"What's Branigan and Schwartz got to do with it?" I asked.

"They're big road contractors. They are financing the entertainment for Horace Q. Ball."

"Who's paying for Tornado Timpson's mountain music?" I asked him.

"Branigan and Schwartz," he said.

3

WHEN Horace Q. Ball came along with Flossie, he parked his car by the courthouse. The car had campaign signs and slogans written all over it in white paint. One I remember said "TEXAS CAN'T STALL WITH HORACE Q. BALL." The people flocked out of the courthouse and crowded around.

Flossie wasn't wearing the scarf or anything on her head, and her light brown hair, combed back

from her high forehead, looked soft and fluffy; but, seeing her for the first time in broad daylight, I noticed that she looked a little older than she had on the bandstand. There was a trace of sadness around Flossie's eyes that made me wonder if she hadn't had some troubles that she didn't deserve.

There wasn't much of a crowd that night at the picnic grounds where the rally took place, and about half of them left when The Great Van got through sawing Flossie Widgeon in two. I could just feel it in my bones that they were losing to Tornado Timpson every day that the campaign went along on such an unsound basis.

After the speaking we followed them to the hotel. When we found what Horace Q. Ball's room number was, we went up, and I started to knock on the door, but since we couldn't help hearing The Great Van and Horace Q. Ball talking in there, we waited a minute on the outside.

Horace Q. Ball was saying, "Now that Flossie's gone on to bed, there is something I want to talk to you about, Van. We had another lousy crowd tonight. I'm afraid no magician is going to be able to hold his own with Tornado Timpson's hill-billy band."

"Listen, Q. Ball," The Great Van told him, "you can't run me down any more. Everybody knows why my act don't draw. Flossie hasn't got no appeal. Did I pick Flossie? No. Did Branigan and Schwartz pick Flossie? No. Who did? You did."

"That's a mighty lame excuse for the poor showing you've made," Horace said, and his voice quivered the way it had when he talked about trusts and monopolies. "That's a mean, cowardly thing, to lay it on Flossie. I guess I lost this race anyway when I let Branigan and Schwartz palm off a cheap magician on me."

I knocked on the door, loud. Horace Q. Ball said, "Who is it?" and I said, "Clint Hightower. I've got some important business to talk over with you."

He opened the door, and I and Claudie went in as The Great Van went out. Horace Q. Ball seemed a little agitated. I saw I had to get him sort of cooled off and used to us, so I said, "Are you one of the Balls from East Texas?"

"Yes," he answered. "Why?"

"They're mighty good folks," I told him. "Staunch people."

"Thank you," he said. Then I went on: "Mr. Ball, there is just one thing I want to know."

"Go ahead; what is it?" he said. "I'm tired, and I want to go to bed."

"Can Flossie Widgeon carry a tune?"

"She has a real nice soprano voice," he told me. "Now, good night, men."

"Horace," I went on, "when I heard you speak in Fort Stockton the other night, you sounded to me just like a man that wanted to be Governor of Texas. If you are ever going to be elected, you need some good music, and you need it bad."

"I need mountain music," he said.

"Exactly!" I told him. "My associate, Claudie Hughes, who is standing right here before you, sings the finest country bass in this state, and I can play a guitar. What's more, I have already got the guitar. We can do mountain music, and we can teach it to Flossie. We'll work up an act with Flossie that will put you in the Governor's chair. Just think of it: Governor Horace Q. Ball!"

I could see from the better look that came in his eyes that we had him. He put in a call for Branigan and Schwartz in Galveston, and in ten minutes he had us on their payroll in The Great Van's place. He told us they would pay us each a hundred dollars for the rest of the campaign, with room and board thrown in.

"Now that we're hired," I said, "that reminds me. We haven't had any supper yet, and the sign on the coffee shop downstairs says it's open all night."

Horace Q. Ball said that could be arranged:

4

WE WOKE Flossie up at six o'clock the next morning, and after we'd had a bite of breakfast we rehearsed until nearly ten, when we had to leave for Big Spring. Sure enough, she had a light, sweet voice and could carry a tune. I figured we would put her close to the microphone and move Claudie a little way back, and it would about make up for the difference. You see, Claudie has a very loud bass voice.

We picked a theme song first — one I had heard some Austin people sing at the Lazy Day Ranch — and I taught it to Flossie and Claudie. The tune didn't amount to much, but the words were all about Texas. I don't remember them all now; the general idea was: Texas first and last, and to hell with everywhere else.

Then we worked up a program from other popular songs about river valleys, homes in the West, Blue Bonnets, blue mountains, blue skies, true love on the plains, and rivers that flow. From the way the crowd took on over us that night in Big Spring, I knew we were on the right track.

We got billed as Horace Q. Ball and the Texas Sweethearts — Claudie and Flossie being the sweethearts — and we got famous. I stayed out of the billing on purpose, but behind the scenes it was plain from the first that Flossie was meant for me.

"Claudie," I stated after the rally in Lubbock the next night, "I don't mind it if Flossie is your stage sweetheart, but leave her to me off the stage, if you will be so kindly. I saw her first, you know."

"I thought we both seen her about the same time," he argued.

"You ought to know better than that," I told him. "I always see things before you do."

He didn't answer me right off, but before we

went to bed that night he said, "Flossie shore is a purty girl, Clint."

As the campaign went on, we moved toward the big towns in the east part of the state, and the news of the Texas Sweethearts always beat us there. They were ready for us, and they called for more and more music until Horace had to cut down on his speeches. In Waco he didn't even get around to the part of his speech on trusts and monopolies before the crowd started yelling for the Texas Sweethearts. He spent all the time we gave him there talking about good roads.

The crowds got bigger and bigger, and the newspapers started saying that we might win if we could ever get over the puny start of the campaign with The Great Van. We figured out a way to hold the crowds by having the Texas Sweethearts begin and end the program, and we put Horace Q. Ball in the middle like a sandwich.

Wherever The Great Van was by this time, he must have been fairly ready to bite himself when he read about the way Flossie was packing them in. He had plumb overlooked Flossie's drawing power when he left her standing still in his show. I taught Flossie to swing and sway in the middle and roll her eyes at Claudie when they stood up there and sang mountain music. This made the difference, and we could see every night how it was going to pay off in votes.

We had less than a week to go when we got our pay from Branigan and Schwartz, so I and Claudie went into a store in Austin and macked ourselves out in some good clothes. I figured we had to finish up the campaign in style.

We didn't have to leave Austin until three o'clock to make the rally in San Antonio that night, so I put on my new clothes and took Flossie for a walk around the state capitol grounds. We sauntered about under the big shade trees, looking at the old cannons and statues until we came to a little waterfall by a pond with cress and lilies growing in it. It was some cooler there, so we sat down on a stone bench and watched the minnows swimming around in schools.

"Flossie," I said in a nice soft voice, "I don't think I ever felt about any girl the way I already feel about you."

She blushed and smiled, and a little dimple showed up in her cheek from nowhere at all. Her brown eyes, as she looked up at me, were wide open and very friendly.

"I like you, too, Clint," she said, and it stirred up something inside of me that felt like cobwebs look in the morning when dew is on them.

"Flossie," I went on, "when I see you up there singing that mountain music with Claudie, and everybody calling you the Texas Sweethearts, it almost makes me jealous of that big lug. There's nothing between you two, is there?"

"Of course not, Clint," she said. "Me and

Claudie is only chums." This was the first time she'd said it right out, and it made me feel so good that I wanted to go out somewhere and pull up a fence post and beat some big wild animal to death with it.

I said: "Flossie, you are about the prettiest thing I've seen in the whole state of Texas. Did you ever think any about getting married?"

"I've been married some," she said, as she blushed and looked down, "but I never did marry the right one."

"When we win," I told her, "I've got some plans. Want to hear them?"

"Sure I do, Clint," Flossie said.

"I want to settle down for good right here in Texas. Horace has already halfway promised me a job in the State Highway Department when he gets elected."

She sat there watching the minnows swim around the lily stems in the pond for a long time; then she asked me a funny question. It was: "What will Claudie do?"

"Probably go back to Alabama," I said. "I doubt that he could hold a state job, unless it's in the Department of Agriculture. Claudie's nothing but a farmer that can sing bass."

"He sure is a fine bass singer," Flossie allowed; then, before I could ask her anything more, she looked at the clock down on Congress Avenue and said wasn't it about time for us to leave for San Antonio? I had to admit that it was.

The rally that night was by far the biggest one we'd had, and the San Antonio people were crazy about us. While Claudie stood up straight with his head thrown back and rolled out the bass, Flossie sang and swayed and rolled her pretty eyes. The crowd ate it up. They cheered and whistled for more music until we almost crowded Horace Q. Ball plumb off the program. The next morning the *San Antonio Light* said the gamblers in Galveston were giving better odds on us, but it didn't say how much better.

Our next rally was in Dallas, and I noticed something that bothered me a lot; it was the way that Claudie was getting to look at Flossie while they were singing. It was disgusting. That big Oscar had such a soft, mushy look on his face that it made me want to brush it off with a dirty, stubby broom. Later on I got him off to one side and said: "Listen, Claudie. I know that singing sweethearts are supposed to put a friendly look on each other when they sing, but ain't you overdoing it a little?"

"I may be," Claudie said; then he walked away whistling.

5

WE CLOSED the campaign the next night at Hermann Park in Houston. It was a warm, clear night, and a bright full moon was shining through

the oak trees. There must have been several acres of people sitting and standing in the park — the men in shirt sleeves and the women fanning themselves. The children were out, too; some little ones in arms and others chasing each other around.

When Flossie and Claudie had sung all the songs they knew, the crowd wanted more music, so they sang some of the same ones again. It was nearly nine o'clock when Horace finally got to go on.

After the speech, Flossie and Claudie sang "The Eyes of Texas Are upon You," and from out in the crowd the whistles and cheers rose up at us. Horace Q. Ball came over and said some awful nice things to us. He even stated that if he got elected, he believed some of the credit belonged to his musicians. I looked at Flossie, and her face was all lit up with excitement; so much so that tears brimmed up in her eyes and told of special tender ways she must have been feeling inside. She was lovely, and I couldn't figure when I'd been so all-fired happy before in my whole life.

A long line of people stood waiting to shake hands with Horace Q. Ball; so he asked me to take the sound truck and drive Flossie to her room at the Rice Hotel. He wanted Claudie to stay and bring him along later in the campaign car.

As we drove toward town on Main Street, I glanced down at Flossie, and her face looked as soft and sweet as a ripe Elberta peach. I said, "Flossie, you look so pretty tonight it makes me want to go climb a big, steep mountain somewhere to find a little blue flower for you to put in your hair. You know I love you, Flossie."

Then, as we pulled up to a stop sign, the street light fell full on her face, and I could see the tears had spilled over and were streaming down her cheeks. Now I am strictly no good around any woman that is crying, and that goes double for one as pretty as Flossie was. While the cars lined up and honked behind us I tried to talk to her, but it was no use. All she would say was, "Oh, Clint, I'll never be married now," and she kept on saying it as she broke out in heavy sobs.

"What in the world are you talking about, Flossie?" I asked. "I want to marry you."

"It ain't no use, Clint," she went on. "You and Claudie are sweet fellows, but it's Horace Q. Ball that I love. Me and Horace has been keeping company for a year or more. He loved me when he was only the sheriff of Jasper County and I was the Sweet Potato Queen. He was just about to marry me when them politicians talked him into running for governor. Now it looks like we've put Horace in with our mountain music. I'm a loving woman, but I ain't up to being a governor's wife. Oh, I wish I'd never seen you and Claudie." Then she put her face in her hands and started sobbing all over again.

I felt all over like a man that is about to come unglued, and all I could think to say was: "Why did you sing so sweet then, Flossie?"

Flossie looked up, rubbed her eyes, and said, "I didn't want him to lose, and I didn't want him to win."

There's a woman for you, I thought to myself; then I looked out of the sound truck, and there stood a cop. He said: "I don't care what you are running for, bub; you can't block this here traffic. Also, what have you been doing to the little lady there?"

"He hasn't done nothing to me," Flossie said.

"She's right about that, officer," I added, and we drove off.

I took Flossie on down to the Rice Hotel and sent her up to her room. Then I went up to bed, but I didn't go to sleep.

Next morning I found that Claudie had gone to Galveston to deliver the sound truck to Branigan and Schwartz, so I waited around the hotel for him to come back. Late afternoon came, and still I hadn't seen hide nor hair of Claudie, Horace Q. Ball, or Flossie; but there was plenty happening in the election by then. The newspapers were full of headlines. It was a landslide for Tornado Timpson.

I ran into Flossie and Horace Q. Ball in the Rice lobby along about six o'clock — just in time, as it turned out, to tell them both good-bye. Flossie's eyes were shining, and Horace looked about as well as anybody could that wasn't carrying a single precinct in the whole state of Texas. Flossie told me they were leaving for Beaumont to get a marriage license, and I told them I didn't blame them one bit. I even told them I hoped they'd be happy together, but it took about everything I had to say it.

A little later Claudie got back from Galveston, and he was low. He'd already heard the bad news about the election; he knew what had happened to Horace Q. Ball in the governor's race, but he wanted to know what had happened to Flossie.

"She had to go to Beaumont to see some of her folks," I told him. "She's got an aunt over there that is pretty sick."

"I'm surprised you didn't go with her, Clint," he said, "seeing as how you got so sweet on Flossie during the governor's race."

"No, Claudie," I said, "Flossie wasn't exactly my type, so I told her good-bye for us both. Another thing: ain't it about time I and you got the hell out of here? I've bought some gasoline for the car, and I expect we'd better go down about Rockport for a little vacation. I feel the need for some rest."

We left Houston about dark, and after we got out on the Angleton road, Claudie said he'd be dadburned if he could figure how I could go off and leave Flossie that way. "I thought you was in love," he argued.

"Love?" I said. "Love is a high and elegant thing, I am sure. Love is a feeling that can be stout and sweet — but it comes and it goes, Claudie. It comes and it goes."

Produce!

"Our conflict with Russia," says SUMNER H. SLICHTER, "is not merely a competition in arms; it is fundamentally a contest in production — and a long-run contest." The article which follows is his constructive blueprint of what we must do to step up our production, and of what the domestic effects will be, assuming that our conflict with Russia stops short of total war. A nationally known economist, Mr. Slichter is the Lamont Professor at Harvard University.

BUSINESS AND ARMAMENT

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

I

THE quickening conflict with Russia is not only the most important political fact in the present situation of the United States, but also the most important economic fact. If the fighting in Korea is followed by an open conflict with the Chinese Communists, or through any satellite by a direct engagement with Russia, then we are heading for an all-out war economy. At this writing what we seem to be committed to is a more limited conflict with Russia of indefinite duration, and the necessity of raising the number of men under arms from about 1.4 million to 3 million. With the help of wise diplomacy the additional cost of the contest with Russia may be kept down to about 18 billion dollars a year in terms of the 1950 dollar, or about 7 per cent of the current output of the country. This cost includes 3 billion dollars or more of military aid to other countries, but it does not include all of the extra cost that will have to be met during a period of about one year while original equipment for the enlarged military force is being produced. Bad diplomacy would greatly add to the cost of defense and foreign aid. Hence the figure of 18 billion dollars should be regarded as a minimum one.

How can the goods and services needed for this conflict be provided? Can they be obtained in the main or entirely from increased production, must they be obtained by reducing the proportion of the national output now used to replace and increase industrial plant and equipment, or must they be gained by reducing the current standard of living? How will the increased taxes to pay the annual bill of 18 billion dollars affect the volume of savings and the incentive to produce? Finally, will not the huge increase in the demand for goods start a wage-price spiral, and if so, what should be done about it?

The conflict with Russia is not merely a competition in arms; it is fundamentally a contest in production — and a long-run contest. Consequently, it is of vital importance that the additional goods and services needed for defense and foreign

aid come out of an accelerated increase in the output of the country. This would prevent the standard of living of the country from being reduced for longer than several years, and it would mean that American industry would be better prepared to meet a still greater demand for goods in case the conflict with Russia should become even more active than it is now. It is of special importance, moreover, that the outlays on defense and foreign aid shall not retard the replacement and increase of our industrial plant and equipment, as did the Second World War. During the four years of the war (1942 to 1945 inclusive), only 3.8 per cent of the output of the country was used to replace and expand private plant and equipment, in comparison with 8 per cent during the three years (1939, 1940, and 1941) preceding our entry into the war and more than 10 per cent during the four years since 1945. To win the production contest with Russia, the United States should continue to use at least 10 per cent of its output to improve and enlarge its private industrial plant and equipment.

If the war does not spread, it ought to be possible to accelerate the growth of production so that within several years all or most of the goods needed for the conflict with Russia can be provided from increased output. Unfortunately, the government cannot be counted on to go very far in adopting policies designed to stimulate production. Politicians feel little demand from the public that production be encouraged. Consequently, the responsibility for accelerating the increase in output must fall pretty largely upon private enterprise. Industry should be able, however, to raise substantially the rate at which output expands. The pressure of the additional demand caused by the enlarged military services and foreign aid will encourage enterprises to expand capacity; and strange to say, some of the tax policies of the government will have the same effect. There are five principal ways in which industry may be expected to accelerate the growth of output: —

1. *The size of the labor force will be increased.*

Experience during the Second World War shows that a strong demand for labor will produce a considerable expansion of the labor force. Indeed, it seems clear that the labor force can be expanded sufficiently to prevent the increase in the armed services to 3 million from causing a drop in the number of civilian workers. For example, a rise of only 2 per cent in the proportion of women of 14 years of age or over who are at work would raise the labor force by over a million. Such a rise would leave the proportion of women at work less than it was during the Second World War. Another important opportunity to increase the labor force is by raising the proportion of males over 65 years of age who are at work. This proportion gradually dropped from about 70 per cent in 1890 to about 45 per cent in 1940. Most of this drop was involuntary — that is, men did not quit of their own accord but were retired by management while they were still capable of useful work. The strong demand for labor produced by the Second World War raised to nearly 50 per cent the proportion of males over 65 years of age who were in the labor force.

The increased demand for labor produced by the conflict with Russia will cause many companies to raise the usual retirement age, will encourage unions to oppose premature retirements, and will open employment opportunities for men who have been retired. If the proportion of males above 65 years of age who are at work were raised to the level of 1890, the labor force would be increased by over 1.2 million. Such a large gain in the employment of older workers cannot be looked for within a short time, but the country within two years or less should have the benefit of the output of at least 500,000 more men 65 years of age and over than are now employed.

2. *The rate of technological discovery will be accelerated.* This will happen for several reasons. The shortages of goods created by the conflict with Russia will encourage enterprises to spend more money on developing substitutes for steel, copper, lead, lumber, and other scarce materials. The strong demand for labor will accelerate the increase in the wages of production workers, thus making it more advantageous for employers to spend money on research to keep down labor costs. The conflict with Russia will, of course, accelerate the expansion of research by the government, and many results of this research will be useful to industry. Finally, higher taxes will encourage outlays on research, because these expenditures reduce the tax liability of the spender. To be sure, there are dangers to be guarded against, especially that the urgency of the conflict will cause neglect of fundamental research.

3. *More productive uses of labor will be encouraged.* The conflict with Russia will pull labor out of parts of agriculture which are still overstaffed and where the productivity of labor is relatively low, and will increase employment in manufacturing, trans-

portation, and mining, where the productivity of labor is relatively high. The output of labor in some Southern states, for example, is little more than half the national average, mainly because these workers are producing the wrong things and because the demand for labor in other occupations and other places has not been strong enough to pull more men out of the overstaffed parts of Southern agriculture.

4. *The training of men in crafts, and possibly in professions as well, will be encouraged.* As a result, the United States will have a better trained labor force with a higher proportion of professional men, technicians, and skilled workmen. The labor force of the country has never been as well trained as it should have been — though the ratio of craftsmen and professional workers to all workers has long been increasing. The defense program will create the need for thousands of skilled workers to make and maintain armaments. Many of these men will be trained in the armed services themselves and on leaving military service will be available for industry. But the strong demand for labor will encourage employers to train craftsmen, as it usually does. During the thirties, when the demand for labor was weak, the proportion of skilled workers in the labor force dropped, but the strong demand for men in the forties caused the proportion of skilled workers to rise from 11.7 per cent in 1940 to 13.5 per cent in 1949.

Although the need for professional workers as well as craftsmen will be increased, there is danger that universal military training will interfere with the training of professional and technical workers. Yet we must realize that the ability of the country to step up production depends in large measure upon expansion of technological research. In asserting that the contest with Russia would accelerate technological research, I assumed that ways would be found to give military training to the men needed and still not retard an increase in the number of professional workers.

5. *The replacement of equipment will be accelerated.* It is true that the rising cost of equipment and the difficulty of obtaining new equipment will tend to hold down the rate of replacement. On the other hand, higher corporate income taxes will encourage more rapid discarding of old equipment because scrapping old machinery usually reduces tax liability by increasing depreciation allowances. Rising labor costs will cause many companies to review their replacement policies, which, as W. J. Kelly of the Machinery and Allied Products Institute has well said, are often "the product of industrial folklore handed down from one generation to another."

2.

WILL these favorable influences upon production be offset in large measure, or even entirely, by the

unfavorable effect of higher taxes upon the supply of investment-seeking funds? Part of the 18 billion dollars addition to the output can be obtained without an increase in plant and equipment — by speeding up the replacement of old equipment with new. These replacements are paid for, of course, out of depreciation allowances. But output cannot be raised about 18 billion dollars a year above what it would otherwise be without making the country's plant and stock of equipment larger than they would otherwise be. Part of this additional plant and equipment will be government-owned and will be largely paid for out of taxes. But much of the increase will have to be financed by individual and corporate savings. Can the needed funds be obtained in the face of tax increases on individuals and corporations?

The personal income tax has been raised and may be increased further. The effects of advances in the already stiff income tax rates are a mixture of good and bad. Consumption is limited at a time when expenditures are outrunning the capacity of industry to produce, but, in addition, savings are limited too, and the incentive to invest is weakened. What is needed during the contest with Russia (or at least during the early stages of that contest) is a tax that will principally discourage spending, not saving and investing. A general sales tax on consumer goods would limit spending, but such a tax will not be enacted — though some new excises may be passed. But in spite of increases in the personal income tax, the volume of personal savings available for investment in industry will probably rise to a small extent. The tendency for taxes to reduce personal savings will be offset somewhat by the tendency for shortages of goods, especially durable consumer goods, to increase savings. Furthermore, in the last several years, a high proportion of personal savings has gone into residential building rather than into industry. Shortages of building materials and labor will reduce the proportion of personal savings spent on housing and increase the proportion devoted to industry.

The corporate income tax has been raised from 38 per cent to 45 per cent. In 1948 and 1949, corporations had available about 11 billion dollars of undistributed profits to spend on increasing productive capacity, and in 1947 they had about 7 billion. Will not the increase in the corporate income tax prevent the much needed growth of industry by limiting the funds available for reinvestment?

There is danger that this will happen. Fortunately, however, most of the increase in the corporate income tax will soon be passed on in the form of higher prices — as has happened during the last ten years. Since corporations even in 1943 and 1944 under price control were able to make a profit after taxes of 4.2 cents to 4.3 cents per dollar of sales, it is reasonable to expect that profits after

taxes may equal 4.5 cents per dollar of sales. With corporate sales of 400 billion dollars a year or more, total corporate profits would be 18 billion or more — enough to permit sufficient increases in dividends to offset the rise in the cost of living and to leave about 9 billion dollars of earnings for reinvestment. This is less than corporations have recently been reinvesting. Nevertheless, it is probably more than they would have continued to reinvest had the Korean war not occurred. They would undoubtedly have made substantial increases in dividends and cut the amount of profits that they reinvested.

Particularly harmful to the much needed expansion of industry would be a badly designed excess-profits tax. As a general rule, the industries where profits are exceptionally large need to increase their capacity. Expansion of capacity in the industries where profits are largest would help to adjust supply to demand and to bring profits down. A poorly designed excess-profits tax, by taking most of the profits that might be used for expansion, would retard the increase of capacity at many points where expansion is badly needed. If an excess-profits tax is enacted, its tendency to retard the growth of industry should be mitigated by a provision that only part of the regular rates apply to profits spent on new plant and equipment.

My conclusion is that the total volume of personal savings and corporate savings is likely to be somewhat smaller than it has been, but that the funds available for investment in industry will be larger than would have been available in the absence of the Korean war. The explanation of this seeming contradiction is that the drop in residential construction will make a larger proportion of personal savings available for industry, and that the quickening conflict with Russia, by discouraging increases in dividends, will cause cuts in corporate saving to be less than they otherwise would have been. This conclusion indicates, however, that the funds available for expanding industry will be only about as large as they recently have been — perhaps somewhat more from personal savings and less from corporate savings. This prospect indicates the need for public policies designed to encourage investment in industry.

3

ONE of the most certain consequences of conflict with Russia will be a rising price level. People are likely to spend such a large proportion of their incomes after taxes for consumer goods that the output will not meet the demand. The bargaining position of unions will be strong and they will get substantial wage increases which will reinforce the upward spiral.

The rise in prices is bound to be uneven and to create many serious injustices. Nevertheless, the people evidently regard a moderately rising price

level (say nearly 10 per cent a year) as a lesser evil than the steps necessary to prevent it — such as stiffer indirect controls (strict controls on credit, substantial taxes on spending, a budget deficit financed by real savings rather than by bank credit) or direct controls (wage and price ceilings and rationing). At any rate, the politicians seem to feel no strong demand from the people that rising prices be prevented, and government policies (as distinguished from the talk of officials) are probably more inflationary than anti-inflationary.

If the country is going to have a moderately rising price level, with all the inequities that go with it, steps should be promptly taken to see that all parts of the community share as fairly as possible in the inflation. Especially must all unorganized workers — such as government employees, white-collar workers, clergymen, college professors, and others — have their compensation linked automatically to the cost of living. Rents, pensions, and such payments as tuitions in colleges and schools also will need to increase automatically as prices rise. Savers will need to avoid putting their money into savings banks or into bonds, where the purchasing power of their savings will drop. Adjusting wages, pensions, and rents to increases in prices would strengthen inflationary influences but would make inflation less unfair.

Even more important than how to reduce the inequities of inflation is the question of how rising prices will affect the volume of output and hence the ability of the United States to win the production contest with Russia. A very rapid rise in prices, more rapid than is likely, would cause much hasty, ill-considered, and wasteful spending on plant and equipment as well as on consumer goods, and thus would retard the rise in output. A moderate rise in prices, say about 10 per cent or a little less a year, would not cause much wasteful spending. But such a rise might eventually lead the people to change their minds about wage and price controls and rationing. This would be unfortunate because wage and price ceilings and rationing would be bad for the standard of living. They would prevent industry from producing goods in the proportions that consumers most desire, and therefore would reduce the return that consumers get for their dollars. Price ceilings would also cause a drop in the quality of goods. Consequently, it is important that the rise in prices be kept slow enough and that the inflation be kept fair enough so that the community will not reduce

the productivity of industry by insisting on comprehensive direct controls.

Retarding the rise in prices is not easily accomplished when trade-unions are in an exceptionally strong bargaining position and are rapidly pushing up wages. Nevertheless, stiffer indirect controls, by making it harder for employers to pass on wage increases, would probably cause them to do a better job of bargaining with unions. The main features of a program of stiffer indirect controls would be substantial reductions in government civilian spending, stricter control of bank credit, cuts in the prices at which farm products are supported, and a real attempt to induce people to save by offering them a government savings bond payable in a fixed amount of purchasing power rather than a fixed number of dollars.

This analysis indicates that the best way to limit the disrupting effect of the conflict with Russia upon the domestic economy is to accelerate the expansion of production. If the conflict with Russia were to cause production to increase at 4 per cent instead of 3 per cent a year and if the additional outlays on defense and foreign aid were about 18 billion dollars a year (in 1950 dollars), the gain in production, after about six years, would entirely offset the increased military expenditures. As a matter of fact, since the expanded defense program is likely to produce an early and substantial increase in the labor force and a corresponding jump in production, the reduction in the standard of living by defense expenditures may last considerably less than six years.

Stepping up the expansion of production can be achieved. Success depends particularly upon avoiding two great dangers: the government must not handicap industry by unduly taxing away supplies of investment-seeking funds, and military policy must not prevent the increase in professional and technical workers badly needed for expanding technological research. If these two dangers can be avoided, the United States will win the production contest with Russia. Furthermore, if Russia causes the United States to step up the increase in output, the contest between the two countries will, within several years, give America a higher rather than a lower standard of living. If the rise in money incomes can be kept broad and not confined to a few groups, such as trade-union members and farmers, the advance in the standard of living will extend to most parts of the community.



Germany's spectacular victories in Europe in 1940-1941 convinced Hitler that in his grasp of military and strategic questions he was far superior to his generals. When Halder, Chief of Staff, insisted that the armies be withdrawn from Stalingrad, he was dismissed. Such differences prompted Hitler to have male stenographers present at both daily conferences in his headquarters. The minutes of these conferences, with their intimate record of Hitler's intuition and ignorance, totaled sixty million words; the charred, fragmentary remains of the only surviving set were retrieved by Sergeant George Allen of the 101st Airborne Division. FELIX GILBERT, Professor of History at Bryn Mawr, has edited these secret records, which the Oxford University Press will publish under the title *Hitler Directs His War*. The first installment appeared in the October Atlantic.

HITLER'S SECRET RECORDS

Unpublished Stenographic Reports of Hitler's Talks with His Generals

Edited by FELIX GILBERT

THESE stenographic records were begun in December, 1942, as the result of a dispute between Halder, the Army Chief of Staff, and Hitler. Halder was dismissed from office and henceforward Hitler, in complete control, was surrounded by generals who believed — or said they believed — in his military genius. He insisted that there should always be two (usually there were three) stenographers present. He gave less and less authority to field commanders and took more and more details upon himself. He believed increasingly that any suggested withdrawal or retreat was motivated by lack of courage and that his intuition, plus a more courageous attitude on the part of his subordinates, was sufficient for victory.

Morale, the full use of modern techniques, and the political considerations seemed more important to him than to the more conventional professional soldiers. His point of view was upheld with great obstinacy; and while his ideas were effective when the war was going well, he clung to them when reverses made them ineffective or destructive. It cannot be said, however, that Hitler's amateur generalship showed intellectual feebleness. It was in some respects highly intelligent, but it was conceited, egotistic, and controlled by fixed ideas.

Hitler's sentences were badly constructed and repetitive, and his language was extremely vulgar. Also it will be seen that he was mean in argument and amazingly ill informed on vital political and economic facts in connection with countries, such as the United States, with which he was personally unfamiliar. — FELIX GILBERT

AFTER TEHERAN

December 20, 1943. The starting time of this conference is not indicated in the manuscript; it ended at 11 P.M.

PARTICIPANTS: *Hitler, Buechs, Buhle, Fegelein, Jodl, Keitel, von Puttkamer, Voss, and Zeitzler.*

This whole transcript is very badly damaged. The first part deals with a report by Zeitzler and a general discussion on the situation at the Eastern front.

HITLER: I have studied most of these documents. [Reference is probably to reports of the Teheran and Cairo meetings.] There is no doubt that the attack in the West will come in the spring. There's absolutely no doubt about it. I have the feeling that they want to operate on very broad fronts. . . . But judging from the proposed treaty with Turkey, it appears that they will go ahead with a second front. We must count on additional landings in Norway, as well as in the Balkans and on the Bay of Biscay. . . . There's a distinct possibility that they will make a landing in Norway. . . . Of course that would only be a diversion, but it could become unpleasant for us if the bastards hang on there and lure out our Air Force. . . . We must use a lot of submarines because we mustn't let them gain a foothold there. If the enemy does gain a foothold, it would be fatal for our whole northern army. We wouldn't be able to get any more transports through to them. In the South we have found out what it means if the bastards sit on an island. That's the one thing. The other is the Bay of Biscay. We have to send a lot of submarines down there. We must operate with a lot

of the submarines down there, as well as with all the other stuff that has been prepared.

Voss: Yes, that has been planned and will be done.

HITLER: The whole problem of the West has to be carefully considered. I am constantly thinking about new ways to improve the defense. Automatic flame throwers, for instance, and oil-cans which can be thrown in the sea and then begin to burn.

ZEITZLER: Also the new mines which are detonated by the mine detector. I thought perhaps it would be better not to use them in the East, just in the West. The first will probably be ready in January. If we use them in the East to begin with, the Russians will become acquainted with them. They would figure them out quickly. It would be better to put them all in the West. When the invasions come and they start to use the mine detectors, they won't expect the mines to explode.

HITLER: That will immediately shatter their confidence.

Voss: The Commander-in-Chief, Navy [Doenitz], summoned all of his commanders the other day and called their attention to the danger in the West.

HITLER: There is no doubt that they have made a decision. The attack in the West will begin in the middle of February or the beginning of March. I don't have the feeling that the English are approaching this attack with very much enthusiasm. There are too many cautious people over there who are saying, even now, "We had better not do it if this or that condition prevails." There's another school of thought in England. Just as we once wanted to keep our small navy intact up to the end of the war [the First World War], these people want to keep their army intact because it is so small. That is clear.

On top of that, the English production potential is falling extremely fast. One can see that day by day. They blame that on public opinion which doesn't believe that danger exists any more. Actually, however, their steel production is decreasing. If one produces a million tons of coal less per year, the steel supply is not going to increase. That is all connected. Do you suppose that is going to be made up by the Americans? They are doing the same thing we are. We were pledged to deliver this and that to our allies, but the fact is that even from the beginning we cut the deliveries to the bone. Somehow, everyone is his own best friend in time of war. Nobody is going to give the other person steel if he doesn't have enough for himself. In our case, we couldn't even fulfill these decreased quotas. We delivered somewhat less all the time. We were supposed to deliver 1 to 1.2 million tons of coal, but all we ever sent was 900,000 tons. If the Americans are supposed to deliver something of which they themselves are short, they will certainly deliver less and less all the time. Conse-

quently the English are also holding back. But actually, they have done a lot. Just imagine, the English must have 50 per cent of their armed forces scattered all over the world. If one counts India, Africa, the Near East, and Australia, that means they have at least 50 per cent of their forces out there, and 50 per cent at the most in England, and of course they want to maintain that ratio so as not to lose some possessions at the last minute. But the attack will come; there's no doubt about that any more. . . .

A lengthy discussion follows as to the expected attack on Norway.

Voss: I doubt if they will have the punch to get through there. After all, they have the example of this business in Italy, where they got completely bogged down.

HITLER: But we had certain advantages in Italy. First of all, we are defending. Secondly, we have a narrow strip, about 100 kilometers wide, with unequaled natural obstacles. We have divisional sectors as we had them in the First World War — in other words, not with such huge battle areas. In the World War they were 9, 10, 11 kilometers. That's about the same down there, that's the good thing about Italy. In addition, the enemy has to bring everything up from a great distance. On the other hand, we have practically no Air Force down there.

We are hoping that our new planes will arrive before the enemy attacks. Every moment we delay that attack improves our situation. With each month, the likelihood increases that we will get a group of jet fighters. The decisive thing is to drop bombs on their heads the moment they land. That will force them to take cover. Even if there is only one plane in the air, they will have to take cover, which will waste hours and hours. In half a day we'll have started to move up our reserves. Even if we only pin them down on the beach for six or eight hours, you can imagine what that will mean for us. It means that they will be pinned down until our reserves arrive. Also, by then we would have an over-all picture. It would be nice to get an over-all picture at the first moment, to see which is the diversion and which is the main attack. I am very worried that they might use these 4000-kilogram blockbusters against the locks of our submarine pens.

PUTTKAMER: Brest and Lorient don't have any locks. Only St. Nazaire, La Pallice, and Bordeaux have them.

HITLER: The pressure must be enormous. If 3000 kilograms of high-powered explosives hit the water, it will push the whole works into the air. Yes, that is a great worry. We have one advantage. They will come with entirely inexperienced units.

BUHLE: If by January we really get all the units designated for the West, nothing can happen there.

HITLER: Let's hope so.

BUHLE: But if everything is taken away from the West — Every time I have organized something, it is taken away from me.

HITLER: Why do you tell me all this? I will not be blamed for taking everything away from you. You have to talk to Zeitzler about that. . . . But I have terrible troubles too. I see the situation in the East every day, and it is terrible. With five or six divisions we might still force the decision, or at least a great victory. But I have always been worried about the West. I have never had the opinion that nothing is going to happen there; rather, I think that the moment will come when the English are forced to end the war in some fashion.

And the Americans have their presidential election. If Roosevelt can't show any military successes, and if he continues to get deeper and deeper into this business, he may lose. If Roosevelt does lose, he will be tried before an American court six months later. After what that man has done he can leave office only after a won war, with the national debt reduced by half. But as a defeated presidential candidate, *his successor, for motives of self-preservation, will have to indict him. . . .* The successor must do it, because he has to solve the problems left to him. In that nation, which has a liberal capitalist system — that's what they're fighting for — a national debt which might by then amount to a couple of hundred billion dollars cannot be digested by the economy. They can always contract new debts, but how can they pay them off? With taxes? Then they will have to tax away nine tenths instead of two thirds. They can't do that any more. The thing is like a deluge. They are holding it up a little with every possible manipulation, but actually you can only do that with the authority of the State; that means by force. We can do that in Germany, but they can't do it. His successor will have to do something about that. No matter who the successor is, he will have nothing better to do than to prove that the whole mess is Roosevelt's fault. That is the instinct of self-preservation. They will look for someone to blame, and he is to blame. That's obvious. One might say that it doesn't make any difference because he will be in again after four years. Well, four years is four years; in the course of these years the other hopes that the situation will change. At any rate, that man Roosevelt will do anything not to get beaten in this election. After all, his government is also pushing him on, because it has to, and if the man wants to stay in he must show some kind of successes, and for that reason he will attack.

The English are terribly clever. They want to give the supreme command to the Americans. They are being very clever about that, because if the Americans have the supreme command, the Eng-

lish will give precedence to the Americans, that's certain. If the whole thing fails, the Americans will be responsible. If it should fail under English command, they would be responsible. It is obvious that the English are not as confident about the whole business as Eisenhower is. Eisenhower has achieved one lucky landing, in both [*sic*] cases only with the help of traitors. He isn't going to find any traitors in our ranks. He'll catch hell here. There is a difference between landing in North Africa and being greeted by Mr. Giraud, or being opposed by Italians who mostly sit in their holes and don't fire a shot, and landing in the West where there is really going to be shooting. As long as our batteries can fire, they will fire, that's certain. . . .

HITLER: I am of the opinion that the moment it starts, it will be a relief. We saw that last year at Dieppe. Actually that was a glorious action. I saw Dieppe that time. You remember how it was fortified then. Since then I have seen how the present fortifications look. I have only seen a small sector; compared to how it was before, it is a thousand times better. . . . Can't we give a special allotment of flame throwers to the West? Flame throwers are the best thing for defense. That is a terrible weapon.

BUHLE: We have 1200 of them. And there are thousands of those Russian automatic electric ones in the West.

HITLER: Flame throwers are the most terrifying thing there is for defense. If someone with a rifle advances, then I can see him. Moreover he has to get close. But the defender is under cover. The attacker doesn't even know that the defender has a flame thrower. All he sees is the hole in which the defender has two little brackets, one for the machine gun and one for the flame thrower. The attacker approaches up to 20 meters, and suddenly the thing goes off. That's a very unpleasant feeling.

BUHLE: If during the months of January and February production goes according to schedule, there won't be a pillbox in the West without a flame thrower. We have 2000, then it will be 4000.

HITLER: But we have more pillboxes than that in the West. We already have about 7500 now. There will be 10,000. . . . We can call up Sauer¹ about that right away. . . .

HITLER: The elimination of factories gives us a certain reserve of workers, which can always be added somewhere for an extra. I don't know if the plants are working on two or three shifts yet.

In case of a landing, we could also burn or blow up barrels on the beach, so that they would have to wade through fire. We can do that at certain places but not on broad stretches. We can figure out the most diverse deviltries at different places.

¹ Chief of the Department for Finished Combat Material in the Ministry for Armaments and War Production.

For example, one place is mined to such an extent that absolutely no one can reach the shore. At another place, oil barrels start burning; at a third place the Russian flame throwers — the one that squirts fire — can be installed; at still another place we could concentrate a terrific artillery barrage from the rear. One can think of all kinds of things. After it is all over, they can get together and swap their experiences during the landing. . . . The other day I was thinking if it wouldn't be possible to infest the mine fields with other mines as well as with anti-personnel mines; to such an extent that even our own men can't pass these mine fields, because they explode no matter who steps on them. These mines should be cased in plastic instead of metal.

BUHLE: The mine fields on the beaches are impassable even for our own men. Even they can only get through by means of the exactly marked lane, which can only be seen from our side.

HITLER (*on the telephone*): Sauer, how many flame throwers are you making now per month? . . . Yes, the exact number. . . . I need three times that many, and in two months time. You have to pour in workers as fast as possible. In other words, during January and February I want three times as much as you are making now. That is the minimum demand. . . . Only 1200? I thought it was 2400. I wanted three times that number. . . . Well, hurry it up. We need more and more. We need them very urgently. Thank you. *Heil!* Merry Christmas. . . .

THE ATTEMPT ON HITLER'S LIFE

August 31, 1944. This conference began at 3.35 p.m.; the closing time is not indicated in the manuscript.

PARTICIPANTS: *Hitler, Keitel, Krebs, and Westphal.*

In the conference preserved in this fragmentary transcript Hitler gave General Westphal, who had just been appointed Chief of Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, West, and General Krebs, who had been made Chief of Staff of Army Group "B" in the West, information about the conspiracy of July 20, 1944. The record is interesting because of the light which it sheds on Hitler's attitude toward this conspiracy.

HITLER: You know that Field Marshal Kluge committed suicide.¹ There are strong reasons to suspect that, had he not committed suicide, he would have been arrested anyway. The trial at the People's Court was interrupted yesterday.² I personally promoted him twice, gave him the highest decorations, gave him a large estate so that he could have a permanent home, and gave him a large supplement to his pay as Field Marshal.

¹ Kluge, who was Rundstedt's successor as Commander-in-Chief, West, had taken some part in the conspiracy, but turned against it when he heard that Hitler had not been killed.

² The proceedings at the People's Court, under its presiding judge, Freisler, against the conspirators were secret. Only reports about the trial of the first group of conspirators were published in the press.

Therefore I am as bitterly disappointed as I could possibly be. The manner of his involvement may have been tragic. Perhaps he just slipped into it; I don't know. Maybe he couldn't find his way out again. He saw that a large group of officers had been arrested, and he feared their testimony. His nephew, who was deeply implicated, made statements in court which caused President Freisler to interrupt the proceedings right away, which was correct. Freisler wanted to question the Field Marshal; but by that time he was no longer alive. I don't want this to leak out. I don't want to disgrace the German armed forces by having this business talked about. If it ever came out that Field Marshal Kluge intended not only to surrender the entire forces in the West but also intended himself to go over to the enemy, it might not lead to a complete demoralization of the German people, but it would certainly foster contempt for the Army. For that reason I want to keep silent about this.

We only told the generals that he committed suicide. He did commit suicide. The first reports were wrong. First it was said that he had had a brain hemorrhage. Actually he was waiting for an English patrol. They missed each other. He had sent his general staff officer away. The whole business didn't succeed. English and American patrols pushed forward, but evidently no contact was made. He also sent his son into the pocket. The English reported that they were in contact with a German general. The officer who probably arranged this contact is under arrest. Supposedly he was released from British captivity under some pretense in order to make this contact, but now he is under arrest. The conspirators thought to bring about a change in fate by using this man to arrange a capitulation to the British and to have them join us in the war against Russia. An idiotic idea. [An undecipherable fragment about Rommel follows.]

HITLER: The 15th of August was the worst day of my life.³ But for a coincidence, this plan would have been put into operation. All those things that were ordered by the Army Group headquarters can only be explained on that basis. Otherwise they would be inexplicable. I must say that there is something wrong with the staff of the 7th Army. I think it would be a good idea, General Krebs, if you would take completely trustworthy men with you, and that you take all action necessary in order to clean up that staff. It is unfortunate that while Field Marshal Rommel is a very great and inspiring leader in victory, he becomes a complete pessimist at the slightest difficulty. In North Africa, after the loss of El Alamein, he lost his

³ The decisive day of the Falaise Gap battle. Hitler evidently considered this defeat, which decided the Normandy campaign, the result of Kluge's "treason."

nerve completely, and he began to conceive ideas which couldn't be carried out. He should have tried to hold the line in front; that would have been the only way to save everything. The superiority of the enemy was not counterbalanced by Rommel's move into open space, but was just made effective thereby. It might have been possible to withstand an attack on this narrow front of 60 kilometers. Once we were pressed out of there . . . then, according to the lessons of desert warfare, the enemy had the opportunity to overtake us all the time. Then the enemy, instead of Rommel, could maneuver. When I heard of this decision that night — it was really in the early morning — I immediately countermanded the order. Because of an unfortunate chain of circumstances, the thing was held up here and was submitted to me too late. . . . He did the worst thing a soldier could do in a case like that; he looked for other than military solutions. He even prophesied our immediate collapse in Italy. Up to now that hasn't happened. The events have proved him completely wrong, and I was right in my decision to leave there Field Marshal Kesselring, in whom I see a great political idealist as well as a military optimist, and I don't believe that military operations can be conducted without optimism. Within certain limits I consider Rommel an extremely brave and also clever leader.¹ I do not consider him to have endurance. That is also the opinion of all the other gentlemen.

KEITEL: Yes, that became more and more apparent.

HITLER: All the things that happened in the "Center," things which are only coming to light now, the disgrace that there are German officers who are willing to speak on the enemy radio, the fact that German officers and generals are capitulating — all that can't be compared to what happened in the West.² That was the most unheard-of thing that ever happened. I think, Westphal, that you will get a staff that is almost uncorrupted. First of all, Field Marshal von Rundstedt is reliable and decent. Then, Blumentritt is perfectly all right and his record is clear. I think that he doesn't have the experience to lead a staff like that, and that he is very worried about what happened at that headquarters. But there's nothing against him.

In the section of the General Staff directed by Gerke, who is himself completely all right, not a single person who had anything to do with this

conspiracy was found. On the other hand, in the other sections — Quartermaster General, Plans and Operations, Foreign Armies, and so forth — this disgraceful business was fostered from the chiefs on down. Everything that happened here was directed against me. If they had succeeded, it would have meant a catastrophe for Germany. The fact that it didn't succeed gives us the opportunity to free Germany of this cancer. But the damage which it has done to our foreign policy, to our prestige with the Rumanians, the Bulgarians, the Turks, the Finns, and all the other neutrals — that can't be underestimated. . . . If I had had the 9th and 10th SS Panzer Divisions in the West, the whole thing probably wouldn't have happened. They were not sent there for what I think are criminal reasons, to bring about a revolution here. These people imagined that they could either go with the English against the Russians, or second, the Schulenburg³ school, with the Russians against the English, or the third and craziest school of thought, playing one out against the other. Incredibly naïve. . . . It is like a Wild West novel. If one looks at these people, Stieff⁴ and the others, their level is really incredibly low. I dismissed a man like General Hoepfner⁵ not only because he didn't carry out an order but also because he was of such a small caliber. Even Kluge was convinced that he would have to go. The events have shown how right I was. At the trial all the people in the courtroom could see what little men all those people were. The assistant judges asked how such men could have become officers. Well, how could they? I had to take what was available, and tried to make the best of that material.

HITLER: The time hasn't come for a political decision. I guess I have proved plenty of times during my life that I am capable of achieving political success. I don't have to explain to anybody that I won't pass up such an opportunity. But it is childish and naïve to expect that at a moment of grave military defeats the moment for favorable political dealings has come. Such moments come when you are having successes. I have proved that I did everything to come to some understanding with the English. In 1940, after the French campaign, I extended my hand to the English, abandoned all my claims. I didn't want anything from them. Even on September 1, 1939, I repeated an offer which I had already made through

³ Former German Ambassador in Moscow, who had participated in the conspiracy and was executed.

⁴ Generalmajor Stieff, Chief of the Plans and Operations Section, Army General Staff, had been among the first group of conspirators to be judged by the People's Court and hanged.

⁵ Generaloberst Hoepfner, who on July 20 acted for the conspirators as Chief of the Replacement Army, had been brought to trial before the People's Court and had been hanged. In the summer of 1942 he had been dismissed from the Army after being court-martialed for advocating a retreat in violation of Hitler's orders.

¹ At the time of this conference Hitler did not know that Rommel had also been involved in the conspiracy; when this became known, Rommel was forced to commit suicide on October 14.

² During the July 20 conspiracy, an abortive military coup against the Nazi government was instituted by certain high German officers in France, including General von Stuepnagel, military governor of France.

Ribbentrop in 1936: that is the suggestion of an alliance under which Germany would guarantee the British Empire. . . . All of these proposals were opposed first by Churchill, and then the whole circle of hatred around Vansittart, who wanted the war and now can't back out of it. They rush towards their own destruction, but the time will come when the tension between the Allies will become so great that the break will occur just the same. All of the coalitions have disintegrated in history sooner or later. The only thing is to wait for the right moment, no matter how hard it is.

Since the year 1941 it has been my task not to lose my nerve, under any circumstances; instead, whenever there is a collapse, my task has been to find a way out and a remedy, in order to restore the situation. I really think one can't imagine a worse crisis than the one we had in the East this year. When Field Marshal Model came, the Army Group "Center" was nothing but a hole. I think it's pretty obvious that this war is no pleasure for me. For five years I have been separated from the rest of the world. I haven't been to the theater, I haven't heard a concert, and I haven't seen a movie. I live only for the purpose of leading this fight because I know that if there is not an iron will behind it, this battle cannot be won. I accuse the General Staff of weakening combat officers who joined its ranks, instead of exuding this iron will, and of spreading pessimism when General Staff officers went to the front. . . .

If necessary we'll fight on the Rhine. It doesn't make any difference. Under all circumstances we will continue this battle until, as Frederick the Great said, one of our damned enemies gets too tired to fight any more. We'll fight until we get a peace which secures the life of the German nation for the next fifty or one hundred years and which, above all, does not besmirch our honor a second time as happened in the year 1918. . . . Things could have turned out differently. If my life had been ended, I think that I can say that for me personally it would only have been a release from worry, sleepless nights, and a great nervous suffering. It is only a fraction of a second, and then one is freed from everything, and has one's quiet and eternal peace. Just the same, I am grateful to destiny for letting me live because I believe. . . .

BEGINNING OF THE END

January 27, 1945. This conference lasted from 4.20 P.M. until 6.50 P.M.

PARTICIPANTS: *Hitler, Assmann, von Below, von Brauchitsch, Buechs, Buhle, Burgdorf, Fegelein, von Freytag-Loringhoven, Goehler, Goering, Guderian, Guensche, Hewel, Jodl, John von Freyend, Keitel, Koller, von Puttkamer, Scherff, Schuster, Voss, Waizenegger, Winter, and Zander.*

This is the abridgment of an enormously repetitive transcript which gives a striking picture of the atmosphere of unreality and self-deception current at Hitler's

conferences when, with defeat staring them in the face, he and his staff were scraping the bottom of the barrel for combat officers.

BURGDORF: This matter about the officers, which I have presented here, has been taken up by the Reichsmarschall again. The Reichsmarschall takes the view that it would be better to let the people keep their rank and simply use them in lower positions for which they are suited.

GOERING: For instance, I have a commanding general as company commander in a parachute regiment. Up to now, demotion has been part of the punishment when someone committed a crime. If somebody has been discharged with full honors, and if he is now conscripted again, he only gets a smaller job because he can't fulfill a larger task any longer; we can't draft him as a staff sergeant. That is a demotion. I don't see why anyone would want to become an officer under those circumstances. Even an honorable record wouldn't protect a man any more.

HITLER: Only it becomes very difficult if you have a general command a company under a battalion commander who might be a first lieutenant.

GOERING: In this case it works quite well. Only he should not be demoted.

BURGDORF: If I may explain the development as it occurs frequently in the Army; at this time we have several thousand officers who have never had combat service, or at least not since the end of the First World War. Since that time they have either had office jobs or administrative jobs, or else they were used as railroad station commanders or commanders of rail line patrols at a time when the fronts were far away and these areas had to be protected. Now these people are surplus. . . . The question is, how can they be used?

GOERING: These people did their duty as officers in the First World War and were honorably discharged. . . . I am of the opinion that it is impossible in any profession all over the world — that a man who has served with honor and against whom nothing can be said be deprived of his rank just because he has to be used in a subordinate position. . . .

BURGDORF: It would have to be decided whether to form units consisting entirely of officers. In an officers unit a lieutenant colonel might be a squad leader and a captain a platoon leader, so that ranks would just be nonsense. However, I should like to warn against that because I have seen these men. The last remnants of respect for the officer corps can be destroyed if an entire battalion of officers should run away. Because these people I saw will run away.

GOERING: That's right. But are you going to get men to become officers if they know that they can be demoted at any time without having done anything wrong?

BURGDORF: The moment the Führer adopted the policy of promoting men according to their ability instead of their seniority, the logical thing would have been to demote those people who did not have the ability for the rank they were holding. . . .

HITLER: One thing has to be avoided, and that is that people who are fit for service but can't do a certain job any more do not fight at all, while others who are only good for limited service have to do the fighting. Today I have to consider the psychological effect on the entire German people, not just on the officers. After all, that isn't a humiliation.

GOERING: But all that has to be made clear.

JODL: They should not feel that they are being demoted without cause.

BURGDORF: They'll be given six weeks training to show the stuff they are made of. I have seen these people, and, Herr Reichsmarschall, you would immediately say: "Those guys have to take their uniforms off entirely." I just don't have the personnel necessary to give detailed legal justifications for thousands of demotions.

GOERING: In a case like that I would just say: "Out of the Armed Forces and into the Volkssturm with them."

BURGDORF: The Volkssturm is for old men. This way we would fill it up with men who might only be forty-six years old, fully fit for service, who gold-bricked successfully and were in the West.

GOERING: Well, you can demote people like that.

HITLER: People like that can't command troops either. They've never had jobs like that. I can't even trust them with the smallest units.

GOERING: Then you'll have to take quite a number of people out of the line outfits, too. . . .

HITLER: After all, the military profession is a fighting profession. That has to be the goal.

GOERING: It just has to be settled in principle, because it is a completely different way of looking at it.

HITLER: It isn't a demotion at all. Instead, the original rank is in abeyance during the combat period. If the man is capable, he will soon be back in his old rank. He has it much easier than other people. But some sort of solution must be found.

One thing has to be avoided, and that is that a military housecleaning takes place which results only in cleaning people out of the military bureaucracy and putting them into civilian idleness. I can't even use them in the labor program, because we have a certain labor surplus. But even disregarding that, the public rightly says: "That man is fit for military service, that other one is not, and yet the latter one is drafted."

BURGDORF: The transfer of a mortar platoon to the Reichsführer in the Black Forest did wonders for the Officers Training Regiment. But it did make a bad impression down there, in the Black Forest, when a lieutenant colonel and three lieutenants were dragging around a mortar.

HITLER: In my eyes that's much more degrading than the other alternative. The other alternative consists of giving a person a job that is commensurate with his abilities and with which I can trust him. In the other case I let him run around in his old uniform and do work which a private or noncom can do.

GOERING: That way one has to draw the consequences right away by freezing promotions, and so forth.

BURGDORF: Only the line officers should be promoted.

GOERING: Then nobody will stay on the staffs. . . .

HITLER: The cases we are discussing arise from the fact that we have to dismantle five sixths of our administration. It is not a question of defamation. The administration has to be dismantled, and this five sixths cannot be let out of the Army just because they cannot be given a command commensurate with their rank.

GUDERIAN: Then they must be used in a different capacity. If a colonel can only be used as a battalion or company commander, then he will do that and will take off his epaulets for the period of this service.

HITLER: Well, that's the whole point.

GOERING: But he won't become a noncom.

GUDERIAN: No, he will remain a colonel or a general, with full pay and allowances.

GOERING: Let's leave the pay out of this. . . .

(The End)



An Atlantic Story



One of Britain's most able career diplomats, ARCHIBALD CLARK KERR, Lord Inverchapel, was Ambassador in Baghdad, 1935–1938, in China, 1938–1942, in Moscow, 1942–1945, and in Washington, 1946–1948. He entered the British diplomatic service in 1906, served in the Scots Guards in the First World War, and then with distinction in the Foreign Office. Now he has retired to his native heath in Scotland, where he farms and occasionally adds to his collection of true ghost stories. This is the second in the series he is writing for the Atlantic.

THE GHOST OF MAIDEN ABBEY

by LORD INVERCHAPEL

AS ITS name suggested, Maiden Abbey — *Tigh chailleacha-dubha* they called it in the Gaelic — had been for many centuries a nunnery, in which virgins had sought “a fugitive and cloistered virtue.”

We may safely assume that the preposterous John Knox and his fellow iconoclasts had had a hand in the scattering of the maidens and in the laying waste of their monastic buildings. For few traces were now left of their long occupancy, excepting the clean bones of their church in the park and some few score of mossy tombstones in the kitchen-garden — some still erect, and some built into the high walls under which greengages and fig trees huddled from the wind.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the land had passed into the hands of one Patrick Gunn, afterwards Lord Duntroyn, who had drawn on the ruins of the nunnery as a quarry from which to build himself a handsome house in the early Georgian taste. He had at the same time planted four avenues of lime trees, each one leading in a straight line to Maiden Abbey from a cardinal point of the compass. They were now great forest trees of uncommon beauty. The four avenues were appropriately known as the North, South, East, and West approaches.

There was a great gathering at Maiden Abbey in the summer of 1914 in honor of the betrothal of the daughter of the house to my brother Hamish. Lady Duntroyn had filled it with young neighbors. I was not there, and it was from Hamish and my future sister-in-law that I heard the present story.

Lady Duntroyn had a touch of the second sight,

and delighted in trying to commune with the dead. It was she who one evening asked her guests to join her in some spirit-rapping. They were in a jocular mood, and felt little enthusiasm for this proposal, but in order to please their hostess, of whom they were fond, they settled down at a bare mahogany table. Their gay and irresponsible chatter died down as it became clear that Lady Duntroyn was in earnest, and that some kind of spirit must be abroad, for the rappings on the table became insistent. It seemed that she had the code at her finger ends.

“Get a pencil and a piece of paper, Hamish dear. It looks as though we were going to have something worth while to record.”

“Who are you?” she asked the noisy spirit.

The table rapped out the words: “I am Hector Mackay!”

“Which Mackay?” she asked, for this was important. There were many of them, and she liked to get things straight.

“Hector Mackay of the Loup.”

“A quite distinguished cadet family, my dears,” she whispered across the table. “I fancy they are now extinct.” She knew her Highland history.

“What do you want?” she asked.

The answer came slowly and haltingly. “I want rest. I am not yet at rest.”

By this time all the company of young skeptics was alert and interested. “How can we help you?”

“Put me together and bury me again.”

“Be quick, Hamish, and get all this down!” said Lady Duntroyn.

The spirit went on to explain that his head and

the rest of his body had been buried in different places, and that he would like them put in one grave, in a particular grave. If his listeners took the pains to dig, they would find his head at the foot of the fourteenth lime on the East side of the North approach, a little to the North of the tree, and the rest of his body at the foot of the twenty-third tree on the South side of the West approach, again a little North of the tree. They should put all this together into one grave.

Tension was now running high, and all the guests were in a state of keen excitement.

"Where do you want to be buried?" they asked.

"Put me in with Anne Chisholm," came the answer.

"Where is she?" The spirit made no clear reply. The question was repeated again and again, but it brought forth nothing but the words "Look for her!" and the spirit ceased his rappings.

"Too bad, too bad," murmured Lady Duntroyn; "the contact must be broken. That was most interesting, most dramatic. Did you get it all down, Hamish? That's good. Now you will laugh at me, my dears, but I am going to get you all to sign what Hamish has written down. We shall see in the morning what it all means."

2

It was quite a formidable cavalcade, with Lady Duntroyn at its head, that set out from Maiden Abbey after breakfast — six young men and six young women and a couple of gardeners with picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows. The jocular and incredulous mood had returned to them, and the talk was sprightly and flippant about what should be done with the head of Hector Mackay, if indeed it were found, for it was decided by common consent to begin with the head.

The trees of the North approach were carefully numbered. There was considerable discussion about the points of the compass, and it was finally one of the gardeners who laid it down which was the East side.

There had been heavy rain in the night, and the ground was soft and spongy, but the tangle of the sturdy roots of the old tree made the digging tedious and difficult. As the work proceeded and the morning wore on, the party dwindled in number. The skeptics tended to drift away towards the tennis courts, until my brother Hamish was left alone with the two gardeners and Lady Duntroyn, who remained as undaunted in her belief in Hector Mackay as she was concerned lest the roots of her trees should be damaged.

Suddenly Hamish's pick sounded on something more solid than the juicy brown roots. It was a skull. It was hard to dislodge, for one of the roots of the lime tree had driven through it, pinning it to the soil. There was nothing for it but to cut the root and edge the skull out.

One of the gardeners cleaned it roughly with the sleeve of his coat, and with a deft knife gouged out the soil from the empty eye-sockets. He put it reverently on a pad of moss that Lady Duntroyn had gathered, and it was left in a wheelbarrow against the finding of the other bones, for luncheon time was approaching, and the fresh digging would have to wait until the afternoon. It was a triumphant Lady Duntroyn who greeted the truants from the digging when she found them gathered on the terrace ready for luncheon, and tried with her story to demolish their very reasonable skepticism. They were reluctant to credit it, and clamored about Hamish to have it confirmed. In the end again it was one of the gardeners who persuaded them into some kind of belief.

The skull of Hector Mackay was inevitably the main subject of conversation. "Why was his head not on his body?" "Why was his body buried in a different place?" In the excitement of last night they had not paused to ask these important questions.

In a very different spirit the second cavalcade set out after luncheon — eagerness, expectancy, and much conjecture. The unbelievers were convinced by the sight of the skull in its nest of moss in the wheelbarrow, and everyone now seemed to want to take a hand in the digging. This time the roots of the twenty-third tree on the South side of the West approach, a little Northward, were not so irksome. The diggers came on the first signs of human bones about a foot and a half below the level of the turf. The posture of the remains suggested that the body had been bundled into the ground in haste and without reverence. It was lying on its side, knees drawn up towards the barrel of the thorax.

The uncomfortable job of piecing it all together was left to the young women, who went about it in good heart, as though at work on a jigsaw puzzle, spreading the countless bones out on a piece of sacking under the able guidance of Lady Duntroyn, who was clearly something of an anatomist. The skull seemed to watch the work intently from its wheelbarrow. In the sandy soil near the bones of the left hand they came upon a slender ring of gold. Much rubbing revealed in an incised inscription the letters *anu orti*, of which none could guess the meaning.

Lady Duntroyn's triumph was now so complete that she was moved to join her guests in the rebuilding of the skeleton. This work ate up the summer afternoon, and it was not until dusk was drawing in that the search was begun for Anne Chisholm amongst the tombs in the kitchen-garden. They found her stone all askew amongst the gooseberry bushes. In spite of the lichens and mosses her name was clear enough, for the mason who cut it had not skimmed his work. The Latin inscription that accompanied it was almost indecipherable,

but a little careful scraping produced the date *Anno Domini* 1561.

As they dug to make room for Hector Mackay to find his rest they came upon traces of a coffin, of which the timber had been in part preserved by the peaty subsoil. Amongst its fragments they gently laid the bones of Hector Mackay, somewhat jumbled now by their shifting from the sacking on which they had been pieced together.

That evening Lady Duntroyn insisted upon recalling the spirit of Hector Mackay. It rapped out the words: "At rest now. I thank ye, I thank ye," and seemed anxious to break off and be gone, but as the contact weakened there came two more words, now very clearly: "*Manu forti*." Hamish wrote them down. Here were the missing letters in the inscription on the ring. A scrutiny of Innes's *History of the Clans* (Edinburgh, 1811) showed these Latin words to be the device, the *enseinyie*, on the oriflamme of the Mackays.

I wish that I had had the good fortune to be amongst Lady Duntroyn's guests and to take part in the adventures at Maiden Abbey. But, as it is, I am dependent for the telling upon Hamish and my sister-in-law. Nevertheless, I am disposed to accept it as it stands, for they are two truthful people who related it when it was fresh in their minds. I think that I have set it forth in all faithfulness. As it stands, it is incomplete and unsatisfying. Important gaps yawn in it. What, for instance, had been the relationship between Hector Mackay and Anne Chisholm? Had he disturbed her "fugitive and cloistered virtue"? We may assume that he had, and that this was the reason of his killing. But who killed him, and why? Why had his head been cut from his body and been buried in a different place?

These things we shall never know, for his spirit has found the untroubled rest it sought and will never speak to us again.



THE PLAY

by DONALD C. BABCOCK

THE curtain rose before I was aware.

My lines? I never learned them till I'd spoken.
The stage props seemed quite old, and some were broken,
And some weren't even there.

Until I spoke, my lines were never learned.

I moved too slow, or even missed my cue.
The plaudits were quite far between and few.
And frequently unearned.

How slow I was! My cue I often missed.

My speeches sounded definitely dated.
Yet nearly everyone was kind and waited,
And almost no one hissed.

Oh yes, each held his tongue till, more or less,

The actor playing opposite had ended.
The play, for all that, went uncomprehended,
Though pretty good, I guess.

It dawned upon me almost at the last:

The audience really had not noticed me.
No wonder! Each conceived himself to be
A member of the cast.

I never quite found out why I was there.

It well may be I simply missed my calling.
The curtain, it turns out, has started falling
Before I was aware.



Born in Lithuania, DR. ABRAHAM MYERSON came to the United States as a young boy. He was educated in the Boston public schools and later worked as a streetcar conductor while studying in the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia. He transferred to Tufts Medical School in 1906 and there came under the dynamic influence of Dr. Morton Prince. So began the study and research in neuropsychiatry which were to make him a leading psychiatrist in this country. His books, The Inheritance of Mental Diseases and Social Psychology, were standard works, and in 1936 he wrote the first definitive report on eugenical sterilization. The Atlantic has drawn the following article from his posthumous book, Speaking of Man, to be published by Knopf in November.

STERILIZATION

by ABRAHAM MYERSON, M.D.

I

THERE are, in America alone, millions of individuals markedly unfit to live in society. Many of them cannot care for themselves or their children and are a burden to their families or communities. Because of the possibility that their defects are hereditary, and that allowing these people to have children will result in spreading their disabilities more widely through future generations, we must consider the question of eugenical sterilization.

Sterilization is a very simple operation. But it is much simpler to perform the operation of sterilization than it is to decide on whom the operation shall be done. There are those who advocate sterilizing *all* individuals who are "socially inadequate *by reason of heredity*," and here they include all the insane, the feeble-minded, the epileptic, and certain chronic criminals. They assume that all these defects *are* hereditary and that individuals in these classifications are potentially the parents of defective offspring. They believe that such a program is needed if we are to prevent the unfit of our race from swamping the fit. Thanks mainly to their efforts and to the celebrated dictum of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes that three generations of imbeciles are enough, in this country there now are twenty-nine states that have laws providing in some way for the sterilization of the socially inadequate. In some states these laws are "voluntary," in other states "compulsory."

The first sterilization law in America was passed by the Pennsylvania legislature in 1905, but it was vetoed by the Governor. The first sterilization laws still in effect were introduced in 1909 in California, Washington, and Connecticut. Following this, sterilization statutes were adopted in rapid succession by a number of states. Many of these laws

were enacted without any definite program. They were frequently revised or amended, sometimes vetoed, and in many instances fell into disuse. Some of them have never really been put into effect, and the number of operations performed is so small as to be negligible. In Connecticut, for example, where the law is "compulsory," in the course of all these years the number sterilized each year averages thirteen. California has almost as many sterilizations on record as the rest of the United States put together, and is the only state in the country that to any extent really enforces its sterilization law. Yet even in this state, with an average of about four hundred cases a year, the application of the law is limited when compared with the extent of the problem.

Those who consider these sterilization laws wise may ask why the enforcement is so lax. The answer is that in the United States there is formidable opposition to eugenical sterilization. In a democracy, only those laws which have their bases in folkways or the approval of the strong groups have a chance of being enforced. The fate of prohibition demonstrates the futility of trying to make a drastic change in deeply embedded traditions. As for meddling with the sexual organs, there is a deep-seated repugnance which is socially instinctive and could be overcome only by great force or very intensive social education.

Before we reach any conclusions about whether these laws should be enforced and whether similar laws should be enacted in other states, we should consider separately each of the conditions for which sterilization is advocated and see in which of them the hereditary factors *are* of importance.

The tragedy of mental illness crushes not only the

sick but also the members of their families. Nothing so breaks into the lives of the well as the mental diseases of those with whom they live; nothing so hurts the pride or arouses such devastating inner conflict. Accompanying the sympathy is the recoil of incomprehension and horror, and underneath the surface loyalty there is often deep, impatient disaffection. To love and care for the mentally disturbed is the final test of endurance, and so deep a drain on emotional reserve as to be beyond the powers of most normal people. There is a grim reason for the old term "alienist" to denote the man who looks after those felt to be aliens on the human scene.

2

INSANITY or mental disease is no unified thing. Mental diseases vary in biological nature, in cause, course, and possibilities for treatment, and have totally different relationships to heredity.

Some mental diseases are comparatively easy to classify. There are identifiable physical signs and changes in the body during life, and finally autopsy reveals changes in the brain and other structures. These conditions account for more than half of the population in our mental institutions, yet they exemplify no hereditary process. The two most important are *arteriosclerotic dementia* and *senile dementia*, diseases consequent upon the changes of old age and due to alteration in the brain. *General paresis*, which develops ten to twenty years after the patient has contracted syphilis, is of environmental origin only, at least for any practical purposes. Most alcoholism, also, is created by social rather than individual heredity. While it is true that a good many alcoholics are neurotic and that some suffer from depression, the main trouble with the alcoholic is that society not only permits him to buy without restriction a drug that he cannot handle, but even applies an extraordinarily potent social pressure to encourage its use.

We come next to schizophrenia and the manic-depressive states, the two great mental diseases still without any known physical signs and without any differentiating pathology and chemistry.

Generally speaking, *schizophrenia* tends to start early in life as a personality type that develops into disease. The past history of the schizophrenic is usually that of a shut-in, overmeticulous, over-scrupulous personality. He has a certain stiff shyness that marks him off from other men. He (or she) has little successful sexual urge of an outer type; he may and does brood about sex, and is often in what I have called a sexual stew, but frequently nothing comes of this except masturbation. He may have peculiarities of conduct, rigidities and mannerisms of extreme type.

From this schizoid personality, the sick man descends gradually or suddenly into a retreat from life. This retreat is based on a falsification of his

relationship with others. He may believe that he is being persecuted. He misinterprets the irrelevant acts of other people and believes that a stranger who looks at him as he passes will make an adverse criticism and communicate this unfavorable opinion to others, perhaps will consider him homosexual or vile in some other way, or even will follow him to do him damage. While the normal person takes refuge in the certainty that what goes on inside his head is known only to himself, unless he communicates it, the schizophrenic loses this feeling of safety and thinks that others know and read his mind. He feels that he is no longer able to do what he could before: to think consecutively, feel vividly, and act without constraint. He may then develop a "delusion of influence," a belief that somehow an influence of mysterious and potent nature is being used on him by others — The Others. For he is now an alien in the world.

It is interesting that the nature of this influence changes with each cultural level and scientific achievement. In the days when men believed in "possession" by demons and witches, the schizophrenic claimed that he was bewitched and possessed. Later, when hypnosis was widely discussed and its powers were greatly exaggerated, hypnotism was the instrument of influence. As physical scientific devices developed and it became possible to talk and see at a distance, the radio and television became the means by which others influenced the schizophrenic. The mechanism of projection, which creates scapegoats for us all, is strongly evident in this disease. The schizophrenic finds that his difficulties are created by others, either concretely as coming from one person or group, or vaguely as coming from "Them."

So the schizophrenic lives his life in a brooding, silly, grimacing, retreated fashion. Either he becomes overpassive or he becomes senselessly resistive. And there also appears as part of the symptomatology of this disease the transformation of one's own thoughts into voices or hallucinations of one type or another.

The disability inherent in this disease is enormous. The course may run from a short episode that never recurs to a chronic progressive disorder that only grows worse as life goes on, although there may be sharp remission, in which the individual seems much better.

No pathology, no specific altered physiology, has been discovered, although the patients as a whole become inferior in physique and disordered in physiology as time goes on. This is no wonder, since they live aloof from all the invigorating recreative activities of man. In the institutions many of them work, but since they have no spontaneity and little initiative, they need constant spurring and guidance. Too many of them slip into a state that can only be described as vegetating; they may sit or stand all day in some fixed posture, absorbed in a

sort of vacuum; or they may groove their activities in a senseless, stereotyped succession.

3

THE other great mental disorder of unknown physiology and pathology is the *manic-depressive* state. The term "manic-depressive" means that the individual alternates between a state in which he is overexcited, elated, overactive, and usually overjoyous and one in which he shows the opposite mood of grim depression. In the manic state he may be merely overgay, overtalkative, superficial in his speech, and given to punning. He may even be the life of the party, highly amusing when the condition is still under control. In fact, many individuals go through life in what is known as the hypomanic state; that is, they are manic, but never completely lose control. They never feel fatigue and are indomitable; while they tend to pass from one interest and excitement to another, they may even achieve great things and be notable in their lifework. One may even envy the individual in a hypomanic state, since his emotions are all charged with champagne and his energies are almost inexhaustible. But unfortunately the full manic stage often supervenes, and then the fantastic euphoric conduct, the recklessness, and the complete breakdown of inhibition force society to incarcerate the patient in a hospital, to save himself and others from disaster.

From this overcharged condition he may and usually does pass into the opposite state of depression. He experiences deep melancholy and complete failure of enthusiasm and energy, and loses his sense of reality and his feeling of the worthwhileness of life. From time to time, as we uneasily scan our lives, all of us suffer from a sense of guilt; but the melancholiac feels this in so magnified a form that he accuses himself not only of complete unworthiness but of unforgivable sin, of having created the disasters of the world. He believes that because of his guilt those whom he loves will be punished in one way or another by man or by God. The bluest blue mood of the normal person is a bright rainbow compared with the hopeless darkness of the manic-depressive patient. Losing the will to live, he may have only the desire to die. Suicide often ends the career of the manic-depressive patient.

The milder depressive cases are the bane and the perplexity of those who deal with them. They are adjured from morning to night to "snap out of it" and are given all kinds of banal advice. If they are overactive, they are told to rest more. If they show a tendency not to meet others, they are exhorted to be more social, when the very will to be social has been paralyzed. The patent fact that the "good advice" is impossible to follow does not lessen the stream of irritating importunity.

There is a very strong tendency to recover spontaneously from the manic-depressive state. The

attacks may be long and violent, or short and not too greatly disturbing. The patient may need incarceration in an institution or, on the other hand, may even continue at work.

The Metrazol and later the electric-shock method have become of great use, especially for the depressive state. They produce really miraculous recoveries, but recoveries only in the sense of cutting short the individual attack, for unfortunately the disease tends to recur.

Disease knows no favorites. Schizophrenia and the manic-depressive state occur among the rich and poor, the bright and dull, Jew and gentile, black and white. Despite all that has been done, no substantial physiology or pathology has been established for these illnesses. The prevailing opinion is that they are mainly constitutional and hereditary.

This is borne out by a study of those touchstones of the operation of heredity and environment, identical twins. When one twin has schizophrenia or a manic-depressive state, the liability of the other to have the same disease is enormously greater than mere chance, although there are cases where one such person has the disease and his twin does not develop it. The term "concordance" has been invented to express similarity of fate in identical twins. *The concordance of schizophrenia and the manic-depressive state in identical twins, while not 100 per cent, is so great as to leave almost no doubt that a hereditary factor is involved.*

It is worth while considering the statement that the insane are increasing in our population. For several generations the commitment rate to institutions increased, as would naturally be expected. If a community has no hospitals and then starts building them, the commitment rate goes up as each hospital is built and as there are more facilities to take care of the insane and the defective. Communities that are backward in other ways do not feel the need for institutions. Thus the paradox: *Low-grade communities have few hospitals and a low commitment rate. High-grade communities, sensitive to hospital needs, build hospitals and have a high commitment rate.* In a community that has as many institutions as it needs and desires, the commitment rate remains stationary or even drops. This is true in many countries and in Massachusetts and New York, the two most carefully studied states in this country. In this type of community the only increase in commitment rate has been in the senile and arteriosclerotic diseases. As the age of the population increases owing to the lowered birth rate and the prolongation of life, more people live to become demented, more people outlive their brains. Then too, as people become urbanized, it becomes more difficult to care for their demented elders in apartment houses and tenements; so instead of caring for them at home, they pack them off to institutions.

All in all, the rate of mental disease is not increasing. The fact that there are more institutions and that

more money is being spent for them indicates a more humane attitude toward mental disease and, perhaps more importantly, a realistic social effort to understand and to cure it.

4

IF WE turn our attention to the inheritance of *feeble-mindedness*, we are confronted at once by the studies of the ardent eugenists. In order to frighten the normal members of the community into stern and sterilizing action against the low-grade people of the community, these pointers-with-alarm have created a propaganda that is selective and biased. It assumes what it wishes whenever there are no facts. It takes exceptional cases and makes them typical. It neglects a whole world of contradictory statistics and facts.

The creation of the royal families of the feeble-minded, the Nams, the Kallikaks, the Jukes, the tribes of Ishmael, the Virginians, and so on, is based on these serious errors of research. The typical technique is represented by the history of the Kallikaks. According to the legend, a certain Martin Kallikak, a Revolutionary soldier, had a liaison *sub rosa* with a "nameless feeble-minded girl" whom he met in a tavern. All the descendants of the Martin Kallikak union with this anonymous moron were "studied," so the story goes, for four generations, and, lo and behold, they were all monsters; there were no normal people among them! All were alcoholics, feeble-minded, criminals, or vagrants. This family is in sharp contrast to that which followed the union of Martin Kallikak's germ plasm with that of a presumably good girl. All the descendants of this public and approved union were fine, upstanding people — doctors, lawyers, judges, businessmen of repute. None of them were villains, shiftless alcoholics, insane, or feeble-minded.

Since such a partition of germ-plasmic fate has never occurred in this world, we have the right to raise two pertinent questions about this study. First, we might ask for assurance that Martin Kallikak actually fathered the child of the nameless feeble-minded girl. And then, since it is often difficult even for the experienced psychiatrist to diagnose feeble-mindedness in a patient he *sees*, we might question the mental disability of this Revolutionary maid. Unless these two basic queries can be answered with facts, the entire study of the Kallikaks is completely without value.

We find that all our information about the nameless girl and her child comes from an elderly lady who was questioned in 1910. This informant said that she had personally known the girl. If the feeble-minded girl was born in 1760 and reached the age of eighty and the informant was eighty years of age in 1910, the paths of these two people would have crossed between 1830 and 1840, at which time

the heroine of the Kallikak saga was seventy to eighty years of age and our informant was something under ten. Any other ages would make the thing entirely impossible. And so we are asked to believe that a woman of eighty in 1910 could recall from her childhood authentic information of scientific value about a person whose mental state is alleged to have profoundly influenced four generations of descendants.

No scientific study of any family of feeble-minded people reveals a 100 per cent set of failures. Studies such as one we did in Massachusetts reveal no counterparts to the Kallikaks. In many groups we found feeble-mindedness for one or two generations, but we also found collaterals who reached distinction and were respected in the community. On the other hand, we found no family tree, however distinguished, which did not have hanging from its branches the mentally sick, the defective, the alcoholic, the failure, the ne'er-do-well, and the social misfit.

What often is mistaken for feeble-mindedness is low cultural level. Groups sequestered in the hills of Kentucky or in lonely sections of New Hampshire and Vermont breed low-grade people generation after generation, just as peasant communities throughout Europe are illiterate, superstitious, and low-grade. The cultural milieu is low-grade, and the social factors are so important that it is impossible to call this germ-plasm hereditary rather than cultural. This dependence of mental development on cultural level has been well shown by the study that Freeman and his associates made of foster children moved from a low-grade environment to a better one. They found, for instance, that children who were tested before they were placed in foster homes, and then retested several years later, showed great improvement in their intelligence ratings, and also that the children in the better foster homes gained considerably more than those in the poorer ones.

When we regard the facts about feeble-mindedness, we find that there are various types that are radically different biologically. Mongolian idiocy is certainly not related to feeble-mindedness in general and arises in perfectly normal families. Cretinism is definitely a thyroid disturbance and may have some hereditary basis, but more likely is due either to spontaneous defect in the development of the thyroid gland or to the amount of iodine present in the drinking water and plants of the locality, as in Switzerland. A third type of feeble-mindedness is due to injury at birth, when the brain is damaged because the head of the child is too large for the mother's pelvis.

It may, nevertheless, be stated that most feeble-mindedness is related in some way to heredity. The concordance of identical twins is almost 100 per cent. This heredity, however, need not be a direct one. A great deal of feeble-mindedness arises by

some unknown hereditary combination in what appear to be normal families, and, in fact, a study done by Popenoe, himself one of the leading eugenicists, shows that *the majority of the feeble-minded in California had about the same kind of ancestry as the normal population, so that there was no real evidence of huge groups breeding feeble-mindedness generation after generation.*

This brings us at once to a collateral question of great importance. The statement is continually made that the feeble-minded breed much faster than do the normal members of the population, and the pointers-with-alarm cite this as evidence of a deterioration of the race that is going on apace and will end in feeble-minded human species. The investigations carried out by the British Royal Commission appointed for this purpose completely contradict this statement. The report says: "Except for a relatively small number of isolated instances, we find that there is no evidence of excessive fertility, and indeed it would be easy to set off against these exceptional cases a much larger number of cases in which the fertility rate was low. The supposed abnormal fertility of defectives is, in our view, largely mythical."

The birth rate of the feeble-minded is no greater than that of the population as a whole, and their mortality is much higher, as is the mortality of all mentally sick people. Moreover, the marriage rate of the defective individuals is much less than that of the normal population. This would naturally be the case. They are not so attractive. They find a greater difficulty in earning a living. They have less sexual drive or, at any rate, a less normal sexual drive. They tend to be isolated early by the very nature of their illness, and every social factor operates against their reproduction.

Epilepsy has been described from the earliest days of medicine and has been glorified as the sacred disease. Epilepsy is found throughout the whole mammalian kingdom, appears spontaneously in cats, dogs, and guinea pigs as well as man, and can be experimentally produced in practically all animals by the use of drugs.

Nevertheless, the disease remained of almost unknown pathology and cause until a fertile era of experimentation culminated in the marvelous discovery of the brain waves. It was learned that throughout life the brain as an electric organ gives off waves that can be captured, enormously magnified, and recorded on smoked paper. Then came the application of this discovery to the study of epilepsy. A group of notable Boston investigators demonstrated that in epilepsy disordered brain waves of specific types almost constantly appeared, even when the individual was ostensibly well. Drs. William Gordon Lennox, E. L. Gibbs, and F. A. Gibbs found that the brain waves of the parents, brothers, and sisters of the epileptic patient, even though these relatives themselves showed no evi-

dence of epilepsy, had waves of the epileptic type in a very much larger proportion than those of the normal population.

This demonstrates that there is a constitutional predisposition to epilepsy in the family group, yet it is too early to say that it proves a true heredity. The fact that epilepsy can be reproduced experimentally and that definite environmental agents, such as illness and brain injury, create the disease in otherwise healthy individuals and in animals leads to the conclusion that, in addition to the hereditary factor, some unknown environmental agent coöperates to bring about the actual epileptic attacks.

The epileptic is not necessarily an inferior person. Epilepsy is a very widespread disorder occurring sporadically among all people, regardless of their social status or intelligence. When the attacks are very frequent, mental deterioration takes place as a secondary factor; that is, it is caused by the effects of attacks and the drugs used to control them. Fortunately, there has been great improvement in the treatment of this condition. Drugs now used exercise a very beneficial effect without so much narcosis as was necessary in the past. Further work promises exceedingly well for the future, and undoubtedly the time will come when the epileptic attack will be a rarity.

I do not believe that criminality is a mental disease. Crime is socially defined, and each society has its own criteria of what constitutes crime. Thus, it was a crime to be a Jew in Nazi Germany. The leading crime of the Middle Ages was heresy; in times of war it is a crime not to believe what the majority believes about the enemy.

Statistics showing that members of the same families become criminals do not take into account the fact that members of the same families usually have the same social background as well. There are subnormal characters who come in contact with the law, who become declared criminals. There are just as many, perhaps more, abnormal characters who are zealous defenders of the law and who uphold it with great firmness. I think I have seen as many psychopathic judges, lawyers, police officers, and psychiatrists as psychopathic criminals.

5

WHEN we consider sterilization for schizophrenia, the manic-depressive psychoses, feeble-mindedness, and epilepsy, the four conditions for which it is most widely urged, we find that our present knowledge does not warrant compulsory sterilization of all who suffer from these conditions. Nevertheless, it seems to me that there is sufficient evidence on hand to legitimize the sterilization of carefully selected cases, in each case taking into account the assets as well as the liabilities that the individual could transmit to his descendants.

Some years ago I was the chairman of a committee that surveyed this question. We favored sterilization for selected cases and believed that it should be voluntary — that is, performed with the consent of the patient or of those responsible for him. Seeing no reason for group or class discrimination, we decided that it should be applicable not only to patients in state institutions but also to those in private institutions and those at large in the community. We felt that the essential machinery for administering such a law should be one or several boards composed chiefly of persons who have had special training and experience in the problems involved and who could evaluate each case on its individual merits. Cases could be brought before such a board by superintendents of institutions, private physicians, parents or guardians, or by the patients themselves. This arrangement would promote elasticity in the application of the law, and permit the utilization of future advances in knowledge.

We recommended sterilization in the case of feeble-mindedness. Though we hesitated to stress any purely social necessity for sterilization, it is obvious that in the case of the feeble-minded there may be a social as well as a biological situation of importance. Since most of the feeble-minded can hardly care for themselves, a family of children may prove an overwhelming burden.

We believed that schizophrenia would need relatively little attention from the surgeon because most cases that are recognized in time to prevent procreation spend their days in hospitals anyway. Moreover, the sexual urge and the marriage and birth rate are low. Sterilization might well be recommended, however, for those patients living in the community, since desirable qualities of other kinds are only incidental to schizophrenia and not part of its make-up.

As for the manic-depressive psychoses, there are problems that would tax the judgment of the wisest board and that must be met with conservatism and caution. The manic-depressive temperament is frequently associated with the highest achievement and ability of which mankind can boast. In this disease particularly, the decision would have to take into account the total assets of the individual character as well as the liabilities incident to the psychosis.

As for epilepsy, we believed that if the individual's epileptic attacks were infrequent and if the qualities of the personality were intact, there was no reason for recommending sterilization.

In the past, marriage has acted as a selective agency operating in a eugenic way. When there was little efficient treatment for schizophrenia, the malignant manic-depressive state, and severe epilepsy, the commitment rate and the patients' obvious mental condition kept down their marriage and birth rates. But we are entering an era when

the schizophrenic will be improved, the depressive states sharply curtailed without hospital stay, and the fits of the epileptic will be either greatly reduced or entirely prevented. We shall make them more marriageable and more socially efficient, therefore more likely to have offspring. Still, there is no danger that the race will go to the dogs, and we do not have to accept any measures born of panic or of dogma, unjustified by sure facts.

A long-term, carefully carried out research program is the first essential for understanding not only the heredity but the nature of the major inheritable mental conditions. When we shall really study human families carefully and systematically for at least a hundred years, so that we can view three generations in the clear light of well-established facts and records, then we shall have some knowledge of the relationship of heredity to eminence and genius, as well as to mental disease and social difficulty.

Even though we may believe that a condition is hereditary, we must not dismiss the environmental influences as nonrelevant. In our environment there may be evocative factors — social, traditional, cultural, as well as physical — that bring about the inheritance of schizophrenia, manic-depressive state, epilepsy, and possibly, although this is not likely, feeble-mindedness.

It is the duty of any reasonable society to know about the constitution of its members. No such effort has been made even in the most advanced commonwealths. A long-time survey of the potentialities of the members of our society is necessary for a proper, reasonable organization. Every time we go to war and examine the potential fighting members of the group, we are surprised at the amount of defect. No such surprise is warranted. The surprise is that there is not more defect. Man uses his intelligence less in the care of his own species than he does in the care of anything else he owns or governs.

It is a cardinal article of faith with me that it would be good eugenics, as well as good euthenics, to wipe out every slum, to secure for everyone access to sunshine and good food, cultural opportunities, and those things which stimulate the growth of intelligence; to eliminate the infectious diseases and especially those diseases such as syphilis and tuberculosis which may injure more than one generation. A large part of our population, even in the best of our commonwealths, live in circumstances in which we would expect deterioration in plants and animals. At any rate, we can say that while a limited eugenic program is warranted at this time, even more important would be a radical improvement in the environment of civilized man and an organized research into the nature of those mental conditions from which he suffers, so that we can work with understanding and intelligence.



After graduating from West Point, CHARLES W. THAYER resigned from the Army in order to prepare himself for a post in our Foreign Service. He went to Moscow to learn Russian, and there in 1934 he became one of the assistants of Ambassador Bullitt, his superiors being George Kennan and Charles Bohlen. In all he spent eight years in Russia; it was a time of more gaiety and less tension than today, as his experiences will show.

HOW TO ORGANIZE AN EMBASSY

by CHARLES W. THAYER

I

AFTER Ambassador Bullitt's initial visit to Moscow in November, 1933, he returned to Washington leaving George Kennan, then a Third Secretary in the Foreign Service, to arrange quarters for the new Embassy which was to open in February.

I went on with my Russian, working ten to twelve hours a day with my teacher, and at last felt qualified to call on Mr. Kennan, who was staying at the National Hotel. In the hall outside his room was a long line of people. I pushed my way through, Moscow-streetcar fashion, and went into Kennan's room. He was sitting at a desk surrounded by papers, maps, blueprints, and God-knows-what-all else. He looked rather tired and harassed and I told him so.

Kennan smiled wearily. "Yes, there's plenty to do. I have to check the blueprints of the new Embassy buildings; I have to draft the leases and get Washington's permission to sign them. Those people outside are all applicants for jobs and have to be interviewed. I have to answer inquiries every day. After fifteen years without an Embassy there is bound to be a backlog of business."

"Isn't there any way I could help?" I asked.

"We're not authorized by the State Department to employ anyone yet. Thank you just the same."

"I didn't mean a regular job. It just looked as though you could do with help."

"The regulations don't allow me to take on volunteers, but —" He thought for a moment. "What do you know about Customs House procedures here in Moscow?"

"I got a trunk of my own through Customs," I answered. "It took almost two months and I think I met everyone in Moscow who ever had anything to do with the Customs House. There may have been a few clerks who escaped me. But I got the trunk."

Kennan hesitated for a moment. "The trouble

is we have about forty carloads of equipment on its way from America for the Embassy. Washington told me simply to turn the whole matter over to the Moscow equivalent of the Railway Express. But there isn't any such thing. The Department doesn't seem to realize things are a little different in a Soviet state."

"Forty carloads," I repeated, a little overwhelmed. "Forty carloads of what?"

"Forty carloads of furniture for the Embassy and for the staff apartments, and all the office equipment for the Chancery as well."

"Chancery? What's that?"

"The Chancery is the office of an Embassy. Ours will be in the building they're finishing next door."

"But the building next door hasn't even got the roof on it yet. Where is the stuff to be stored?"

"Well, that's one of the things we have to attend to — find storage space in the Customs House. Maybe you could look into the matter and let me know what procedure we have to follow, what papers we have to prepare, and so forth. I'll give you a letter saying you represent me. It's against regulations but what the devil!"

A few minutes later I hurried off on my first official mission for the Embassy.

The Customs Chief was an enormous old gentleman six foot four or five tall and almost as big around. His gray beard reached halfway down to his expansive waist. He was as affable as his figure was imposing. He treated me with the charm of an Old World diplomat and listened intently to my problem, which I explained as best I could in my not very grammatical Russian.

When I got to the forty carloads, the Chief relaxed a bit and smiled. "Forty days, you say? Why worry till then? There's plenty of time. When your baggage arrives, we'll let you know and you send a messenger with the necessary papers."

"Not forty days, forty carloads," I said.

"Forty cars? An awful lot of cars for one Embassy — but then we know you Americans. You don't like to walk. If the Foreign Commissariat says it's okay, it's all right with us. When they come, you send us the chauffeurs. There'll be no trouble."

"No! No! Not cars, not automobiles, but railroad cars. Wagons, you call them."

The Customs Chief got a little impatient: "What in the devil does an Embassy want with forty railroad cars? Are you going to build your own railroad? Or are they a gift to the Transport Commissariat? If that's the case, the Commissariat will take care of the Customs formalities."

I tried to find some way to explain in Russian "forty freight cars full of furniture." During my weeks of study, the phrase hadn't appeared once in my lessons. I pointed to the Customs Chief's desk, his chair, the couch, the table, and all the other furniture in the room. "Five times all this is about one carload. Tomorrow, next day or soon, the Embassy will have two hundred times all this furniture — forty carloads arriving here in the Customs House."

The Chief stopped smiling. He asked me to wait a moment and sent for his Assistant. The Assistant, a younger man, tall, thin, and tired-looking, came in and sat down beside his Chief. The Chief asked me to repeat what I had just said. When I finished, there was a long silence during which the Chief stared at the Assistant Chief and the latter stared back.

The Assistant was the first to speak. "This is a rather new problem for us. We handle only small lots here. Small shipments to private individuals. We've never had a whole Embassy come all at once. Big shipments are always for a trust or a commissariat — a part of our government. They are sent directly to the plants and factories. All we see is the papers. But this is different. Everything must be inspected here, of course. But forty carloads! Why, a shipment like that would block up the Customs House for weeks. We'll have to work some special procedure." He looked at the Chief and said something under his breath. The Chief smiled approval.

"Yes, that's it!" and turning to me, he explained: "Come back tomorrow and maybe we'll have figured something out by then."

"But the forty cars may be in your yard by tomorrow, and then what?"

The old Chief nodded, a little resignedly. "Yes. You're right. We must make a plan at once."

In a moment he was all energy and bustle. "A plan of campaign! Not a moment to lose or the enemy will be upon us," he shouted good-humoredly. "Why, it's like the Civil War all over again."

Our three heads went together and the Customs House Forty-Car Plan took shape: —

One car would be unloaded at a time. Otherwise the siding would be blocked for normal work. The railroad would have to hold the remaining thirty-nine in the yards. The Customs Chief would arrange that.

Guards for the thirty-nine would be needed. The Assistant Chief would see to that.

Trucks? Ten a day, at least, would be necessary. That would be for me to work out. Maybe the Moving Trust would help, the Chief suggested.

Porters, at least eight per truck, would be needed. Perhaps I would contact the Labor Union Council?

Storage? "My God!" said the Customs Chief. "Haven't you even got a building?" A little sheepishly I explained that angle of the problem. Well, that was for me to worry about, but the Chief had heard from his brother-in-law that the Artificial Rubber Trust was moving to Vladimir. Perhaps there'd be a bit of room in their old building for a few weeks till the Chancery got its roof.

Finally, the Chief pointed out, it would probably take a little time to coördinate the railroad, the Moving Trust, the Labor Union Council, the porters, and the warehouse. He would instruct his agents at the frontier to wire him as soon as any shipments for the American Embassy crossed the border. That would give us a few hours warning at least.

Eventually the Plan was completed and I took off on a round of the trusts to work out the details.

2

DAYS elapsed and no word came from the Customs House. Twice I called to review the procedure with the genial Chief of Customs.

"Don't worry," he told me. "As soon as anything crosses the border, I'll let you know — day or night."

Finally, very early one morning, the telephone at the apartment rang.

"Karl Georgovich," roared the voice of the Customs Chief, "a shipment for the American Embassy passed the frontier at Negoreloye early yesterday evening. It's due in the Customs any minute. I'll call my people — and you call yours."

I called Kennan at the National Hotel and told him the news. "I'll go straight to the Customs and report what the shipment contains as soon as the operation is under way." I've always liked the word "operation." It sounds so efficient and military.

Then I called a friend, a beau of the landlady's daughter, who worked in a nearby garage and had a motorcycle at his disposal. Could he come at once to take me on a government mission to the Customs House? It was very urgent — and official.

Then the Foreign Commissariat. Yes, they'd send a man from the Protocol Section at once with all the necessary documents.

The Moving Trust and the Labor Union Council were quickly alerted.

The sputtering of a motorcycle on the street announced the arrival of the landlady's daughter's beau. In a few minutes we were skidding over icy streets toward the warehouse and then on to Station Square. As we drew up in front of the Customs House, I noticed ten large trucks pulling into the yards, each with eight husky porters aboard.

Inside the building the Customs Chief, his Assistant, and a dapper little man from the Foreign Office were waiting. They appeared in the best of spirits, especially the hulking Chief, whose eyes were twinkling unusually brightly for that early hour. Together we went out through the yards to the customs shed, the Chief leading, I, now almost bursting with self-importance, immediately behind him.

Halfway through the shed, the Chief stopped. "Karl Georgovich," he announced with heavily accentuated solemnity, "the first of your forty carloads has been unloaded and lies before you!" He pointed to a small wooden crate at his feet.

It was marked "Pilsner Beer — 12 quarts. Compliments of the Brewery."

Eventually the furniture and the desks and the typewriters all arrived — in dribbles, needless to say. And eventually we got them into the buildings and the rooms where they belonged. Late one evening George Kennan, "Pinky" Daves, a State Department architect, and I carried an enormous bed upstairs into the master bedroom of Spaso House, the Ambassador's residence. The next morning, early, we hurried to the station to meet the Ambassador and his household. There was a slight confusion at the station, I remember, because the train carrying Mr. Bullitt also had a large contingent of female Communists coming to the annual Women's Day Celebration in Moscow. For several exciting minutes it looked as though Bullitt were going to get the bouquets and the band, and the women were going to get a bow and a handshake from the Chief of Protocol. But somehow or other, things got sorted out at the last moment and everyone was happy.

3

EARLY in our occupation of Spaso House we discovered a microphone in the process of being installed in a ventilator shaft leading down from the attic and through the wall of the Ambassador's office. The microphone, when we found it, was separated from the Ambassador's desk by only a thin layer of plaster. Whoever was putting it in had not quite finished the job and we could find no wires leading beyond the attic. So we photographed the mike, which had been made in Lenin-

grad, and put it back where we found it, hoping to surprise the culprit when he came around to finish the job. Otherwise we would have no proof whatever as to who was being so curious about what our Ambassador had to say in his office. (He was more fortunate perhaps than another Ambassador, who was embarrassed to find that a mike had been placed in the wall between his and his wife's beds. Moscow's Diplomatic Corps unanimously agreed that it had been a most delicate and deserved tribute to the dominating personality of the other Ambassador's wife.)

For several nights George Kennan, Elbridge Durbrow, another Embassy Secretary, and I took turns hiding in the dusty old attic with a revolver in one hand and a flashlight in the other. It wasn't exactly comfortable, because to stay hidden we had to lie on our bellies on the hard floor. Besides, it was rather cold and the atmosphere was anything but gay. Every now and then a night owl or some other bird with insomnia would hop across the tin roof above and bring us to with a start.

Eventually it began to tell on our nerves, so we hooked up what seemed a very ingenious system of fine silk threads crisscrossed across the floor near the fatal ventilator shaft. The threads were attached to some homemade switches which in turn were connected to an alarm bell in one of the bedrooms, where we took turns standing guard in a good deal more comfort than the attic provided. We thought it was a pretty foolproof system because there were so many threads and the attic was so dark that it was practically impossible to move without setting off the alarm — as we proved to ourselves on several occasions.

But there was one flaw in the trap. The electricity on which it operated came off the regular house current. One morning when, I think, Durbrow was standing (or rather sleeping) watch, the Ambassador's English butler, Taylor, woke him to say that the main switch for the house had been pulled during the night. Realizing that the whole apparatus we had set up was out of commission, Durbrow dashed upstairs to find practically every silk thread pulled and the mike gone. Naturally we were a little disappointed but we soon got over it and consoled ourselves with the thought that we hadn't been hired to be detectives anyway. I was a little surprised some years later when I saw the film *Mission to Moscow* and heard the character representing the Ambassador chastising a junior Third Secretary — presumably myself — for insinuating that there might be a microphone in his office. But I guess that was a misunderstanding of the affair by one of the scenario writers. At any rate a photograph of the mike is on file in the State Department in case anyone in Hollywood is interested.

(To be continued)



GEORGE SANTAYANA, who will soon celebrate his eighty-seventh birthday, has brought to conclusion his profound, far-reaching new work, *Dominations and Powers*, a book begun in the thirties and carried on during the war years in his sanctuary, the Convent of the Blue Nuns, in Rome. The book is to be published by Scribner's next spring, and from it the Atlantic has been privileged to draw a series of essays of which this is the first.

MORALITY AND RELIGION

by GEORGE SANTAYANA

THE old humanity," writes an historian of Islam, "had been killed by the new religion." This is what always happens. True morality, the adepts of each religion tell us, is dependent on their particular faith; the morality that may have preceded, or that may survive, can only be a false morality. If some unbelievers are virtuous it is by a fortunate inadvertence or kindness on their part; they ought logically to indulge every passion, for if our faith is vain we are of all men the most wretched. This was said by Saint Paul in view of a young Christianity turning away from the world and watching for the second coming of Christ in the clouds; but the same segregation and the same risk are inseparable from any enthusiastic religion, even from the pantheism or romanticism of the enraptured unbeliever. He, too, is the most wretched of men if his faith is vain; because he has alienated almost all human sympathies, and become a hater of the real world, for the sake of some vain pose or empty fanaticism. And when he discovers his predicament he may think the bottom is knocked out of the world and may bitterly cry with Saint Paul — too late, alas, for his own person — that nothing remains but to eat, drink, and be merry.

This contention might seem singular, when we consider how much older human morality is than any of the religions on which it is said to be founded; and yet this contention is sincere, and in some sense justified by daily experience. Not only does the decay of religious faith let loose all sorts of moral license, but the inevitable rebellion of the passions, noble as well as base, against any external control is often the secret cause of infidelity, because people wish to be free to do as they like with a good conscience. People always do as they like; but while they are believers, they must confess that they have sinned; whereas by the easy method of discarding their faith, they can have their fun and call themselves virtuous.

Undoubtedly the principle of rational morality is utterly independent of each and of all religion, and rather inimical to any special gospel; because rational morality coördinates all interests and all types of value, whilst each new gospel attributes a unique and final authority to one type of value and to one passionate interest. Nevertheless each religion is the source and only sanction of a special morality, colored and heightened by that special enthusiasm; so that each religion, from the point of view of human reason, carries with it a moral heresy. To undermine that religion is to undermine this bias in morals; a bias which custom or ignorance or narrowness of temperament causes believers to identify with morality itself.

For instance, it would undermine Jewish morality to doubt that the Ten Commandments were written by the finger of God. For then there would be no harm in breaking the Sabbath, and everyone would soon do so, unless he happened to like the observance. Everyone would also commit adultery when tempted, if not deterred by prudence or by some contrary private allegiance. For a man on rational grounds may resist a weak temptation; but resistance becomes irrational when the temptation is stronger than the love of all other things, including life itself. The function of religious commands is precisely to load the dice, to load them with mystical authority and disproportionate fears, so that no temptation should overcome the force of the official precepts. The conformity thus secured is often more verbal than practical, more intellectual than moral; but even then a convention and a public conscience may be created coercing human nature in the individual and overawing his private reason.

Now it is a curious assumption of religious moralists that their precepts would never be adopted unless people were persuaded by external evidence that God had positively established them. Were

it not for divine injunction and threats, everyone would like nothing better than to kill and to steal and to bear false witness. Undoubtedly, there is little integration or integrity in most men's characters; there are only habit and a plodding limitation in life and mind; and if social pressure were not added to lack of opportunity, disorderly lives would be more common than they are. But decency, at least verbal decency or conventionality, establishes itself automatically in human society; a relative decency of course, according to the age and breeding of the circle concerned, but a decency very sharply enforced, since nothing is more intolerant than club opinion.

These spontaneous and local codes coerce the individual, but they claim no divine authority. On the contrary, one of the most powerful means of exercising moral pressure is to impose a very special code, avowedly that of only one class or country or profession. The contrast to legal and public standards is often a chief part of this private allegiance; the excitement and danger of being lawless are merged in a sense of superior privilege and enlightenment. Pride, vanity, *esprit de corps*, secret oaths, backed by the intense vigilance and quick vengeance proper to secret societies, can work up the special conscience and zeal of party men almost to madness; and isolation of the conspirator from the rest of society binds him the closer to his gang.

It has been in this atmosphere of mystic isolation, secret conspiracy, and fervid union that religion has sometimes taken shape; and perhaps the claim to divine revelation and divine sanctions has simply given mythical form to the absoluteness of the party conscience. Surely, without faith in the divinity of their inspiration, the propaganda of the early Christians, with the asceticism and martyrdoms ensuing, could never have been so prolonged; and the conventional but peculiar commandments of a religion, after it has been long established, may be nothing but the fossils of that living inspiration which filled it in the beginning. If a religious morality is to become that of society at large — which original Christian morality was never meant to be — it must adapt its maxims to a possible system of worldly economy; and the more successfully it does so and seems to become the inspiration of an entire nation or age, the more its specific organization will assume a worldly and formal character. An irrational, inspired, specific moral zeal will still glow at the center; but its light and heat will fade in diffusion, and be variously intercepted and refracted in the surrounding field. The orthodox morality of the Church will have become almost rational morality, or human orthodoxy; and the special inspiration of new moral heresies may attack it, as it attacks the ordinary morality of the world. There will then be two sorts of religious morality invading human life and tending to transform it; first, the original special inspiration at the heart of

the established religion, an inspiration still alive at the center, though hardly felt at the circumference; and secondly, any fresh inspirations descending upon individuals or upon sects, and tending to infuse a new special morality, at once into the world and into the Church.

This is what has happened in modern Christendom. Catholic mystics, from time to time, have renewed the original eschatological and ascetic morality of the early Christians, with new warnings to the world that the end, with a fearful judgment, is at hand; also that the salvation of mankind must come by supernatural means, transporting the elect into a supernatural celestial kingdom. At the same time Protestant reformers, transcendental idealists, revolutionary politicians, and humanitarians of all sorts have kindled each his fresh focus of moral illumination and propaganda, sometimes partly coinciding with the old slumbering Christian fire, but more often arising by spontaneous combustion in some entirely different quarter.

I need hardly say that Christian morality has never ruled the world. It could never do so unless it turned the world into a monastery; and the extreme interest and picturesqueness of Christendom come precisely from this perpetual interplay between a religion at once prophetic and mystical and the old and new secular passions of mankind. Christian chivalry and Christian art were lovely but unstable and barren hybrids born of this union; and the moral chaos through which the world is now passing marks the efforts, perhaps ineffectual, of the invalid to dismiss his physician and to forage for himself again in the universe as if he were a free and healthy animal.

Health and freedom, however, if recovered against the lingering domination of Christianity, may reserve some surprises to the modern mind. The modern mind is liberal and romantic; but a state of society and a discipline of the will inspired by pure reason would be neither romantic nor liberal. It would be sternly organic, strictly and traditionally moral, military, and scientific. The literary enemies of Christianity might soon find reason to pine for that broad margin of liberty and folly by which Christianity, in merry Christian times, was always surrounded. They could have played the fool and the wit to better advantage under the shadow of the Church than in the social barracks of the future; and a divided public allegiance, half religious and half worldly, might have left more holes and cracks for fancy to peep through than would the serried economy of reason.

If it be impatience of restraint, as it often is, that prompts rebellion against religion, the result may prove disappointing. Religion after all is spontaneous; it is a free product of the imagination; it is a paradoxical hope or consolation eagerly cultivated when destiny seems too cruel. Those who reject religion must not expect to be freer: they will find

themselves more inexorably bound. Undoubtedly, when any social convention is relaxed, there is a flutter of loose living, and human vices, before hidden, venture to come out into the open; yet the decay of a religion, or of any marked social discipline, far from undermining the general principle of morality, sets that principle free and permits human morality to become rational and normal. At least such would be the result if no new religion or special social constraint came presently to fill the room of the lost convention. It would hardly be fair to say, except perhaps in the single instance of Greek ethics (and even this had many shades from Athens to Sparta) that the new religion killed the old humanity, because there was never a sane and perfect humanity dominating the life of men; the new religion probably kills nothing but old superstitions or old conventions no less partial and perhaps less noble than itself. Public morality is always a more or less chaotic thing, with many a foolish custom and compulsion woven into its texture; and a new religion, or a new social enthusiasm, however extravagant, is at least something somebody has consciously chosen, and preferred to all

other things: something capable of being loved, even if incapable of being attained or of producing happiness. Perhaps the rooted prejudices and vices of mankind can be overcome only by some prophetic reformer himself largely deluded; and we should never know the scope of our own nature, or its possible harmonies, if we did not yield to each of our passions in turn, and count the scars of those experiments. In this comparison and reflection, after the fray, we may draw the outlines of what would be, for us, a life of reason; it would be the art of satisfying our necessary inclinations in the midst of our inevitable circumstances. If special religions have disturbed this rational morality in its formation, they have done so by misrepresenting our real circumstances or ignoring our necessary inclinations; imposing instead some morose and windy passion or some false hope. Yet these passionate errors, since they are errors, have no firm roots or consistency, and float somewhat ambiguously, even when prevalent, over the hard realities of life; and meantime they may have served, by their first impact, to plow up the ground in some fertile spot and awaken the mind there to its true vocation.



TIGER

by MAY SARTON

This is the tiger god,
Weary, weary and bored;
The glowing august head
Heavy with latent fire.

The cold yellow stare
Looks into nowhere
Crossed by a steel bar —
I tremble with desire

To penetrate this prison,
To break the rigid screen
And rouse that roar again
And that fabulous purr.

His heavy paws hang down;
He yawns a long slow yawn.
Never shall we be one,
I and, dear God, the tiger.

The whole world breaks in two
Here in the city zoo,
The bars we both look through:
My anguish, his despair.

The pacing tiger seen
Behind eyes or in dream,
The ghost in the machine,
Dear God, who's prisoner?



A Bostonian and an ardent sportsman who knows many of the best coverts for woodcock and partridge in New England, W. GORDON MEANS has spent countless happy hours training and working his bird dogs. In a reminiscent mood, he has made pen portraits of some of his favorites. From his collection we selected the story of Honey and Dave, two of his best, which we published in the Atlantic last fall, and now this pretty remembrance of Judy.

JUDY

by W. GORDON MEANS

1

JUDY was a gift, a gift it would be extremely difficult to repay, for while it would be easy to send the friend who gave her to me a likely puppy, it would be more than miraculous if I could pick one that would turn out as well. She was just like any other pup when she arrived at Turf Meadow in the spring of 1936, six weeks or so after she was whelped. She had the run of the place all that summer, and by fall had grown into a gangling fair-sized dog with all the faith in and the affection for mankind with which setters seem to be endowed.

The dog I was counting on to help fill my game pockets that fall was Buddy, a big stalwart grandson of Dave's. Unfortunately he had inherited but little of his grandsire's *savoir faire*. He wasn't too bad on grouse, but the smell of woodcock seemed to befuddle him completely; apparently he could not differentiate between body scent and the smell of droppings, and when he got into a woodcock cover he would sneak about as though he expected a lion to jump out and bite him at any moment. Buddy and the pup Judy were all I had, so I had to make the best of it. Judy, of course, was too young to be of much use in the field, but I often took her along so that she would get the smell of birds and become accustomed to the noise of a gun.

One day we were out with a nonshooting friend who had come along just to see the sport. We were working up a boggy swale banked on either side by fairly firm ground, not too thickly grown over with birch and alder. My friend, who was on the bank to my left, almost stepped on a woodcock that flushed and flew directly across my bow. At the time, I was ankle-deep in mud, so I could not swing properly on the bird; but with the shot it seemed to wince a little in mid-air. I believed it had been hit, but on it went to vanish into the trees on the other side of the run. I called to Buddy, who was some distance ahead, and with Judy at heel we started off on the line the bird had taken. When we arrived

on terra firma, Buddy began to creep about as though he were walking on thin ice and did not want to break through. Other woodcock had probably fed or "used" there shortly before. I followed him aimlessly around, hoping he'd locate something either dead or alive. All of a sudden I missed Judy. Looking back, I noticed her half pointing a little to the right of where Buddy had been tiptoeing about. On going over to her, there to my gratification was the woodcock, lying dead almost under her nose. Right then I decided to bounce Buddy after the season closed and to concentrate on this puppy for another year.

Judy, it is true, did not have what could be called a complete first season; still she had enough experience to initiate her into the joys of both partridge and woodcock shooting. She grew into a truly lovely dog, much gentler than her immediate predecessors.

I think I worried through the second season with Judy more than I ever did with any other. I hated to brush her up for fear of spoiling her disposition; yet, at that time, I knew no other way to correct a dog while breaking it to the gun. Somehow we got through it, more because of her magnanimous and forgiving nature than because of any act of mine. The following spring, however, we joined an obedience class; and from then on, it was a lot smoother sailing for both of us.

After perfecting the routine she had learned in class Judy developed rapidly. I never taught her the stunts I did Dave, such as carrying meat in her mouth or flushing birds on a command, but she really didn't need it, for the training she had received was enough. She would retrieve partridge and woodcock equally well, and the distance she pointed from a bird was ample proof that her nose was as perfect as a dog's could be. She detected a partridge at truly sensational distances, but a grouse won't lie the way a woodcock does.

Whenever we were hunting woodcock and she pointed, there was sure to be a bird in front of her. I never knew her to make a mistake and jack up on chalkings as so many good dogs will do once in a while. Sometimes it was hard to believe she was not false pointing. One incident in particular comes to mind.

We were hunting "cock" in a lovely cover we called the "Mother Pine," where an old pine tree had sown and raised a large family of stout saplings all about her. This group of pines stood in a cow pasture on the bank of the Exeter River and was fringed by low alders and some scattered clumps of birch trees. The cattle had kept the ground clean and it was in every way an ideal spot for timberdoodles to drop into on their fall migration to the Southland. Judy and I had just arrived at "Mother Pine" and were proceeding along the fringe of alders when she made game and whipped into a point. She was a lithe creature, very graceful, and when on point usually crouched, her head, back, and tail perfectly parallel with the ground, but her body bent slightly either to the right or left. I made in and by her and had gone two or three yards, but still no bird got up ahead of me. I pushed on cautiously through the alders until I was at least twenty feet from my dog. Could she be fooling me? Keyed up as I was, I turned to see if she had shifted, indicating that the bird might have run; but Judy was still as immovable as a stone fence. Just then the bird got up at least another two yards behind me. I whirled about, and this time I didn't get my feet crossed up or hang the barrel of my gun on a branch. I took my time and down he came on the first shot. What a satisfaction!

2

Most of the shooting I do at Turf Meadow is confined to ducks. I do shoot squirrels in the woods and have also killed a couple of deer there, but my bird hunting usually takes place much further afield. Every year, in the season, however, I have what I call "Old Home Day," and with my bird dog I go into our woods for a mixed bag of upland game. One morning Will, our valued general factotum, arrived while I was about to get dressed, announcing that he had seen a cock pheasant at the foot of our hill as he was coming to work. Hastily I pulled on a pair of old pants and slipped into a shooting coat, grabbed the Sauer 20-bore, and coasted with Will down the driveway in the car.

The pheasant, a fine big bird, was still standing about where Will had seen it, between the drive and a little pond where we used to keep our live decoys. I hopped out of the car and started for him, expecting any minute to see him take off; but true to pheasant nature he preferred to scoot for some low thorny bushes that grew near the edge of the pond. Fearing he might escape me entirely, I let him have

it and he turned a complete somersault and lit on his back with his feet in the air. One would have supposed he was done for, but as I went to pick him up, he somehow turned over and limped off into the bush. Will, in the meantime, had gone back and soon reappeared with Judy. She, I'm glad to say, quickly retrieved the bird; it had evidently died after its final skulk into the bushes.

With this propitious start, it seemed like a good idea to proclaim "Old Home Day" for that season, and accordingly, after I had gotten myself properly clad and had stuffed down some breakfast, Judy and I started off for the hills that surround Turf Meadow. The lane that leads from the open fields goes by another little pond and through some stately beech woods, thence across a brook which feeds into the meadow; it then climbs Crafts Hill, where the growth is a jumble of cedars and birches, cat briers and high-bush blueberries. It is rugged going for a while; so the sensible thing to do is to stick to the lane and let the dog work on either side. Also, even with a close-working dog, a bell helps keep you posted as to his whereabouts.

As we neared the top of the rise the bell stopped and, peering under the berry bushes, I saw Judy pointing. It was a difficult situation, for if I went to her, the density and height of the bushes would make a shot impossible. Resorting to an old trick, I threw a handful of pebbles where I figured the bird might be; instantly there was the sound of a bird getting up through the thick underbrush, its wings striking on twigs and little branches. Something skimmed along the tops of the bushes, and I was gratified to see a puff of feathers fill the air at my shot. I waited a moment, but Judy failed to appear. Again I looked, and she was still on point as rigid as a telegraph pole. Another handful of pebbles produced nothing, but on the third try a nice timberdoodle whistled skyward. Judy brought it to my waiting hand after an easy shot. But what had become of the first bird? We hunted and hunted and, good as she was, Judy could not "find dead." At last I went back to where I had fired the shot, and took a line to where I expected the bird would have fallen. There were plenty of feathers on the ground, but as Judy still could not find, I looked on top of the bushes, where lay, to my utter astonishment, a fat cock quail. I have never believed Judy smelled the bird, but he evidently was near enough the woodcock she was pointing, to have been scared out by the first handful of pebbles.

The morning was wearing on. We turned north to where the country was a little more open. Judy was downhill to my left when a grouse flushed to my right and swung diagonally across me. I led him into a small pine and fired. I knew instinctively that I was on the bird, even though I did not actually see it fall, and when the dog took a track on the spot where it would have hit the ground, I felt certain I had scored. Judy made off in a great hurry and was

soon out of sight. I followed along after the bell, and presently I realized she was coming toward me. When she reappeared, however, there was no bird in her mouth. As soon as she was sure I had seen her she turned and walked very slowly away. I followed her to a wide though low juniper in the center of which was a rabbit hole into which she was sniffing ominously. It was all too evident that Mr. Grouse had taken refuge in the hole and she was trying to tell me so.

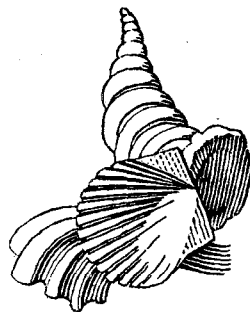
I found a rock nearby on an old stone wall and blocked the hole completely. Then, as it was getting near lunchtime, we went back to the house. I also wanted to get a special steel trap which I use on the top of poles to catch hawks alive. The jaws of the trap are ground back and then wrapped with cotton and electric tape, so that if a bird becomes ensnared his leg will not be crushed in the process. I intended to set this trap in the rabbit hole, hoping the partridge would walk into it when he came up for air. It was a good idea but proved unnecessary, for when I rolled the stone away on getting back to the juniper bush, Mr. Grouse was already suffering from claustrophobia and came out into my hand. "Old Home Day" was already becoming memorable. We picked up two more woodcock in the afternoon, and I missed a long shot at a pair of black ducks which jumped from a little puddle deep in the woods.

But it mattered little. He would indeed be a greedy hunter who complained at a bag of one pheasant, one partridge, three woodcock, and a quail. The high point in the day occurred emphatically when my wise Judy led me to the rabbit hole and told me as plainly as if she had spoken that the grouse was hiding therein. I ask you, was that instinct or brains on her part? Assuredly it was brains, and a high order of brains at that; and many were

the times she did use them on the wonderful hunts we had together.

She was not without her eccentricities, however. I never could get her to retrieve ducks which I occasionally shot along the banks of some river while after upland game. Once while we were out shooting with Gilbert Hinsdale, Gib killed a duck which fell across a narrow but deep stream and lay in full sight on a grassy bank. I induced Judy to swim to the other side and she went up and sniffed the dead bird, but no amount of coaxing would induce her to bring it back, and we had to make a long detour to get it. Also, she scorned pen-raised pheasants and would only pick one up if I were right at her side and forced her to do it.

Judy, like so many good dogs, lived to a reasonable old age, but after she was twelve she began to fail rapidly. I took her to a veterinary to find out what the trouble was, and he told me she was suffering from a shock. We kept her along for several months, but she evidently was growing worse instead of better. Then I felt I had to make the hardest decision a man who loves his dog has to make. Accordingly I asked my son, Gus, to put her away while I was gone on a trip out West. Shortly after my arrival he wrote me a letter which told of the end and from which I quote in part: "We found Judy very uncomfortable. Rather than let her drag on we put her to sleep and she is now buried down among the hemlocks. There was no pain or discomfort to frighten her and she passed off very quietly as in a sleep. She was a wonderful dog and served you not only as an excellent bird dog but as a companion as well. I was sorry to see her go but I know she will have a place in dog heaven as well as in our memories." And so ended the life of a gentle, lovable creature who will always have a very special niche in my dog hall of fame.





This is the second of a series of articles on Painting and Sculpture in which critics, artists, curators, and connoisseurs will take part. FISKE KIMBALL has been Director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art since 1925 and a mighty stimulus to the artists and collectors of that city. A Harvard graduate who took his Master of Architecture in 1912, Mr. Kimball is the author of *American Architecture*, *The Creation of the Rococo*, and *Great Masterpieces of Painting in America*, which he wrote in collaboration with Venturi.

ART IN A FRIENDLY CITY

by FISKE KIMBALL

THE Diamond Jubilee Exhibition which opens at the Philadelphia Museum of Art on November 4 will assemble one hundred of the greatest paintings in America and with them one hundred of the finest drawings. Twenty-nine museums and as many private collectors have contributed to this unique display which marks the seventy-fifth year since General Grant and the Emperor of Brazil opened the Centennial Exposition of 1876. Not one of the paintings now shown was in the country when the Museum was opened.

Here are primitives from Flanders and Italy: van Eyck, van der Weyden, and Masolinos from the John G. Johnson collection, the Fra Angelico from the Fogg Museum, the Yale Pollaiuolo; from the great central period of the Italian Renaissance, the Metropolitan's Holkham *Venus*, Chicago's Tintoretto of *Lucretia and Tarquin*, Philadelphia's own Veronese. Of Spanish painters, the group is led by El Greco's *View of Toledo* from the Metropolitan. Of the Rembrandts, one is the *St. Peter Denying Christ* of the Rijksmuseum. Hals and Vermeer and Hobbema and Ruysdael are present; so are Van Dyck and Rubens, whose *Flight of Lot*, given by the city of Antwerp to the great Duke of Marlborough, is now on loan from the Ringling Museum. Of the Frenchmen there are Claude Lorrain and Poussin (the *Triumph of Neptune* painted for Richelieu and long in the Hermitage), Le Nain and Watteau and Chardin, Fragonard's *Le Billet Doux*. In the beautiful English rooms of the Museum you find Constable and Turner, Hogarth, Gainsborough and Reynolds.

To these old masters, some of whom we have seen at their best during what the Germans call the *Bilderwanderung*, since the war, our private collectors and museums have added the marvelous wealth of the nineteenth century. Edward G. Robinson sends from the coast his *Corot Woman*

with *Yellow Sleeves* and his Cézanne *Black Clock*. Horace Havemeyer, John Hay Whitney, the Carroll Tysons, Henry McIlhenny, have supplied great examples of Manet, Renoir, the Impressionists. Take Renoir. Where could one ever see together the *Dancer* of the Widener Collection of the National, the *Bal à Bougival* of the Boston Museum, the Tyson *Bathers*, the Whitney *Moulin de la Galette*, the McIlhenny *Judgment of Paris*? Take Cézanne; there are seven of the greatest. Take Gauguin; Boston has sent the *Whence come we, what are we, whither go we*, which is a vast compendium of his work.

Within these hundred paintings covering seven centuries are the works of five living artists: Matisse, Picasso, Braque, Rouault, and Marcel Duchamp, whose celebrated *Nude Descending the Staircase* comes from Walter Arensberg.

Besides the orchestration of the paintings there is the house music of the drawings. And what mastery! Pisanello, Fouquet, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Dürer, Holbein, Brueghel, Blake, Klee, and many another not represented among the painters. All three of the Leonardo drawings in America are there, and the drawing which is the sole work of Michelangelo on this side of the water. And we rejoice to find one living American in John Marin.

It takes supreme generosity and effort to gather such an assemblage. George Widener and Henri Marceau for the paintings, Lessing Rosenwald and Carl Zigrosser for the drawings, have labored many months. Will there ever be another such? Private owners are understandably getting tired of lending, with its deprivations and risks. Paintings on panel especially tend not to move out of their accustomed climate. Several museums, the Gardner, the Frick, the Huntington, are forbidden by their charters to lend, and so are not represented.

The exhibition is not the only phase of the Museum's Jubilee. People are giving works of art, and money to buy others, for the enrichment of the collections — so there will be other things to see. Buying has begun, with a fine Pontormo *Francesco de' Medici as Orpheus*, from funds given by Mrs. John Wintersteen, and there are other, bigger buys in prospect. Just having the money to buy is not enough these days. Great paintings by the old masters, of which few enough are still in private hands anywhere, are very hard to shake loose. Hopes that, as after the First World War, they would flood out of Europe have not been realized. Among Jubilee gifts, however, are paintings by Delacroix, Picasso, Braque, Chagall, Léger, and others; sculpture by Modigliani and Lipchitz.

The Philadelphia Museum has just received two other collections the way no one likes to get anything, by death.

Staunton Peck, vice-president of the Museum and former president of the Print Club, died at eighty-five. He left to the Museum all his prints and, ultimately, half his considerable fortune, for the building up of his collection of etchings and other prints of the past century. Staunton Peck was one of those rare men who gave up business after a first warning years ago and, on the urging of a wise and loving wife, gained a long and happy life through a consuming interest in art. He knew European and American museums as few people do. His personal collection included fine examples of Meryon, Whistler, and their followers, but his interests were very wide and he constantly gave to the Museum other choice prints and drawings, both earlier and later. All will be shown after the Jubilee drawings go.

Lisa Elkins's case was different. Only fifty-one, and full of life, she died August 14 after an automobile accident. When she married Bill Elkins in 1943 he had long had the passion of a collector, a collector of rare books. His Goldsmiths, his Dickens, his Americana, gathered in the big library room at Whitemarsh, were notable. On her initiative, they turned to modern art. Between them they bought a great Van Gogh portrait, Lautrec's *Folette*, Renoir, Pissaro, Matisse, Rouault, Picasso, and others, besides sculpture by Degas, Renoir, Maillol, Picasso, Henry Moore, and Lipchitz. Her husband died in 1947, and now she has left to the Museum all their works of art, and has added their hospitable house on Rittenhouse Square to be sold for funds to supplement the collection. So the latest Elkins collection will come after the Jubilee to join Bill's father's and grandfather's notable paintings — Dutch, Italian, French, English, and American — in the galleries they occupy meanwhile.

Happily for Philadelphia there are a number of such private collectors who are devoted to the

Museum, where many of their treasures were shown this past summer and where others will be this winter.

Sturgis Ingersoll, president of the Museum, bought modern art early and well; he keeps on buying, and commissioning, and giving paintings, and especially sculpture. To please him and his sister Anna, who both paints and collects, their father, Charles Ingersoll — a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad and of the Girard Trust Company (both close to God in Philadelphia) — gave the Museum twenty years ago Picasso's rose *Woman with the Loaves*. When he came to see it for the first time, he said, "Is that what I gave?" — but he was game. It was the Museum's first work of the modern school. To a doubter questioning that it should be accepted, George Widener answered, "It's time we had it."

Carroll and Helen Tyson, in their beautiful house at Chestnut Hill, take first place in modern paintings, with their Poussin, their exquisite little David, their Goya, their Manets, including the *Bon Bock* and the *Bateau de Foulkestone*, their Renoirs, headed by the *Grandes Baigneuses* of 1885-1887, their other Impressionists, their Van Gogh *Sunflowers*, and above all, their marvelous representation of Cézanne. Tyson has been guided in his exquisite choice by his own gifts as a painter.

Sam White, like Tyson a member of the Museum's Board of Governors, posed in youth for Rodin's seated bronze figure of *The Athlete*, which he owns, as he does the original bronze mask of *The Man with a Broken Nose*. This big collection, too, profits by a painter in the family, his wife, Vera White. Among an exceptionally large collection, they have several notably fine Matisse, Persian pottery and manuscripts, Peruvian textiles, African sculpture.

Henry and Esther Clifford — he is Curator of Paintings at the Museum — go in more for the twentieth century, though they begin with Rousseau's great *Tiger in the Jungle*. They have fine Picassos, including a Harlequin of 1901, and paintings by Braque, Chirico, Gris, Miró, Klee, Eilshemius, Berman, and the Mexicans. They are not afraid of new names.

Youngest of the group is Henry McIlhenny, Curator of Decorative Arts at the Museum, a post which leaves him freedom to collect paintings — as does his sister, Mrs. John Wintersteen, who has Delacroix, Degas, Renoir, and Picasso. Trained at the Fogg, he has systematically assembled representative masterpieces of the nineteenth century at its best. There must be a David, and there is the double portrait of Pius VII and Cardinal Caprara; there must be an Ingres, and there is the Comtesse de Tournon, which he doesn't seem to mind my calling Madame Veuve Cliquot. There must be a Delacroix, and there is *The Death of Sardanapalus*; a Cézanne figure subject, a Cézanne

still life, and a Cézanne landscape, and there are superb examples of all three. There must be a Degas, of just the right period and subject. Faced with these specifications, a dealer said, "We'll have to paint one for you"; but he didn't have to model the Degas bronze *Dancer in tutu* or paint the Renoir portrait, Renoir landscape, Seurat figures, Van Gogh landscape (the *Rain Effect*), or of greatest rarity, the Lautree *Bar at the Moulin Rouge*. Henry McIlhenny, like most of the Philadelphia collectors, recognizes that living artists must live in order to paint. He has contemporary American works, and gave Franklin Watkins the commission to do the big *Death and Resurrection*.

Of course there is the Barnes Collection, which is in a class by itself. One wonders what its fate will be: one would like to think that in the future Mr. Barnes's pictures will be as accessible as Mrs. Gardner's pictures are today.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the dean of American art institutions, has lately been revived under a new president. It has a wonderful series of American works acquired by gift and by purchase for nearly a century and a half. Now, like the Metropolitan, it is trying to round out the series. It has issued a circular listing the artists not represented, or inadequately represented, whose works it desires. This, besides the dead, lists a hundred living painters and fifty living sculptors. Just to be on it is an accolade, though artists could do with fewer accolades and more sales.

The Academy, besides maintaining its big national annuals, also makes fuller showings of the work of living Philadelphians. The Museum pioneered this in group shows of Arthur Carles with Franklin Watkins, and Carroll Tyson with George Biddle. The Academy took over the task with the founding of their Philadelphia Artists Gallery, where its series of one-man shows has reached over forty. In the past few years the artists have included Tyson, Robert Riggs, Morris Blackburn, Francis Speight, Hobson Pittman, Walter Stuempfig, Benton Spruance, Leon Karp, and Julius Bloch. After its big annual water-color show in November, it plans to show in December Abraham Hawkins and Daniel Rasmussen. Hawkins, who began as a musician, has worked from realistic painting to abstract. While there will be some of his early work, most is recent, some on a basis of American Indian design. Rasmussen, who will show drawings and sculpture as well as oils, has found inspiration especially in the circus: horses and horses with riders.

People are talking again about contemporary British painting, much in eclipse since the triumph of the French under the championship of Roger

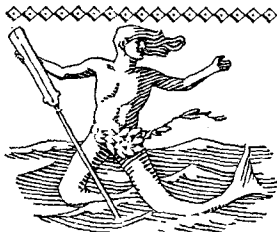
Fry. I got a good glimpse of it a year ago in Raymond Mortimer's Bloomsbury house, hanging on the walls and painted on the walls. Now the English-Speaking Union is sponsoring a show over here, which will be in Baltimore for the month of November. There will be fifty or sixty pictures chosen by Sir Kenneth Clark, Mortimer, and Robin Ironside, which means chosen well. There are the English Impressionists, from Sickert onward, and the younger, more progressive group headed by Graham Sutherland and Duncan Grant. Others represented are Wilson Steer, John Piper, Victor Pasmore, David Jones, Henry Moore, Paul Nash, Ben Nicholson, Augustus John. In other words, a good show. People in America are beginning to buy the younger Englishmen and we shall certainly hear more of them. Here is a first opportunity to see them on this side.

Many of the same men will appear from December 19 through January 7 in a different show at the Pennsylvania Academy, where twenty-five pictures from abroad will be supplemented by seventy-five from American collections.

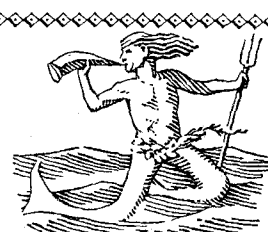
The Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh — which had to abandon its big international exhibitions during the war and substitute surveys of American painting — is strongly international again. It will now be a biennial exhibition instead of an annual, the resumption being made possible by the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust. Of three hundred and sixty paintings shown this year, some two hundred and fifty are from eleven countries abroad.

This is Homer Saint-Gaudens's last show at the Carnegie Institute, where he has been Director of Fine Arts since 1922. He is being succeeded by Gordon Washburn, previously director at Buffalo and Providence. As he was accustomed to do before the war, Saint-Gaudens traveled all over Europe, devoting five months to a selection from European galleries, exhibitions, and the studios of artists themselves. This time Washburn went along as observer. As is traditional also, the show aims at a balanced representation from each land, "not limited to any one trend, but giving each present day tendency its proportionate representation." That means that there are academic paintings, especially from countries away from the artistic center, Paris, and that France (which has indisputably been the center of creation for over a hundred years) has no more pictures in the show than Great Britain — fifty-two each.

When it comes to awarding their big prizes, the jury, while also "balanced," is more favorable to creation: Marcel Gromaire, Paris; Sir Gerald Kelly, president of the Royal Academy; Charles Burchfield, Buffalo; Franklin Watkins, Philadelphia; in addition to Saint-Gaudens, chairman.



The Atlantic Serial



THE FAR LANDS

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

For thirty years James Norman Hall has made his home in the South Seas. Over the years his imagination has continually been challenged by the question of how the Polynesians ever came to these peaceful but remote islands. From his knowledge of the natives and their legends, he has re-created the epic story of the Tongan Clan, who were lovers of peace and who had gone to sea in their great outrigger canoes in search of the Far Lands promised them by Tané, the god they worshiped. After storm and starvation a remnant of the clan was driven ashore on Kurapo, an island peopled by the Koros, a clan who worshiped war and who would have massacred the survivors were it not for the intervention of their high chief, Vaitangi, who gave the enfeebled strangers sanctuary on the eastern side of the island.

For ten years the Tongans lived in peaceful captivity, building war canoes for the Koros and strictly observing the tabu which kept the two clans apart. At festivities attended

by Vaitangi and the chiefs and priests of both clans, Maui, son of Téaro, high chief of the Tongans, incurs the hatred of Puaka, high priest of the Koros. Maui further jeopardizes the safety of his people by going to see Hina, the pretty granddaughter of Vaitangi; he breaks the tabu; he violates the temple of Koro; and when he is detected the Koros take blood revenge.

When the hostility of the Koro warriors reaches the breaking point, their chief sends a warning to the Tongans, who decide to build in secrecy a fleet of their own in which to escape — eight great canoes large enough to carry their six hundred people.

Maui, now the head of the clan, has a secret rendezvous with Hina at which they become lovers. She tells him of the vengeance that is to come. Then Maui is summoned by Puaka. He goes to the Koros unarmed and is knocked senseless because of his refusal to kneel to Uri, Puaka's nephew.

23

WHEN Maui opened his eyes he found himself lying where he had fallen. Four of Puaka's warriors were standing at the doorways, apparently waiting for him to regain consciousness. Vaitangi sat at the farther end of the room, gazing at vacancy. As Maui rose to a sitting position Hina appeared at the doorway followed by two women servants. She gave an inward gasp of astonishment and dismay upon seeing Maui, but her face immediately assumed a blank expression and Maui himself gave no sign of recognition as he looked at her.

Hina went to her grandfather, kneeling beside him for a moment, speaking in a low voice and smoothing his hair as she did so. Vaitangi gave no sign that he recognized her. As she passed Maui again on her way to the door, she gave him another glance that seemed to express complete indifference; then she left the room, followed by her servants.

Maui got slowly to his feet, and two of the soldiers, taking him by the arms, escorted him to the assembly ground. He was surprised to find that it was now late afternoon. A path was cleared through the crowd and Maui was led across the full width of

the assembly ground to the pavilion where Puaka sat with his *ariki*.

With a brusque gesture Puaka motioned Maui to turn toward the crowd. As he stood there, the loud murmur of voices died away to silence. Puaka then spoke, his harsh and powerful voice carrying to the limits of the assembly ground.

"People of Koro," he began, in a mocking voice, "you see here Maui, son of Téaro, and now high chief of the Tongan Clan. You will remember how this young man, in his boyhood, came to visit me at the temple of Koro. He has had reason, since, to repent of that visit, and his people with him. Now he has come again, to tell me that he wishes to renounce the worship of Tané. His people will destroy their temple with their own hands and place themselves at the mercy of Koro and his priest. How that mercy shall be expressed remains to be seen. But Koro commands me to tell you that he will accept this young man. He further commands me to provide him with a wife, for he is of marriageable age. I have, therefore, selected three beautiful virgins for him to choose from. Gather more closely while these maidens vie with one another in danc-

ing before him, for the one he favors shall have the honor to be his bride."

Maui was then made to sit on a bench in full view of the people who formed a wide circle around him and the band of musicians with their drums who took places nearby. Now came the three dancers, their faces and their figures completely hidden by mantles that reached to the ground. As the drums sounded, the dancers threw aside the mantles, revealing three hideous old women who struck attitudes before Maui. They were naked save for kirtles of grass that concealed their middle parts. One, who was a monster of flesh, turned her back to Maui and bent over as far as she could, her hands behind her, flipped up her kirtle almost in his face, as a gesture of greeting. The second, a withered hag with pendant breasts hanging almost to her waist, took them in her hands and held them toward Maui with an air of appeal as though begging him to accept these, her greatest charms. The third was little more than a bundle of skin and bones with wisps of thin hair hanging over her face. She pretended to be having difficulty in keeping her grass mantle securely fastened over her bony hips, and she was so thin that there was little need for pretense. Of a sudden, the mantle slipped to her feet, leaving her naked. She turned her back to Maui, glancing coyly over her shoulder.

Now a girl of about twenty appeared and a ripple of laughter went through the crowd as they recognized her. She had a bold, coarse face, but a beautiful body which was concealed only by the customary short kirtle of dyed grasses so scantily made that her thighs were clearly revealed as she approached the place where Maui sat.

The drums struck into the slow stately tempo of the nuptial dance, and the girl, with an air of shyness and modesty, went through the movements of this dance with such grace and beauty that, except for her scant costume, she might indeed have been a virgin of noble blood dancing before her lover on the eve of marriage. Suddenly the tempo changed to that of one of the erotic dances, designed to arouse passion, in which little is left to the imagination insofar as gestures and postures are concerned. She kept her eyes fixed upon Maui's, with the air of a woman all but swooning for love. Then, as the drums ceased, she stepped forward and spat in his face.

24

MAUI was taken back to the house of Vaitangi and left there, under guard. Vaitangi remained as before, staring at the mat, unaware of his surroundings. The guards remained outside; there was no one in the room save Maui and Vaitangi. Presently a woman servant entered with some baked fish and breadfruit on a green leaf which she placed before Maui. As she did so she whispered: "Hina's canoe is hidden by the great *hotu* tree, a mile south

from the sheds where the ships are. Tonight is your only chance. Try very late. She will come if she can."

Slowly, with an effort, Maui ate the food that had been placed before him. It might well be his last meal; but if, with Tané's help, he should be able to escape, he would need all of his strength for the events to follow. When he had finished he prayed in silence, his hand clasped around the coral pebble which hung on his breast.

As time dragged by he lay back on the mat and fell into a troubled sleep in which he dreamed that he was a boy again, in the tree which overlooked the temple of Koro. He leaped to the temple platform, but instead of escaping he felt the huge hand of Puaka seize him by the shoulder. Awaking from this frightful dream he found that one of the guards had thus grasped him. "Come," the man said.

His guards closed around him, two walking in front, two behind. It was a late hour but the festivities were still in progress on the assembly ground and most of the houses were deserted. Before long they turned into the path that Maui remembered so well, leading to the temple of Koro. They halted at the foot of the staircase leading to the summit of the *marae* and a voice said "Go!" to Maui.

Slowly he mounted the staircase and upon reaching the summit he thought for a moment that the place was deserted save for the huge figure of Koro, lighted by tapers on either side. The war god appeared to be staring directly toward him and Maui was conscious of the old feeling of horror and despair that had seized him in boyhood. He then saw two figures seated upon a stone bench to the left of the image. They were Puaka and his nephew, Uri. Maui crossed the platform and stood before them.

"Son of Téaro," the priest said, "let no word be spoken by you, for you stand in the very presence of Koro. When as a boy you desecrated his temple by your presence, death would have been your punishment save that Koro willed otherwise. He was content to wait until you were a man grown and your people had increased in numbers so that his revenge might be more in keeping with the foulness of your crime. Well you know the power of Koro and the terror of that power, for it was planted in your heart in childhood. He now demands the blood of all your people, and yours is to be spilled first to honor the marriage of my nephew." Puaka rose from his seat. "You shall have this night to think of the doom of your people and this shall be the manner of it. Your priest, your *ariki*, and all the men of your clan shall destroy the temple of Tané with their own hands; then they shall be slain there. My warriors, stirred to frenzy by blood lust, shall then be given a day and a night to take their pleasure of the Tongan

women, your mother and sister among them. Then the women and children shall be slain, and their bodies left to rot in the sun with the others." The priest was silent for a moment and then added: "It is Koro's will that you be left here unguarded save by the terror of his presence, but my nephew is permitted to bear you company. You shall stand where you are. If you speak, my nephew will slay you at once." The priest then crossed the temple platform and descended the staircase.

Maui stood about ten paces from the bench where Uri was seated. The latter was armed with a spear and a short war club. Unconsciously, Maui clasped his hands over his breast and his fingers touched the coral pebble. Of a sudden horror left him. He felt a sense of peace as though he stood in Tané's temple, with Métua at his side. No longer was he compelled to look at the image of Koro. Courage filled his heart and a sense of power far beyond his own seemed to be flowing into his body as though from an inexhaustible source. He remembered Métua's words: "Maui, the *mana*, the spirit of the noblest of our ancestors, has gone into the golden pebble which you wear." He realized that it was their combined strength that he felt, and the assurance of it filled him with joy and sacred power. He turned quickly to Uri. "I defeated you in boyhood," he said. "I will defeat you again, here in the very presence of your god."

Uri stared, unable to believe for a moment that Maui had spoken; then he grasped his war club and rushed at him, aiming a blow at his head. Maui leaped aside, seized Uri's arm, and brought it down backward over his shoulder, breaking it at the elbow. The war club fell from Uri's grasp and before he could recover Maui seized him by the waist and threw him over his shoulder. Uri fell heavily, his head striking the stone floor. He rose dizzily to his knees, but before he could regain his feet Maui leaped upon him, and taking Uri's head between his hands he dashed it against the floor with such force that Uri lay unconscious.

Leaping to his feet, Maui glanced quickly around him. At one end of the *marae* was a house in which were kept the robes of the priests and the sacred emblems pertaining to the worship of Koro and the lesser gods. The house was lightly built, with roof and walls of thatch. Putting his shoulder to one of the doorposts, he pushed over this structure. He threw aside the thatch and uncovered the carved wooden chests in which the most sacred articles pertaining to the worship of Koro were kept. Seizing Uri's war club he broke open the chests and tore their contents to bits, scattering and stamping upon them. Among these were the most prized possessions of the Koros: the banners flown from their war canoes when they went into battle. These, too, Maui tore to shreds, heaping the remains before the image of Koro which stood at the very edge of the upper platform. Maui stood for a

moment, breathing fast, gazing unflinchingly into the face of the god. The last vestige of his fear was gone. He put his shoulder against the huge figure of Koro and struggled with all his power to topple it from the temple platform. He tilted it slightly but it came back to its original position. Halting briefly to gather up his strength he tried again, and again moved it. Never relaxing his pressure, he increased his advantage and a moment later the great image went crashing down the stone terraces of the temple to the broad walk that encircled it at the foot.

As he stood looking down from the upper platform he became aware that the sky to seaward was filled with a lurid glare becoming brighter even as he looked. He ran down the staircase and had no more than reached the bottom when Hina appeared around the corner of the temple. She rushed into his arms and clung to him for a moment unable to speak, and then she could do no more than gasp his name. Seizing his hand she ran with him around the walk encircling the *marae*, and they came upon the image of Koro lying there. The head had broken from the body and lay at a distance; but protruding from under the huge torso which blocked their path they saw the head and shoulders of Puaka lying on his back, his face hideous in death.

As they emerged from the small valley where the temple of Koro stood, Maui halted to look toward the beach, six hundred yards distant, where the great sheds for the war fleet had been. These were now a mass of flame revealing the beach far and wide and the throng of people gathered there. "I set them afire," Hina said. "Maui, come quickly!" she added in an anguished voice. She ran before him keeping within the concealment of the groves. When they reached the place where her canoe was hidden the sheds were still burning fiercely. They carried the little canoe to the water's edge and a few moments later, both paddling hard, they had disappeared around a point of land extending out into the lagoon.

25

ON THIS same night, as soon as darkness fell, the Tongans carried the last of their supplies from the village. Such pigs and fowls as could not be taken with them were loosed, to fend for themselves. The ships were moored in a single line in the shallows of the lagoon. Men, women, and children gathered by the ships in which they were to embark, and the captains of the ships called their names in muffled voices to be certain that all were present. Shadowy figures were wading through the shallows, to and from the ships, carrying baskets of provisions, clusters of ripe coconuts strung together, pigs, crates of fowls, dogs, bunches of green plantains, handing these to others, who were stowing

them within the ships. Some of the old women squatting on the beach cried softly to themselves.

Now the people embarked, the women and children first, the men afterward. When all were aboard, Tuahu, who was in general charge of this work, called the ships' captains together.

"You have your instructions," he said. "You will leave the lagoon in the order in which you are moored. Men at the paddles until you are well offshore beyond the shelter of the land. . . . There is a fresh breeze blowing from the northwest; hoist sails and take full advantage of it, through the rest of this night and, if the breeze holds, until tomorrow at sunset; then sail is to be taken in, and you are to drift, keeping well together, until *Itatae* joins us. Proceed, now, and good go with you all!"

The captains then boarded their ships and in deep silence they moved across the lagoon and through the passage to meet the long swell of the open sea. As the ships left the beach, not a sound was to be heard save the faint tinkle of drops of water as they fell from the blades of the paddles.

At dawn the following morning the seven ships were moving in line abreast, at intervals of about a quarter mile. The breeze was growing lighter, and shortly after sunrise it fell calm. Kurapo was still in view and it now had the appearance of two islands, with a space of open sea between them. Before long, even the cat's-paws of the dying breeze disappeared and the sea was like a mirror.

A conch shell was blown from *Kiwa* in the center of the line, and the men in the other ships took their paddles and converged upon it. . . . Tuahu, in general charge of the fleet, was in this ship, with Métua. The other ships gathered closely around, and Tuahu said:—

"We are now twenty leagues from the land, and whether this calm is one of good or ill fortune we shall soon know. We must prepare to defend ourselves as best we can, in case our escape has been discovered and Puaka is in pursuit. The women and children will shift into *Kiwa*, *Te-Ava-Roa*, *Iriatai*, and *Anuanua*, and the men from those ships come into the others. Make haste, for if the Koros are already at sea we shall soon be sighted."

Immediately the women and children sprang into the sea and swam to the ships indicated, the women carrying their infants on their backs, and the men took their places in the ships to be prepared for defense. When these changes had been made Tuahu said: "Now the women will paddle eastward to a distance of two or three miles and rest there. Before this day is ended, we will know what our fortunes are to be."

As the ships moved apart the men stood, grim-faced and silent, watching them go; they then set to work preparing *Kotaha*, *Tokérau*, and *Éata* for defense. When all had been done that could be done, the ships were moved into line, one behind

the other, facing west. The paddlers took their places on the thwarts, their weapons at hand; the others occupied the free space on the platforms where the houses were, on the small platforms bow and stern and along the sides of the hulls. Few words were spoken; the eyes of all were turned westward where nothing could be seen save the sea-fowl coming out from the distant land for their day's fishing. An hour passed, two hours, and still they waited.

At last a youth clinging to the top of the mast of the foremost ship called out: "*A Hio! Téral*"—his arm outstretched, pointing southwest. Presently, an object so small as to be scarcely discernible appeared against the horizon line. All eyes were fixed upon it but no one spoke until the boy at the masthead gave a jubilant shout. "*Au-é!*" he cried. "*Itatae! Itatae!*" He slid down the mast, his face radiant with joy. The others in that ship crowded around him scarcely able to believe.

Soon all could see that the approaching ship was, indeed, Maui's. The blades of the paddles flashed as one in the sunlight, first on the side of the great outrigger, then on the opposite side. The ship came on fast, and soon they could make out Maui's figure standing on the platform in the bow. At the signal, the men lifted their blades from the water and held them upright on the thwarts where they sat. *Itatae* came on under its own momentum and as it passed the others Maui called: "We are safe! Puaka's ships have been burned in their sheds! Not one remains."

One of the women in Maui's ship was his grandmother, Hotu, a woman of great force of character, loved and respected by all the Tongans. The others saw seated beside her a beautiful girl unknown to them. She was not a Tongan; therefore she must be of the Koro Clan, or, perhaps, a young woman seized by the Koros from amongst their enemies on the islands to the north.

Taio said: "Do none of you recognize her? It is Hina, granddaughter of Vaitangi; it can be no other." Some believed and some doubted; when Métua was asked he replied, "Maui himself will tell you in his own good time. It is enough at the moment to know that Puaka's ships have been destroyed and that we are safe from pursuit."

26

Now the Tongans were like another people. The heavy burden of uncertainty and dread they had carried for so long was lifted from their hearts, and old and young were like children together. Maui's own heart was filled with joy and gratitude to Tané. All of his people were there: not one had been lost.

In leaving Kurapo, time had been lacking for the proper distribution of the sea stores; and now this matter was attended to. The women and children leaped into the sea to make room, while the men

redistributed the supplies so that each ship would have the proper amount of food and water for the number of people carried. The squealing of pigs, the crowing of cocks, the happy shouts of the children in the water, the orders passed back and forth from ship to ship, and the hum of talk sounded strangely in the wide air of the lonely sea. As the sun climbed toward the zenith the heat became intense and some of the younger children began calling for water. Their mothers quieted them as best they could. What would Maui think of them, begging for water so soon? They were no longer free to drink all they pleased. Hush, now! When the rains came they would have all they wanted.

By late afternoon the task of getting the ships in order had been completed. The most important undertaking had been the careful examination of the lashings of the crossbeams holding the twin hulls of each ship together, for their greatest danger was that these lashings might work loose in heavy seas certain to be met with as they proceeded on the voyage. Men labored throughout the day on *Te-Ava-Roa*, the last ship to be built, and finally it was ready to embark its people once more.

As evening drew on, the ships gathered closely around *Itatae*, rising and falling gently as the long glassy swells passed beneath them. This was the time the people had been waiting for. They were eager to hear of their deliverance. They knew nothing of what had happened in the Koro village the day before, and only the chiefs were aware that Maui had gone there in answer to Puaka's summons. They listened with deep attention while Maui told them, first, of all that pertained to Hina: of their meetings at the lake, of the news she had brought of the approaching death of Vaitangi, and of her betrothal to Uri. He went on to speak of what they all knew, of the childhood friendship between Hina and himself, how it had ended at the time when he had broken the *tabu* of Vaitangi, and how friendship had become deep love from the day when he had met Hina again.

"I appeal now to you, Tané's people, my people," he then said. "I ask you to take Hina to your hearts as you did when she was a child, for she is a Koro in name only and by the chance of birth. She belongs to us, and she belongs to me, now your leader in my father's place. I have only this, more, to tell you. It was Hina who, at the risk of her life, and at a moment when she believed me dead, set fire to the sheds housing the Koro ships, destroying them all that you others might escape from Puaka and his warriors."

There was a moment of silence, followed by a deep murmur of approval which passed from ship to ship. Hina's eyes filled with tears as she saw the friendly glances directed toward her from all sides.

Tuahu said: "Maui, I speak for all when I say that Hina is welcome among us. She will find here none but loving hearts."

Then Métua spoke, reminding the people how, when the Tongans reached Kurapo — so many at the point of death by thirst and starvation — Vaitangi had welcomed them, and Hina's mother had saved Maui's life by suckling him at her breast with Hina, her infant daughter. "I knew then," he said, "that those children were destined for each other; that, when the time came, it was Tané's will that their lives should be joined together. So it has come to pass. I will say this, further: the union of Maui and Hina will be a blessing, not only to themselves and their children, but to the Tongan Clan for generations to come."

Rata, a chief much given to doubt, spoke up: "Maui, we Tongans know, as our ancestors before us have known, the mighty power of Koro. How, then, were you able to escape from his temple?"

"I have told you," Maui replied. "I was left unguarded there save by Puaka's nephew, Uri. I fought with Uri, and left him lying senseless before the great image of Koro."

"And Koro himself lacked the power to hold you there?"

"You see me, Rata. I am no ghost, but flesh and blood. It must have been so. Do you believe that the power of Koro is greater than that of Tané?"

"No," said Rata; "but never before in our history has a Tongan escaped alive from the temple of Koro."

"There is always a first time for every happening," Marama said. "Why should you wonder that Maui has been spared? It may be Tané's purpose that, under Maui's leadership, we shall reach the Homeland. Could you believe that?"

"Our ancestors have been seeking it for twenty generations," Rata replied; "but it could be" — and he said no more.

Now was held the most sacred of all ceremonies connected with their worship, which would have taken place on the beach at Kurapo when they were ready to embark, had circumstances permitted. The ships were brought closely together so that the chiefs in each one could cross to *Kiwa* where Métua, their priest, stood with one of his temple assistants, holding in his hands the casket containing the four sacred stones from their ancestral *marae*. Again there was deep silence, no one speaking save the priest himself, the chiefs gathered around him. Métua raised the lid of the casket and took from it the sacred stones, one by one, passing them first to Maui, who passed them on until each of the chiefs had handled the stones that had been touched by their ancestors since the time when the quest for the Far Lands of Maui had begun. The *mana* of the noblest Tongans through all the centuries past had thus gone into the stones, to be added to by those who took up the quest in their turn. As each stone was received again by Métua, he placed it in a strong, closely woven mesh bag. The top was drawn together, securely fastened,

and Mētua leaned over the side of the ship to dip it in the sea, saying as he did so:—

“Measureless Sea of Kiwa that has carried us so far in the direction of the rising sun: may it be that we Tongans of this generation shall reach the Homeland hidden in Thy solitudes.” When the four stones had been thus dipped, Mētua took each of them in turn and held it toward the sky, saying: “Eternal heaven of Tané: I name the four stars that guide us toward the Far Lands of Maui.” As he returned the stones to the casket, he named the four guiding stars the Tongans followed.

Always when the Tongans, of whatever generation, set out to continue the quest for the Far Lands, it was Tané’s will that all of his people—the chiefs, the *raatira*, and the commoners alike—should hear the call of Maui-the-Peaceful so that their hearts might be filled with hope and courage and faith in his promise that their Homeland would surely be found. Even the doubters and the faint of heart were permitted to hear it at such times; but, thereafter, only the noblest among them—men and women of unshakable faith—would hear.

Now, when the solemn service of the dipping of the sacred stones and the naming of the four guiding stars was ended and the stones returned to the casket, the moment had come. Of the six hundred people there waiting, only the older ones who had survived to reach Kurapo on the previous voyage had heard the call. All of the younger folk, too small to remember the earlier time, or who had been born on Kurapo, had accepted the word of their elders or doubted it, according to their natures. But now, as they saw Mētua making his way forward amongst the people in *Kiwa* to the small platform in the bow of the ship, their hearts were filled with awe and wonder, for they knew his purpose in going there. The hush that fell upon the voyagers was like that over the great sea in which they floated.

As Mētua mounted to the platform he looked to the west where the sun had just set behind the peaks of the two highest mountains of Kurapo clearly outlined against the horizon. Then he turned to the east and said, quietly, in a voice that all could hear:—

“Tané, our Loving Father—we await now the summons of Thy servant and our guide, Maui-the-Peaceful.”

The afterglow died away in the west and twilight deepened. No sound was heard save the voice of a fretful child whose mother immediately hushed it by giving it her breast. To the east the sky was lightening with the coming of the moon. Still they waited. The upper rim appeared above the horizon line, sending a faint path of light across the sea, growing in splendor until the full orb rose clear, and the glory of its light fell upon the ships and the people gazing toward it. Then, as though

coming with the light itself, from beyond the horizon, they heard the call; and a moment later it came again, but starry-faint the second time, as though from lands infinitely remote, hidden in the farthestmost solitudes of the Great Sea of Kiwa.

The hearts of all were so filled with awe, and reverence, and wonder that, at first, none could speak. They stood or sat, their attitudes the same, gazing eastward along the path of light made by the moon—waiting, hoping to hear the call once more; but it was not repeated. Then the spell was broken and they stared at one another. There were faces radiant with joy and assurance; others looked at them for confirmation, as though not daring to believe what they had heard. As they found their voices once more the hum of talk increased, and presently was heard a shout: “*Matai! Matai!*—The wind!” The attention of all was drawn westward as they felt upon their cheeks the first faint tremors of the breeze. The glassy sea was darkening with cat’s-paws of wind moving toward them.

“Get sail on the ships!” Maui called. “Here comes the favoring wind of Tané!”

The captains of the ships had received their instructions from Maui in advance. The sea to the east of Kurapo had already been explored for a distance of six days’ sailing and no land found; nor did the Tongans wish to find land, even for a temporary resting place, so near to Kurapo. They looked back, watching the mountain peaks of Kurapo sink lower and lower until they had vanished below the western horizon. The sky had closed behind them, and the empty sea to the west filled their hearts with peace and deep content.

27

DAY after day good fortune followed them. Although the wind slackened somewhat, it never failed them by day or by night: the lightest of whitecaps were always to be seen on the wind-wrinkled sea.

Their food was measured out twice daily, at mid-morning and late in the afternoon. At first they ate the yams and taro root that had been cooked on Kurapo, and each person had a portion of plantain. No distinction was made between children and adults; all received the same portions, but the older people ate sparingly so that the children might have more. Each person had a small bamboo drinking-cup, of the same size, and the ration of water was three cups daily, but mothers with infants at breast received an extra cup. The livestock fared even better than the people themselves, for the Tongans fully realized the value of their fowls and pigs and dogs. A great sow heavy with young had been embarked in *Anuanua*. She took up room sorely needed, and was generously fed and watered, the older people often saving a part of their own food for her. The weather being fine and the

sea smooth, the fowls were taken from their crates in the daytime and perched along the gunwales with tethers of bark attached to their legs and fastened to the cleats just below the gunwales.

Except for the middle hours of the day there was always a stirring-about amongst the people. With cords of sinnet the fathers made harnesses for the small children. With these securely fastened upon them they dipped the children into the sea, letting them ride there, heads just above the surface, while the cool water laved their naked bodies. And they would lift them high, to let them splash again. The parents tired of this pastime long before the children did.

Young and old amused themselves for hours at a time making string patterns. This was an art with them, handed down and perfected from generation to generation. Many of the patterns were of beautiful and intricate designs, requiring a full half-hour to complete. Others were made to move when completed, showing figures representing birds in flight, waves rising and falling, men fishing, and the like; and always they were inventing new ones.

On the morning of the fifth day Maui believed that they had sailed beyond the farthest point eastward ever reached by the Koros. Now the practice of their ancestors was followed that they might cover as wide an area of sea as possible. The ships moved apart to form an arc of from fifteen to twenty miles, the distance depending upon the clearness of the air and the condition of the weather. So they would sail through the daylight hours until late afternoon when they closed in for the night. On moonlight nights, with a calm sea, they sailed at intervals of a mile; on starry nights, of half a mile. In cloudy weather they were no more than two or three hundred yards apart. It was the duty of the steersmen to keep at the proper distance from the ship on the left. Throughout the night signals by conch shell were sent from ship to ship, from left to right, and back again from right to left. So they kept in touch.

28

THE sun was near to setting one evening when the breeze died away. The ships were still far scattered but all were now within view. Sails were lowered, the paddles gotten out, and they moved toward Maui's ship. Masses of white cumulus cloud floated motionless above their reflections in the calm sea, and as the sun vanished below the horizon line they caught the colors of the afterglow, growing in splendor from moment to moment. The light from the clouds and their reflections cast upon the sea transformed with an effect of magic the moving ships and the faces of the people in them. Ripples at the bows moved out in widening arcs of crimson and gold to meet with others, the light and color mingling and changing in an element that appeared

to be neither sea nor air nor cloud but a fusion of all three.

All the people were sensible of the glory, the peculiar grandeur, of that end of day. Maui stood with Hina in the bow of his ship as the others drew near. Marama waved to them but gave no hail, as though reluctant to break the spell that seemed to have descended upon them at the moment, but as the ships closed to within speaking distance, he said, in an awed voice: "Maui, never before have I seen such a sky, and the sea is no common sea. Surely, we are now in the far solitudes of the Sea of Kiwa, and with this beauty she tells us."

The spell of silence was broken as the ships came to rest. The children leaped into the water with shouts of joy. Their parents quickly followed, and soon all of the clan save a few of the old folk were in the sea that shimmered with mingled light and color as though the great Rainbow of Tané had been shattered upon its surface. The merry shouts of the children and the happy talk of their elders in the water, reunited once more after the long passage from Kurapo, gave evidence of the peace in the hearts of these children of the sea, and their unspoken gratitude to Tané who had brought them so far and so happily in the wished-for direction.

There were no laments at the failing of the wind. This pause in their voyage after many days of serene and uneventful sailing was, surely, a destined pause, to give them rest and refreshment, a chance for briefly reuniting families, for giving thanks to Tané for his watchful care. Thus far they had but one cause for anxiety: the water supply. No rain had fallen since they left Kurapo. But they were not greatly troubled. The wind from the west that had carried them so far was Tané's wind, not the true westerly. That would soon come, for the austral summer was at hand; the scattered masses of piled-up cloud were a promise of it. Soon there would be rain in abundance.

When morning came the ships were lying in nearly the same positions they had taken for the night, and the masses of cloud floating above them appeared to be those they had seen the evening before. Once again they glowed and flamed in the increasing light, but as the sun rose the splendor faded to the pure white of cloud masses having in them no promise of rain.

No sooner had day come than all was bustle and activity in the fleet. The ships were brought closely together. Most of the people were again in the sea to make room for the cleaning and scouring of the vessels. Masts, rigging, sails, and crossbeam lashings were carefully examined and such repairs made as were necessary, but, with the exception of *Te-Ava-Roa*, there was little to be done. In the latter ship the seams along the upper part of the hulls were recalked and the work of relashing the crossbeams was done over again. Two days were spent in cleaning and repairing the ships.

Families were reunited at this time, during the daylight hours, and Maéva, Maui's mother, and his married sister, Tauhéré, joined him in his ship. They had seen nothing of Hina during the voyage; now they made the most of their opportunity to be with her and to show her the deep affection in their warm and loving hearts. Maéva urged upon her son that the opportunity offered be taken to solemnize his marriage with Hina. "Never have I forgotten my debt to Hina's mother," she said. "I long to take Hina to my heart, in her dead mother's place, and make her my daughter."

"I had thought to wait," Maui said, "until we reach some land where our marriage could be celebrated in a fitting manner."

"My son," Maéva said, "what could be more fitting than that the high chief of the Tongans should be married at sea? That you are already married in truth, I know, for Hina has told me, and that she now carries your child in her body; but I long to welcome her as my daughter, and your wife in very truth, and that cannot be until the sacred rites have been performed by Métua, in the presence of our people. Let nothing be left to chance. If anything should happen to you — which Tané forbid! — before the marriage takes place, Hina would not and could not be recognized by our people. Her standing would be that only of a girl of noble blood whom you had gotten with child."

"It shall be as you wish," Maui replied.

And so, on the afternoon of this day, the marriage took place on *Kiwa*, the other ships gathered closely around and their people looking on. Maui and Hina sat facing each other, and between them Métua placed the casket containing the sacred stones. Upon the lid of the casket was spread a small square of white tapa cloth, and when the chants had been sung and the prayers said, Métua drew a few drops of blood from Maui's forefinger and then from Hina's and the blood was mingled on the cloth to indicate the sacredness of their union.

29

Now everything was in readiness for continuing the voyage, but the calm held, and on the following day the sky was again cloudless. Faint breaths of air darkened the surface of the sea at moments and then died away. As the sun climbed toward the zenith the people lay in the ships, gasping for air, protecting themselves as well as they could with mats from the intense glare of the sun and its reflection upon the glassy water.

So five days passed. The ration of water was reduced from three cups daily to two, and then to one, and real suffering began. The voices of small children could be heard begging for water, and the older people denied themselves a part of their own scant ration to lessen a little the torment during the heat of the day of their small sons and daugh-

ters. The older ones had been schooled to endure thirst with fortitude. On Kurapo, as on other lands where the Tongans had lived, boys and girls, as soon as they entered their teens, were taught to accustom themselves to thirst for periods of from two to three days, so that suffering from this cause might not be wholly strange to them; nor was there danger of any of them being tempted to drink sea water, for they knew that death would surely follow. They bathed in the sea four or five times daily, to take what little water they could through the pores of their skin, but soon the older people were too weak to do more than lie in the water alongside the ships for a few moments, and were then lifted in.

Nightly, Métua offered prayers for rain, and on the morning of the sixth calm day the sky was again partly covered with heaped-up masses of cloud, widely scattered, some with dark cores at the centers, giving at least the promise of rain. Maui now ordered the ships to separate, each of them to follow a cloud in the hope that showers would fall. The strongest men took the paddles and pulled wearily toward the cloud masses drifting slowly overhead, some of them far distant. Soon the ships were widely separated. The people in each watched, with mingled hope and despair, the cloud they themselves were trying to reach and those followed by the other ships. Light curtains of rain were seen to fall here and there, but the ships were now so far apart that the people in one could not know whether the ships nearest to the showers had succeeded in reaching them or not.

The glances of the stronger ones who had best endured the torment of thirst were turned upon those lying in the hulls, old people, their eyes glazed with suffering, their parched lips open, gasping feebly. Manu pointed in silence to a woman lying in the hull on his side of the ship, with a small child sucking at her dry breast.

Another of the paddlers, dipping his finger in the sea that he might moisten his dry lips, said: "There are some here who will not survive the night without relief."

"They must have it. There is no choice," another said.

"If one is to have it, all shall have it," Rata said. He motioned to a man who was seated nearest the place where the bamboo containers for water were stored. The man passed him one of these, and a cup. A swallow of water was poured into the cup, and this was given to the woman who had tried to relieve the torment of her child. When the cup was placed to her lips she shook her head, feebly. "The child," she said; nor would she swallow the meager taste of water until her little son had been served.

The old were served first, and the women and small children. The young men and women and the older boys and girls showed the greatest compas-

sion and self-restraint in ministering to the others, and care was taken in pouring out the water so that each person had exactly the same amount. Although some of the young people, when their turn came, drank their portion, many of them, having rinsed their mouths, spit it back into the cup so that others might have it. Rata did the like, as well as many of the paddlers, although these latter were in all but desperate need of the little refreshment they might well have claimed for their own. One bamboo container holding no more than two quarts served eighty people.

30

MAUI's ship was slowly approaching *Ēata*, whose captain was Taio. As they drew near, Maui saw that Taio was distributing water to his people. "You caught rain, Taio?" he called.

Taio shook his head. "We shall have rain and to spare before nightfall," he replied. "I am serving what little we have left to those in greatest need. Do you the same, Maui."

Maui stared overhead, around the circle of the horizon, and again at Taio. "Are you mad?" he called. "What promise of rain do you see in this sky?" Maui knew that of all the Tongans there was no one so weather-wise as Taio, but now he feared that the torment of thirst had unhinged his judgment.

"You trust me, Maui?" Taio replied. "If you do, call the ships together. Before the farthest of them can reach us the sky will be black with cloud. Waste no time, for there will be wind behind."

Scarcely daring to believe, Maui nevertheless signaled the ships again and again until all had heard and were slowly moving toward *Itatae* and *Ēata*. And now, as though Tané were, indeed, answering the prayers of Métua, clouds that grew denser and blacker from moment to moment formed in a sky that had been all but cloudless only a little time before. As the ships drew in, the people who were able to stir got to their feet and clung to the gunwales, staring at the darkening sky as though not able to believe what their eyes beheld. In *Kotaha* the paddlers, their eyes alight with joy, were pulling with vigorous strokes.

As the ships were drawing together the little water they had left was quickly served out to the greatest sufferers, and a few of the older people were, indeed, almost at the point of death. Clouds were fast covering the sky but a few shafts of late afternoon sunshine pierced through widely scattered rifts amongst them and fell upon the gray sea in pools of silver. Soon these vanished, and by the time that all the ships had reached *Itatae*, the canopy of blackening cloud was unbroken from horizon to horizon.

There was no need for orders from Maui. In every ship mats had been rigged for catching water

and the empty containers stacked beside them. There was little talk, for the torment of thirst was still with them. The helpless ones had been placed in the huts on the platforms. The faces of all the others were turned toward the sky as they waited for the rain to fall. Moments were like hours to the people so desperately in need of relief. A man in *Tokérau* stood on one of the thwarts and raised his arms in a gesture of pathetic appeal. "*Haéré mai, te ua! Haéré mai!*" he said, and a moment later, rain began to fall.

Harder it came, and harder. Although the ships lay closely together, at moments they were all but hidden from view, one from the other. Faces upturned, their mouths open, their bodies streaming with rain, the people drank the cool sweet water from the air itself. The older folk were lifted to their feet; mothers held their small children aloft in their arms that they might catch the full effect of the downpour. Men and boys filled the bamboo water containers at the broad streams that poured from the mats. Harder still it came, an awe-inspiring deluge that blotted the ships from view, but, above the roar and hiss of this horizon-wide cataract falling into the sea, faint joyous shouts were heard. After a little time these were changed to cries of warning and alarm. Rain, so desperately longed for and prayed for, was now falling at such an appalling rate that it became, for the moment at least, their enemy. The hulls of the ships were filling with it faster than they could be bailed out. As they sank deeper and deeper with the weight of it, women and children and many of the men leaped into the sea to lighten the ships and give room to the bailers, who worked with desperate haste lest their fowls and pigs be drowned. They bailed with their scoops, with their cupped hands, but the mats were of the greatest use. Four men to each, they dipped and tilted them, pouring water over the side gallons at a time.

Gradually the downpour slackened; the outlines of the ships began to emerge, and presently the rain ceased. A strange sight came to view in the clear rain-washed air. All the clan were in the sea save the men bailing out the hulls of the vessels and the boys who had remained aboard to save the livestock. Old women clung to the gunwales; the smallest children were on their mothers' backs, clinging to their hair or with arms around their necks. Bedraggled crates of fowls were stacked on the cross-hull platforms. The pigs, brought up from below, were festooned along the sides of the ships with their front legs over the gunwales as though hung up to dry, with a small boy steadying each one. Even the great sow that had farrowed in *Anuanua* had been heaved up in time to save her from drowning. Other small boys were perched wherever they could find room, out of the way of the bailers, holding puppies and baby pigs.

Male and female alike, children and adults, they

were Te-Moana-Nui-a-Kiwa's foster children. The experience of their ancestors through many generations had taught them how to meet the hazards of the sea, and now that they had survived without loss the most dreaded of them all — for the time, at least — their hearts were again filled with hope and courage. As their food was in watertight containers they suffered no loss in this respect, and all of their vessels for water were again full, with the promise of more rain in abundance, so they might not need to use any of their precious supply for days to come. Now, with the ships bailed dry once more, they began to re-embark.

The ships were drawn into line while they were waiting for the wind. In the fading light the people waved to one another and parting messages were shouted from ship to ship. *Itatae* took her place in the center of the line, about fifty paces in advance of the others. The last gray light was fading to darkness when the wind came. It blew gently at first but with increasing strength from moment to moment, and it came, as had the Fair Wind of Tané, directly from the west. Soon the ships were seething along at their proper distances, their masts bending slightly to the wind.

31

WHAT distance the Tongan Clan sailed from the beginning to the end of their voyage cannot be definitely known, but this is certain: it was the greatest voyage ever made over the Sea of Kiwa by any clan of Polynesians. There are some who say that Kurapo was the ancient name of the island of Truk; others believe it was Ponape, but neither of these lands answers the description of Kurapo handed down by our ancestors. The voyage covered a period of fifty-one years. Maui was eighteen when the Tongans left Kurapo, and in his seventieth year when the Homeland was reached.

That many islands were found where they halted to rest and to build up their strength and their numbers once more cannot be doubted; but the names of those lands have been lost to us, nor is anything known of the time spent upon each one. None of them had ever before been seen by the eyes of men, and some were so rich and beautiful that the people half believed that they had reached the Homeland so long sought for. But always, sooner or later, Maui would hear the call of his great namesake, coming from beyond the horizons to the east, and they would prepare to follow. Only those who wished to go on did so. Some who despaired of the quest remained behind on various lands that were found, but the greater part sailed on with Maui.

There were times when all went well with them for days and weeks together. At other times, when their sea stores were exhausted and no fish were caught, the Tongans were compelled to sacrifice most of their livestock. There were disasters which divided the fleet. Ma'o's ship, the last to be completed and of green timber, was split apart in the dark of a storm. Maui went in search of her, and though he found only one survivor, Ma'o himself, it was months before he succeeded in rejoining the clan. The hurricane swept away another of their precious ships, drowning their beloved priest Métua and with him many of the elders who could not withstand the storm. But no matter what their suffering, they kept two pairs each of pigs and dogs and fowls in the hope of reaching land. Thirst was an ever present torment, and sometimes an agony. But at times when many had died of thirst and it seemed that all would do so, rain would fall. It was during the latter part of the voyage that rain was first called "the Tears of Tané," weeping in pity for his children who never lost faith in him. It is known by that name to this day among the few remaining descendants of the Tongan Clan.

It was at night that Captain Winnie had begun his tale, and it was at night that he reached the end of it. The sky was cloudless and the air so clear that the great luminous path of the Milky Way was faintly reflected on the mirrorlike surface of the lagoon. As Winnie fell silent I waited, expecting to hear more. A moment later he said: "*Tirara*. The story is finished."

"But . . . where *were* the Far Lands of Maui?" I asked. "You haven't told me that."

"I thought you might guess it," he replied. "One lone mountain peak, Rano Raraku, is all that remains of them: the island of Rapa-Nui — Easter Island, to give it its modern name."

"The island of the mysterious stone images?"

"Some believe there is no mystery with respect to the images," Winnie replied. "Rapa-Nui was the farthest outpost to the east reached by Polynesians, and the Tongans were the clan who found it. At that time there were three islands: the Homeland promised them by Tané. And there they lived in peace, untroubled, unmolested, for many generations."

"Do you think it possible that Koro may have overtaken them, in the end?"

Winnie was silent for a moment; then his deck chair creaked as he turned to peer toward me in the starlight.

"What do you think?" he asked. "Which power has triumphed down the ages? Tané, the god of Peace, or Koro, the god of War?"

This concludes the Atlantic abridgment of Mr. Hall's narrative; the episodes follow the contour though they cover less than half the detail of the novel, which is to be published in November under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

Books and Men

In the winter of 1932 a young Virginia writer, Julian R. Meade, proposed to do an article for the *Bookman* about his friend, Thomas Wolfe. He posted to Wolfe a series of leading questions touching on some of the more sensitive criticisms of *Look Homeward, Angel*, and Wolfe's replies are characteristically revealing in their analysis of the autobiographical content of a novelist's work. These letters to Julian Meade, who died in 1940, have been edited by his brother, ROBERT D. MEADE, Professor of History at Randolph-Macon Woman's College, and the author of *Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Statesman*.

"YOU CAN'T ESCAPE AUTOBIOGRAPHY"

New Letters of Thomas Wolfe

Edited by ROBERT D. MEADE

BETWEEN Julian R. Meade, the late Danville, Virginia, writer, and Tom Wolfe there were ties such as drew Wolfe to few of his younger contemporaries. Julian, a Southerner like Tom, talented and highly sensitive, had attracted much favorable attention by *I Live in Virginia*, his uncomfortably amusing satire on his native state. But locally there had been enough reaction on the part of those pricked to make him appreciate what Wolfe endured after the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel*. When in New York on literary business he would see Wolfe at intervals and they would talk far into the night, Meade leaving exhausted. His mother remembers Julian telling her that on one New York trip Tom wanted him to stay in his apartment but that it "was practically empty. Hardly an extra chair and no extra bed."

Meade was planning a sketch of Wolfe for the *Bookman*, and the assignment led to the letters which follow. The first in this series was written by Wolfe from 111 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, on February 1, 1932.

DEAR MEADE: —

You ask what answer I have to those who say I did a faithful picture of one city and its people. I should like to avoid this question completely if I could, as well as the other one which asks what answer I have for those who speak of me as an autobiographical writer. I should like to avoid them, Meade, not because I am in any sense afraid of the consequences of answering them as directly as I can, but because these questions have been asked before and my answer, although it seemed perfectly clear to me only led to fresh argument, misunderstanding, and dispute. I think the roots of all creation in writing are fastened in autobiography and that it is in no way possible to escape

or deny this fact. I think that a writer must use what is his own, I know of no means by which he can use what is not his own — do you? — nor would I think it desirable that he should. I made once before what seemed to me a very clear and simple statement of this obvious fact — namely, in a short preface to the reader which I wrote at the beginning of "Look Homeward, Angel" and I was accused by several critics, including one or two on the Asheville newspapers, of "evading the issue" and of trying to avoid a direct answer whether my book was about Asheville and its citizens by a clever twist on words. Well, I have been so exasperated by what I considered an unfair and trivial comment that I said I would never attempt to make any answer at all to such criticism but if there are really people who still want to know whether my book is about Asheville, North Carolina, and is a faithful picture of its inhabitants, I will say here and now that it is not about Asheville, North Carolina, and that it is not a faithful picture of the inhabitants of Asheville, North Carolina, or of any other place on earth that I have ever known; and finally, that I do not believe any book ever got written in this way — certainly I could never write anything in this way; that is not the way a writer works and feels and creates a thing — he does not write by calling Greenville Jonesville or by changing the name of Brown and Smith to Black and White: if it's that easy let's all start out for the nearest town with a trunk full of note books and pencils and start taking down the words and movements of the inhabitants from the most convenient corner. I could go on with this indefinitely but I get hot under the collar when the word autobiography is mentioned because the way most people use it seems to me to have no sense or meaning whatever.

And yet the whole question of a writer's use of his

material and of his true and essential use of autobiography seems to me an important and a fascinating one and I really believe I could say something about it that would have value if I only had time to set it before you here now because it is a question I have thought about so long, so carefully and so earnestly. But I want to repeat that nowhere can you escape autobiography whenever you come to anything that has any real or lasting value in letters. For example as I walk around my room in the act of dictating this letter the first book my eye falls on is called "The Road to Xanadu". It was written by my old teacher, Professor John Livingston Lowes at Harvard and in it he attempts to trace the genesis, the sunken and hidden sources of two of the most remarkable poems in the language — "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan". Professor Lowes has managed to track down almost all of the obscure and bewilderingly manifold elements which had gone into the making of the Ancient Mariner. He knew, of course, that Coleridge was an enormous reader, that he literally read almost everything and Lowes by plowing through ten thousand forgotten and obscure books has managed to show where almost every line, every image, every sentence in the Ancient Mariner comes from. Coleridge, of course, was not even conscious of the extent to which his own reading had influenced him: he has made use of a thousand elements of apparently unrelated experience to create something that was his own and that was beautiful and real and in the highest sense of the word original. Lowes goes on to attempt to show that the thing that happened when Coleridge wrote this poem happens when the artist creates anything — in other words, that this use of experience which is sunken in the well of unconsciousness, or which is only half remembered, is a typical use of the creative faculty. Now what is this, Meade, except the most direct and natural use of autobiography, and how could Coleridge have written differently from the way he did write, and how could Joyce have written differently from the way he wrote, and how could Proust have written differently from the way he wrote: Coleridge's experiences came mainly from the pages of books and Joseph Conrad's experiences came mainly from the decks of ships, but can anyone tell you that one form of experience is less real and less personal than another, or that Coleridge's books had less reality for him than Conrad's ships; and finally, could anyone tell you that Joyce and Proust are either more or less autobiographical than Coleridge or Swift, and if they do tell you so, would you think their words any longer had meaning or were worthy of serious consideration?

You ask again if I look upon writing as an escape from reality: in no sense of the word does it seem to me to be escape from reality, I should rather say that it is an attempt to approach and penetrate reality. This I think is certainly true of such a book

as "Ulysses": the effort to apprehend and to make live again a moment in lost time is so tremendous that some of us feel that Joyce really did succeed, at least in places, in penetrating reality and in so doing creating what is almost another dimension of reality. I certainly think that most writing represents a struggle with reality — that most good writing has been done because the writer was in conflict with the world about him and each writer has had his own way of expressing that conflict.

As to your other questions, Meade: I will have to lump them together now and come to a hasty conclusion. You ask if I write easily or with difficulty. I think I write with the most extreme difficulty: the trouble is not so much a lack of material but an overabundance of it. Condensation and brevity are terribly difficult for me, my manuscripts are hundreds of thousands of words long and almost my whole effort at the present time is to get my book within some reasonable length. I have two lives, one which is intensely conscious of the world around me and one which lives with an equal intensity in the past: my memory is a kind of hunger and as I go on my memory seems to get better, or worse, depending on which way you look at it. I am haunted by a sense of time and a memory of things past and, of course, I know I have got to try somehow to get a harness on it.

You ask me if I am still interested in the stage — if you mean by this am I still interested in writing plays, or will I ever write another one, my answer is no. I haven't the slightest interest in ever making the attempt again although I think a man who is able to write a fine play has done one of the best things in the world.

Finally, you ask me about my literary preferences among living and dead authors: I am afraid that's too large an order for me to deal with here. For a great many years during my childhood and later when I was at Harvard, I read everything I could lay my hands on, the amount of reading I did was incredible and I can't attempt to tell you about it here. Upon the top shelf of my bookcase, however, I have attempted to put some of the books which I use all the time and which I am able to read again and again. All I can do is to give you a few of the titles, at any rate it will tell you something of the books I like best. At the present time reading from right to left the books in my top shelf are as follows: my old college edition of "The Iliad" parts of which I sometimes read; the Bible which I really read a great deal — I mean a few books: Ecclesiastes, the Book of Job, the Song of Solomon, Revelation; Webster's Collegiate Dictionary which has in it some of the best reading in the world; the plays of Shakespeare; the poems of Coleridge; the poems of John Donne; "The Anatomy of Melancholy", "Ulysses", "War and Peace" "The Brothers Karamazov" "Leaves of Grass" "Moll Flanders"; the plays of Molière, the poems of Heinrich

Heine and a book of German lyrics. I delight in all manner of anthologies. I can read French and German but these are the only modern languages besides English, that I know anything about.

If you write this piece, Meade, I wish you'd send it to me and let me see it before you show it to anyone else. If it means anything to you at all, I am, of course, glad to help as much as I can and, of course, I am pleased and grateful to think that you should want to write a piece about me and that anyone is interested in publishing it. I don't know, however, if this is really a good time for such an article: I am quite sincere in not being very anxious to get any more publicity at the present time because I think this is the time when I should try to work and produce and I believe your article might have greater value if you let it go until I got at least one more book finished and published.

In the second letter, written from Brooklyn on April 21 of the same year, Wolfe told Meade that his various notes and letters "have haunted my conscience for several weeks" but that "I have literally been too damned busy with the work which I must now complete to attend to correspondence." Wolfe then continued:—

I really can't tell you just how I feel about this article of yours for "The Bookman". I assure you that I would rather see you do it than any one and I have the utmost faith and confidence in your ability to do a good job and not make me sound too foolish. I do have, at the present time, a rather reluctant feeling about publicity. I got so worried and resentful at one time at all this second book business: it seemed to me that I was surrounded by a circle of leering eyes and of people pressing in with a tomahawk in one hand and a bouquet of roses in the other, and ready to throw either. The thing really got on my nerves pretty badly and I deliberately sought out as much obscurity as I could find because it seemed to me the only way a man could live and do his work, and furthermore since I have the material and plan and part of the actual written manuscript, not of one book, but of at least a half dozen at the present time, I had not the slightest intention of allowing myself to be read out of the picture or extravagantly touted upon the basis of the second one and it was for this reason that I felt a kind of unconscious reluctance to get any more publicity.

Everything has started to come with a great rush during the last few months. I now write three or four thousand words a day and I expect to have a completed manuscript within three months and yet this manuscript, confidentially, will only be a small part of the book which I originally planned; it will be complete within itself and a very long book in its own right but it will be only one of four or five volumes to which I propose to give the name "The

October Fair" and all of which are related to a single theme. It seems that what I have been doing during the last two or three years, in all of those hundreds of thousands of words which I have written, has been to mix the material and cement for all of these books and suddenly a few months ago when I was at the very bottom of a deep black pit of depression and despair I seemed to get hold of the free end of the knot and to yank it, and since then everything has begun to come. I work now every day as long and as hard as I can and I have very little time for anything else. I have forgotten that horrible sensation of being watched with critical eyes and I have got back the self-confidence which I had almost lost.

Go ahead and write the piece if you like. I wish somehow you could tell in it plainly and simply the real truth about me which is also the best thing about me and the thing I am not ashamed of—namely, that I was a young fellow, swarming with ideas and loaded with material for books he wanted to write, who went through a period of the greatest perplexity and distress, and who has tried with all his might to learn how to work and to learn how to live decently and obscurely and like an artist.

I wish I could tell people what happens to a man when he begins to write and how the effect his first book has on him and on his readers is entirely different from anything he ever imagined and how even in the very element of success which he dreamed of and wanted there is something terrifying and disquieting which fills his spirit with unrest and perplexity. I think what I am trying to say to you is that a man in his desire to protect his talent and his spirit from a brutal public aggression may get a bit of a chip on his shoulder; he feels mistrustful some times and disturbed even at the praise his work may get however generous it may be and however much his soul may thirst for it and he resolves therefore to put himself in a position to build up a power and strength within himself that will enable him to meet triumphantly not only the clamours and shouts of success but also the contempt and scorn and sudden isolation of failure.

I hope I have not become too involved in this and have managed to indicate a state of perplexity and confusion which I have passed through and finally I want to make it plain that I shall go on writing, that nothing can keep me from it, that I shall not allow myself to be pushed or goaded so that I feel that my whole life and chance of fulfillment or happiness is made to depend upon a single cast of the dice, a turn of mischance or good fortune. Please don't think that I am speaking ungratefully here of the generous and liberal support which is given so freely to-day to anyone who deserves it in any degree but I have learned to hate with all the intensity of my spirit the God-damned pushing literary racket. I'll have no part in it and I am not going to let it touch me if I can help it in any way

whatever. I will not be driven into some obscene jargon of literary competition against any man or woman living. The only man I will compete with is myself and the only conflict I will record is the conflict of the artist with the world about him and with the elements of confusion and chaos and dissonance in his own spirit.

P.S. — Meade, I read the piece Laurence Stallings wrote about the Bascom Hawke in his column in *The Sun* and I can't tell you how moved and happy and bucked up I felt about the thing. He is a grand man and really it is for this kind of reward that men work and live and the reason they go through that agony of distilling their blood and marrow out upon a printed page which is known as writing. I wanted to tell you a while ago that we really want fame and love it as in decency we ought but it is not the fame which is given to you by a set of driving and pushing and contriving literary racketeers who will fall upon you and rend you with gleeful howls the moment they think you have stumbled and fallen but it is for the respect and admiration of such people as Stallings and perhaps a dozen more that we sweat and labor. Good words from people like this are sweeter than honey and it seems to me one of the best and highest rewards on earth. As for the other thing the racketing, gossiping, whoop-de-doodle thing, it is a piece of stinking fish and the man who lets himself be seduced by its putrid fragrance deserves everything that he can and undoubtedly will get. So much for that — I forgot to tell you that in this great burst of work I have been enjoying I have written another story of about forty thousand words which Scribner's have taken and which they are going to publish in July or August if I can take the time off to do the proofs and revision. It is called "The Web of Earth" and Max Perkins says it's grand. It is different from anything I have ever done; it's about an old woman, who sits down to tell a little story but then her octopal memory weaves back and forth across the whole fabric of her life until everything has gone into it. It's all told in her own language. I had the whole spring and source and fountain-head within me. I really believe although this is a terribly boastful thing to say that I knew this old woman better than Joyce knew that woman at the end of *Ulysses* and furthermore that my old woman is a grander, richer and more tremendous figure than his was. If I haven't been able to make her seem so the fault is in me and not in the material I had to work with. I wish to God Max Perkins would let me write a whole long book about her. I haven't used one-tenth of the material I had but he wants me very properly to finish the book I am doing before going on to some of these other ones and of course he is right about it, but that story about the old woman has got everything in it, murder and cruelty, and hate and love, and greed

and enormous unconscious courage, yet the whole thing is told with the stark innocence of a child. I really think it is going to be a good story if they won't make me cut out some of the things in it. Of course I know a few of the scenes can't be printed in *Scribner's Magazine* but I think that they are wrong, or rather that the world is wrong in this attitude because the only thing that can possibly make for what is revolting and obscene is the intention and it ought to be apparent in the very first paragraph of a good thing that the intention has nothing to do with deliberate profaneness.

The last letter in the series was addressed from Brooklyn on July 7, 1932.

DEAR MEADE: —

I got your letter and enclosed article yesterday. I think you have done a good job of it and I don't believe there is much I could suggest at present by way of change. I have taken the liberty of making one or two slight changes in things you quote me as saying, although you got it perfectly right and I did say them. On page 7 the phrase "racketing, gossiping, whoop-de-doodle thing" occurs, and I am going to change this for various reasons, chiefly because "whoop-de-doodle" does not belong to my own way of speech and is probably Menckonian. Likewise I am changing the phrase "stinking fish" and the sentence which follows because it also sounds a little awkward to me, although it does represent what I mean.

One possible change or increase in emphasis occurs to me. You mention the fact that I have worked hard in an effort to learn how to use my material in the most effective way. I think you might even somewhat emphasize the fact that a large part of my toil and trouble at present comes from having almost too much material to deal with and the consequent effort it has cost me to find out how to shape and release the units in separate volumes of a readable and publishable length. This has really been a tremendous problem and has cost me terrific labor. Thus, out of all the writing I have done in the past two and a half years — writing which would amount quite easily, I think, to a half-million words, it is doubtful if I will be able to use over a third or a fourth of it in my next book. And yet I think that in one way or another I shall eventually use almost all of it. I suppose what I am trying to say to you is that every man has his own special problem and his own conflict with his material and it seems to me that each man has got to learn it in his own way for himself.

I should greatly appreciate it if you will let me know what further progress you make in this piece. Meanwhile with my best wishes for your health and success, I am,

Sincerely yours,

TOM WOLFE

Books and Men

This autumn two of our ranking generals in the Second World War —

Lieutenant General Robert Eichelberger, who began his combat experience in the pest-ridden jungle of Buna, and General Mark Clark, who scouted our North African campaign from a submarine in the Mediterranean — have published their invigorating reminiscences of the war as they saw it. For an appraisal of their volumes we turn to RICHARD E. DANIELSON, who served in Military Intelligence in both wars.

GENERALS AND GHOSTS

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

I

IT is a fair assumption that a man who has risen to lofty command in the military profession must be an extrovert or man of action rather than a follower of the arts or a student of humane letters. If he had spent his days and nights mooning around in a laborious search for the *mot juste*, he could hardly have found time to become an Admiral or a General. In the case of very elevated Brass the sword (obsolete) is mightier than the pen (obsolescent). Yet in the current spate of military memoirs gushing from the presses — Admiral King hasn't published his as yet — we find an exceptionally high standard of smooth prose. An occasional reversion to standard military gobbledygook — "the Corps was deactivated," "in higher echelons," "the Directive was implemented," and the like — may be forgiven as expressions of the natural man breaking through the ghostly ceremonies in which he lies enswathed. But, just as the speeches of our Presidents are known to be the joint efforts of Tom, Dick, and Harry — well, not perhaps Harry — and consequently one cannot justly blame *anyone* for them, so the autobiographies of our Generals are confusing to the conscientious reviewer. One never knows how much is Ghost or how much is General.

In the case of the well-written and highly interesting *Our Jungle Road to Tokyo* by Lieut. General Robert L. Eichelberger (Viking, \$4.50), the author admits that his book is done "in collaboration with Milton MacKaye." And it — from time to time — shows signs of the professional, literary touch. Not that it smells of the lamp, but, and only occasionally, one gets a whiff of typewriter ribbon or hears the faint tinkle of a ghostly bell.

One doesn't expect a General who finds his command desperately stuck in the mud of pestilential jungle swamps to reflect that "we were prisoners of geography." And there is a hint of professional literary rather than military criticism in the words, "General MacArthur . . . affirmed in his own luxurious prose. . . ." These and similar small in-

stances are of little importance in so long and candid an exposition, but they are quoted to indicate the question lurking in the mind of the reader: how much is Eichelberger and how much is MacKaye?

Well, I am convinced that 99½ per cent of the book is General Eichelberger's and I am grateful to him for a clear, firsthand account of a series of difficult campaigns, begun in misery and ended in glory, campaigns too little known or understood by the American public. And I find wholly admirable the almost unconscious record of his own development and growth as greater and greater responsibilities were thrust upon him. Clearly he grew in stature as he rose in rank. With every task accomplished he acquired the confidence to undertake a heavier burden. At the end, Commander of the Eighth Army, in Mindanao and Luzon — and General MacArthur has said, "No army of this war has achieved greater glory and distinction than the Eighth" — he handled his veteran troops with an audacity and a skill which marked him for all time as a really great commander.

At the outbreak of the war, General Eichelberger, a temporary Brigadier General, was Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. He was also a thoroughly educated officer, with almost no combat experience. During World War I he had served in the abortive Siberian imbroglio, which was more a matter of attempting to circumvent the intrigues of our allies than it was a campaign. He learned a great deal there of political-military dirty work and he formed a definite opinion about the Japanese military mind. "It is a complicated story from which the British and French emerge with no particular credit. The Japanese High Command, however, managed to achieve for itself a record of complete perfidy, of the blackest and most heinous double-dealing." As chief of military intelligence for part of China, Japan, and, I gather, Manchuria, he educated himself — unknowingly — for his future career. He continued in the intelligence section

of the General Staff in Washington — Russia and the Far East were his assignments — and in 1925 at the age of thirty-nine attended the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth. He stayed on four years at Leavenworth as an instructor and later adjutant general. And after that he went to school again — at the Army War College in Washington. Then four years as adjutant general at West Point, after which he was appointed, in 1935, Secretary, General Staff in Washington, under Generals MacArthur and Malin Craig. In 1938, a colonel now, he transferred to the Infantry and took command of the 30th I.R. After two years of active peacetime training and maneuvering, he was given his star and appointed Superintendent of the Academy, and there he was until shortly after Pearl Harbor. At that time he was fifty-five years old. He asked for and obtained a division in training and expected to take his troops to North Africa. Instead he was suddenly informed that he was to leave immediately for Australia, taking with him the Staff of I Corps. He was to stay in the Pacific area for six years.

Australia — in a military sense — was a mess when our author arrived there. He didn't like the way troops were being trained; the Australian and American officers and men were working at cross purposes; he didn't really know whether he had a command or not; General Sutherland — MacArthur's Chief of Staff — gave him the "brush-off"; it looked like a fine case of snafu and frustration. Two regiments of the 32nd Division had been sent to capture Buna on the northeast coast of New Guinea. There they had bogged down. The Japanese were on dry ground with a good road running the length of their area. They had a formidable system of defenses and strong points. Around them in a perimeter of mud, swamp, and jungle, and with practically no means of communication, were the disease-ridden wrecks of the two American regiments. The Japanese might be reinforced at any moment — in which case they could annihilate the Americans, who had no means of escape. Morale was bad; elements among the troops had reached the point of sickness and despair where they couldn't or wouldn't fight. General MacArthur sent for Eichelberger. "Bob," he said, "I'm putting you in command at Buna. Relieve Harding. . . . I want you to relieve all officers who won't fight. Relieve regimental and battalion commanders; if necessary, put sergeants in charge of battalions and corporals in charge of companies — anyone who will fight. Time is of the essence; the Japs may land reinforcements any night. . . . Bob, I want you to take Buna, or not come back alive."

So, a Lieutenant General, fifty-six years old, with no combat record was sent to save a forlorn hope of two depleted regiments, to make sick men fight, to overcome the most dreadful conditions that the tropics can contrive. He did it, first by removing

the unfit, next by establishing rudimentary communications between different elements of his command, then by exposing himself to the same dangers as his front-line troops and actually leading them into battle. He inspired his feverish, sick men. It was a small but a "miserable, tortured campaign." Losses were fantastic; three generals were casualties; the Staff was as vulnerable as the line. But the men who emerged were real men. Buna made General Eichelberger. At the end of it, he was a combat commander of proven quality.

From that point he never turned back. There was the Huon Peninsula, Hollandia (I Corps did this with Eichelberger as task force commander), which General Marshall described as "a model of strategic and tactical maneuver"; Biak with its dreadful caves and tunnels, and then command of the new Eighth Army; Leyte, Manila, Mindanao, the mountains of Luzon, and at last — the Japanese surrender.

It is a fascinating story, simply and manfully told, with many incidental excursions any one of which would make a book. Above all it is the record of a man who in his first assignment to combat command *must* have been unsure of himself. Training and character told, and from then on he moved, almost with serenity, to control ever increasing tasks and responsibilities. Such a man his fellow soldiers and his countrymen delight to honor.

I read this book at the same time — alternating chapters — that I was reading Hemingway's *Across the River and Into the Trees*, and it amused me to think how Hemingway's thoroughly phony "Wild Boar" Colonel Cantwell would have sworn and obscene and spat and had a heart attack at the thought of a Lieutenant General with no combat experience. He couldn't take Patton or Montgomery or Eisenhower — they didn't fight. The only good soldier was one who was full of holes. But to most of us, this book goes to prove that military education pays off and that not all generals have to fight their way up through all the grades to learn how to command in combat.

General Eichelberger is reticent in criticism of others. In that respect, perhaps, he leaves too much unsaid. At most his criticisms are gently implied. Sutherland, Krueger, and others were not always wholly polite or coöperative. From the standpoint of the historian greater frankness would be desirable. But that's not the way he wanted to write his book. He bore no malice — why hurt anyone's feelings or reputation? He had met plenty of enemies. It was time to be friends — even with the Japs.

2

GENERAL MARK W. CLARK's book, *Calculated Risk* (Harper, \$5.00), is something else again. Although he acknowledged "the expert advice and assistance of Joe Alex Morris" in the preparation of

this book, no ghostly apparitions stalk its pages. It strikes one as 100 per cent Clark — as far as the text goes, whatever Mr. Morris may have done by way of deletions or arrangement. Certainly it is forthright, hard-hitting stuff, all the 250,000 words of it, with few of the grace notes and amenities of General Eichelberger's chronicle. In a way it is a forensic or defensive book. General Clark never had a very good press; perhaps because he was too forceful and abrupt for the Fourth Estate; perhaps because, in his campaigns, he ran into grave difficulties and delays and, when he achieved ultimate success, his victory was obscured by the overwhelming public interest in the invasion of Normandy. Then, too, the strategy of the Italian Campaign — for which he was not responsible — was always debatable; and its tactics, for which he was largely responsible, seemed expensive in lives and human misery and, for a long time, unproductive. Some of his own troops, after the war, urged an official investigation of his orders to attack on the Rapido front, an attack which they evidently regarded as a hopeless and useless sacrifice. All of this has created, I think, in the popular mind a quite false picture of General Clark as a commander and a man. This book, which should be widely read, will go far to correct such an impression.

A high-powered, high-tempered man — Eisenhower was always saying to him, "Keep your shirt on, Wayne" — afraid of nothing and no man, he was consistently given tough assignments. His superiors always seem to have had complete confidence in his ability to carry out these assignments and always gave him their full moral support even when they took his tools away from him in the middle of a job. The High Command appreciated his qualities to the flattering degree that he was generally given a maximum end to be achieved with a minimum of means.

The whole Mediterranean Campaign, he says, was a calculated risk. The North African Campaign was an extremely perilous military adventure. Aside from possible French and probable German resistance in North Africa, there was always the threat of Spanish or German attack via Spanish Morocco on our extended lines of communication, an attack which might well have been fatal. That risk, fortunately, broke well for our side and we achieved a considerable victory. The next steps were not so clear. Sicily was logical and the invasion of Southern Italy and the conquest of Foggia and other airfields. But an all-out invasion, up the long boot of Italy? Was that the best thing to do? Our Brass said yes. The British consistently preferred a Balkan campaign. But, whether from wishful thinking that the Germans would not fight hard for Italy, or in the hope that they would do so and thus relieve pressure on other fronts, the Italian Campaign was decided upon and the Allied armies committed to it.

Montgomery commanded the Eighth Army in the East and Clark the Fifth Army in the West, and it was a long time before the twain did meet. Salerno, Anzio, Rapido, Cassino — these are grim names and often it was a near thing between survival and disaster. At long last, with a hodgepodge, polyglot army — Americans, British, Indians, Poles, French, Brazilians, New Zealanders — Rome was captured, and the enemy, dispersed and demoralized, was in full retreat. Thereupon the High Command took some of his best American and all of his best French Colonial divisions away from him for the invasion of Southern France. You can make out with what you have, they told him. He could and did defeat the reinforced German Army in Italy and receive their surrender, but he could not do what both he and Juin begged to be allowed to do: to follow that defeated Army through the passes and into the Balkans and Austria. This decision of the High Command — to make no changes in strategy in spite of changed conditions — was, as hindsight indicated, perhaps the major error of the war. This was apparent at the time to General Clark and to General Juin, who commanded the French troops and whom Clark admired intensely — "there never was a finer soldier" — and they protested strongly. But in the end, of course, they bit the bullet and went their several ways in accordance with orders.

To me, this is a fascinating book. Clark was always in the inside of things. It was he who went to North Africa by submarine prior to the invasion and, in adventures which were both perilous and comic, sounded out the French officers who were friendly to the idea of invasion. It was he who was rough with Darlan and forced that opportunist to take a calculated risk in favor of the Allied invaders — thus resolving an impossible situation. Clark was no diplomat and no politician; he was a man of action and he got things done. Only at the last, when he was American High Commissioner in Austria, did he find in the Russians an immovable human obstacle. And, at that, he had the satisfaction of telling them quite clearly what he thought of their obstructiveness, their secrecy, their suspicion — and their looting. There was never very much doubt about his opinion on such men and things. I could not begin to do justice to this book in the space allotted me. When I read it, I started to put slips at the pages which I thought should be noted in a review. And I found I had put them about every third page.

That is his story and, when they have read the book, nine readers out of ten will agree with him. Even the tenth will admit the courage, forthrightness, and transparent honesty of this great soldier. How lucky we were! Marshall, MacArthur, Eisenhower, Bradley, Clark, Eichelberger, Krueger — and so many more in the Army alone, the right men for the time and place! Can it happen again?

You have never seen a book like this one!

The Index of American Design

By Erwin O. Christensen

A priceless picture-book of native American arts and crafts. Here are ship's figure-heads, cigar-store Indians, Colonial silver, glassware and pottery, fire engines, inn signs, patchwork quilts, and hundreds of other objects on which our ancestors lavished their creative skill. Almost 400

pictures — over 100 in gorgeous full color — are the finest examples from the famous Index of American Design in the National Gallery of Art. With a running commentary by the curator of the collection and an Introduction by Holger Cahill. \$15.00

Night and the Cat

Poems by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH
Illustrations by FOUJITA

A fine poet and a fine artist combine their talents to capture the peculiar charm of cats, their liquid grace, their inscrutable comings and goings, their many moods. A beautiful piece of book-making. \$3.00

Fabulous Destinations

By JOHN NICHOLLS BOOTH

The entertaining adventures in the Orient of a young man who set out to see the world on a shoestring. He ran into everything from earthquakes and typhoons to erupting volcanoes and guerrilla warfare — and describes it all with rare gusto. \$3.50

The Royal Play of Macbeth

By HENRY N. PAUL

A full historical study of the great Shakespeare tragedy, showing how the play, written expressly for King James, reflects the king's interests as well as many of the burning questions of the times. Probably \$6.00

A Biographer's Notebook

By HECTOR BOLITHO

The author of *Edward VIII* and *The Reign of Queen Victoria* tells interesting and varied stories about Queen Marie, Abdullah of Transjordan, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and other historical characters. \$3.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

THE mortality rate in magazines has always been high, and veterans which led the field in their heyday, like *Godey's Lady's Book*, *The Century*, and the *Youth's Companion*, lost their hold partly as the result of unalert editing and partly because of the ever changing taste. Our newspapers, on the other hand, have been cut down by the process of consolidation — since 1929, 40 per cent of the newspapers in the United States have either closed up shop or been merged into newspaper chains. The hazards of publication were never greater than they are today; and while the publisher must contend with rising costs and the ever perplexing problem of circulation, his editor must contend with a volume of news and a complexity of ideas demanding the most careful interpretation. In the face of this challenge it is good to be able to salute two great journals which have the distinction of a century of uninterrupted publication: the *New York Times*, which began its hundredth year on September 18, and *Harper's Magazine*, which celebrated its Centennial in its special issue for October.

The approach of the *Times's* birthday first occurred to the printer when he came to set the type for the volume-number line on the front page and found he had to use the Roman numeral C. It might be amusing to take a look at Volume 1, No. 1, that four-page sheet which went on sale in New York City on September 18, 1851. The first issue of the *Times* had no foreign news on the first page, and the entire financial news, including Stock Exchange transactions, filled less than a quarter column. What really was important was the story from Boston about the Hon. Daniel Webster; Phineas Barnum was in Rochester exhibiting Jenny Lind and his circus elephants; preparations were being made for a hanging at the Tombs; and a Bloomer Costume had made its appearance in Sixth Avenue. The editorial page

after apologizing for uneven printing expressed this modest intention: "We publish today the first number of The New York Daily Times, and we intend to issue it every morning (Sundays excepted) for an indefinite number of years to come."

It was in just such an atmosphere as this that the Harper brothers published the first issue of their new monthly in 1850. The Centennial Issue of *Harper's Magazine* is a large-scale performance which was planned months in advance: the editors were to have two hundred pages for text and illustration, and one of the ablest of the staff, John A. Kouwenhoven, set himself to read the 1205 back issues of *Harper's* to note the shifts in the editorial policy. Meantime the Advertising Department was working to fill a quota of one hundred pages, and fill it they did, with copy keyed to the occasion and often as interesting as the text. When the Santa Fe System reprints its timetable of 1876, or when we see the first letter Mark Twain punched out seventy-six years ago on a Remington Model 1, or the jingle Sapolio used in its advertisement in 1901, we read every word with amusement.

Editor and Historian

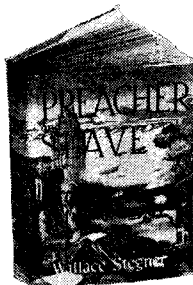
Frederick Lewis Allen, the editor, has been on the staff of the magazine since 1923; he was serving as an assistant to Lee Hartman when in 1930 he began the writing of his first book, *Only Yesterday*, a new form of social history as entertaining as it was sensible. Mr. Allen has a refreshing gift for reappraising the past, and this he has capitalized in developing the themes of the Centennial Issue.

The first theme poses the question, What were the most notable and human changes in American life, 1850 to 1950? Russell Lynes examines the changes in Taste, and Mr. Allen himself makes a superlative analysis of the biggest change of all: the coming and the disciplining of American industrialism. Mrs. Roosevelt in her pithy article shows that "Women Have Come a Long Way"; Hartley Grattan sifts through the century of books with a pleasant blend of authority and guesswork, and his preferences are stimulating; Gerald Johnson, the new sage of Baltimore, reminds us of the Villains of the era; and Wolfgang Langewiesche, the magazine's articulate aviator, describes the changes on the American contour, seen from the air. In the mid-section are seventy-nine old-fashioned illustrations drawn from earlier issues and showing the phases through which the country and the magazine have passed.

The Writer

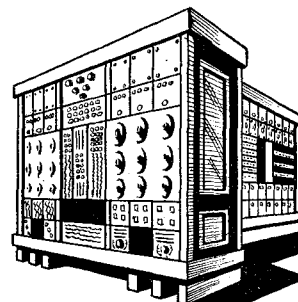
The Book

The Protagonist



WALLACE STEGNER writes a novel of the boundless West as it closed around the fierce fanatic figure of Joe Hill whose chant of "Pie in the Sky" set the pitch for the march of the Wobblies.

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE \$3.75



NORBERT WIENER, one of the world's great mathematicians, lives ten years or so in advance of the layman. This is an absorbing introduction to his world of thinking machines and the promise and the threat they hold for our future living.

THE HUMAN USE OF HUMAN BEINGS \$3.00



LOUIS VACZEK wrote this novel out of the silence of the land at our North. With a French courtier and his Indian wife, we sense the unforgettable magic of the wilderness of space and time that enclosed the richness of Hudson's Bay.

RIVER AND EMPTY SEA \$3.50



LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS dissects a not-unrecognizable colony nourished by pride and solaced by tradition. His scalpel moves with a beautiful precision — there is no appeal from his verdict.

THE INJUSTICE COLLECTORS \$2.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



The secondary theme is of course the development of *Harper's* as an expositor and leading spirit in American thought. Here there was the danger that the extolling of a long record might grow monotonous, and to avoid it the editor called on two contributors who could not possibly write a dull or insincere paper: Elmer Davis, who as a boy recovering from a long illness had been educated on the bound copies of the magazine, and Rebecca West, who is admirably qualified to tell us how the magazine has looked to the English. Her essay is a beauty, appreciative and in some points critical. She observes that "the issues published between 1861 and 1865 contain fewer references to the Civil War than one might expect," and that "it was possible to open an issue published during the first year of the first world war and find no single reference to the crack which had split time from side to side." The defense for the first is that *Harper's Weekly*, rather than the *Monthly*, was assigned to the graphic coverage of the Civil War. But the only explanation for the second charge is that the editor, Henry Mills Alden, had been kept in office far too long. Just as age brought *Scribner's* to the graveyard, so the fifty-year editorship of Mr. Alden brought *Harper's* to its lowest point in 1919. We who are in the saddle take note.

There are questions in my mind as I look up from this handsome big issue, questions which apply to the *Atlantic* too. From 1850 to 1865 *Harper's* climbed to a circulation of 110,000 copies; today it averages 150,000. Has the loyal intelligentsia in America increased so little proportionately? *Harper's*, like the *Atlantic*, has been consistently nonpartisan, and I applaud the independence of its editors. I realize that they continue to be so in these high-tempered days at the risk of losing subscribers and advertising. One hears today of capital in search of a publication which will bespeak the conservative view and nothing else. Is a magazine then to feed but never disturb the complacency of one's convictions? Are we as a people beginning to lose our keenness for the competition of ideas which made this country great? With all my heart I hope not. I hope that *Harper's* will never lose the strength to criticize, to be independent, and to be loyal to those standards Fred Allen has defined so well. I hope that, like the *New York Times*, it will pledge itself to live on for an indefinite number of years.

The novelist who couldn't stand success

Novels about artists and writers, in particular, are hard to bring to life. Somerset Maugham is one exception who has proved the rule in our time. In *The Moon and Sixpence*, he based his story on Gauguin's life in the Pacific. Critics and readers of *Cakes and Ale* mistook his character Edward Driffield, "the grand old man of English letters," for Thomas Hardy, but rightly saw Hugh

Walpole in Alroy Kear, the popular novelist and lecturer in the book. Nevertheless, *Cakes and Ale* is so alive, the satire in it so sure, that the story can be enjoyed with or without malicious twists of identification.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, the personification of the Jazz Age and the author of *The Great Gatsby*, the best novel of the Prohibition era, has come back into critical favor; during the thirties he was demoted as a gilded writer with no "message," whom it was almost immoral to read. But this midwinter will see the publication of a remarkably fine biography of Fitzgerald by Arthur Mizener, and now in a new novel, *The Disenchanted* (Random House, \$3.50), Budd Schulberg tells the story of a reckless, romantic American novelist with many of the aptitudes and misfortunes of F. Scott Fitzgerald. The swift success of his stories and the expensive adventure of his marriage were followed by his hard drinking and his fast-piling debts. His life and talent became disorganized and he ended in Hollywood, pegging away on scripts and repaying old debts at the rate of \$800 a week.

This is the tragic deterioration which Mr. Schulberg depicts for us at the Hollywood end. Only in flash-backs do we glimpse that Byronic quality and that dynamic egotism which Manley Halliday, the hero of *The Disenchanted*, brought with him to New York. Instead, what we see is a gray-faced and very tired man who is old before his time, who is trying to keep away from alcohol, and who has little patience and no interest in the chores for which Hollywood is paying him. Halliday is teamed up with a young collegian writer, and they go East to collaborate on a picture to be called "Love on Ice," which has something to do with the Carnival at Webster. (For Webster, read Dartmouth.) On the plane, flying East, Halliday begins to drink. In New York, now well lit, he has a gruesome, pitiable scene with his ex-wife, and so continues on his last long party, which is to end in the hospital. It is indeed disenchanting, not to say depressing.

Mr. Schulberg has a ferocious knowledge of Hollywood, and his satiric portraits of Milgrim, the producer, and Al Harper, the agent, are sharp and amusing; so too is his rendition of Hollywood sweettalk. But these incidents cannot divert the mind from the realization that this is essentially a dreary story. Personally I never really believe in Halliday's ability as an author: the novels he is supposed to have written are mere confection, their titles are meaningless, and the interpretation of their content leaves me cold. Secondly, I believe it was a mistake to begin the story with a character so far gone. Halliday is so defeated, so world-weary in his final stages, that I had to whip up my determination to read about him. Before the book begins he has lost the power to evoke our sympathy, and the young collegian who explains him to us never had it.

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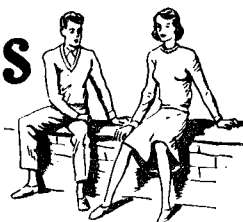


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My friend the elephant

I, who delight in animal stories, recommend as the most affectionate and remarkable of this year's crop *Elephant Bill* by Lieut. Colonel J. H. Williams (Doubleday, \$3.00). In the First World War, Colonel Williams learned a great deal about camels in the Camel Corps and a good deal more as a transport officer in charge of mules. After this advanced course in animal husbandry, he signed up with the Bombay Burma Trading Corporation, who did their lumbering of teakwood with a herd of two thousand elephants. In time he came to be elephant doctor and trainer of these quick and intelligent creatures and of the Burman oozies who sit on the elephants' heads.

Colonel Williams gives us a fascinating picture of the Asiatic elephant at work, at play, and on the loose. He tells of the courtship, "the maternity ward," and how it is that tigers still kill 25 per cent of all calves; he tells of the six years it takes to educate an elephant; he compares men and elephants ("They live about as long as one another and come to maturity at much the same age"); he shows what a twenty-five-year-old can do in the teak forests; he tells us of their speed, their wonderful sureness of foot, their humor when they are deliberately teasing their masters; he tells how the elephants soldiered in the Burma Campaign against the Japs and of how, like Hannibal, he himself led forty-five of them on an incredible trek up and over 6000-foot mountains. A book like this is balm for the mind.

Mother made the system work

Sequels are seldom as good as the original, especially in comedy. But I must say I have had a very amusing time reading *Belles on Their Toes* by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey (Crowell, \$3.00). Their first book, *Cheaper by the Dozen*, was the family chronicle of the twelve children and of Dad and Mother Gilbreth, who were the originators of motion study and who applied their efficiency system to their own youngsters with unexpected results. Mr. Gilbreth died in 1924, leaving Mother to carry on the firm and the education of the clan, and so, in the second volume, we are treated to the children's efforts to economize while they were doing for themselves at Nantucket, bossed by Anne, the eldest (she was eighteen), and Tom, their resourceful Irish cook. Tom disliked the English, and the day on which he walloped the fat behind of the neighbors' English cook was a golden one in his calendar. Such scenes as Tom's day in court, Ernestine and her first cigarette, Martha's homemade bathing suit, Mother outfitting the six boys before they go off to school ("Let's see," she said, reading from Ernestine's list, "five suits, fifteen neckties, twenty suits of underwear. . ."), were made to be read aloud for the delectation of other, smaller families.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Narratives That Are Different

WORLD ENOUGH AND TIME by *Robert Penn Warren*. (Random House, \$3.50.) Romantic tale of nineteenth-century Kentucky, remarkable for its characterizations and for its passionate moral explorations within the framework of melodrama.

LITTLE BRITCHES by *Ralph Moody*. (Norton, \$3.00.) The plucky and endearing account of a boyhood on a dry Colorado ranch, 1906 to 1909. This is how the Moodys really lived.

THE VEXATIONS OF A. J. WENTWORTH, B.A. by *H. F. Ellis*. (Little, Brown, \$2.50.) The madcap adventures of an English schoolmaster — what he does to the boys, and they to him — told with superb understatement by the Literary Editor of *Punch*.

CAST A COLD EYE by *Mary McCarthy*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75.) Satiric short stories, witty and brilliantly worded, by one of the deadliest females of the literary species.

THE LEGACY by *Nevil Shute*. (Morrow, \$3.00.) The love story, more tender than tough, of little Jean Paget, a British typist who was captured by the Japanese and who, after her liberation, goes to Australia to thank the man who saved her life. She finds him.

Leadership

THE LIFE OF MAHATMA GANDHI by *Louis Fischer*. (Harper, \$5.00.) Magnetism comes through this uneven biography of a prophet and his paradox — the saintly truth-seeker; the shrewd politician; the showman in a loincloth; the youthful libertine and lawyer.

THE EMERGENCE OF LINCOLN by *Allan Nevins*. (Scribner's, 2 vols., \$12.50.) Dr. Nevins, twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize, reappraises on the big meticulous scale the four fateful years between Buchanan's election and Lincoln's first inauguration.

NELSON THE SAILOR by *Captain Russell Grenfell*. (Macmillan, \$3.00.) The best and most vivid short account of Nelson's leadership, aggressiveness, and independence that has yet been written.

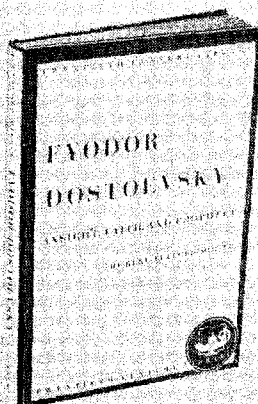
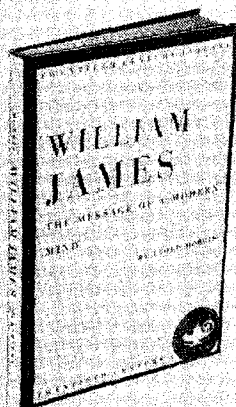
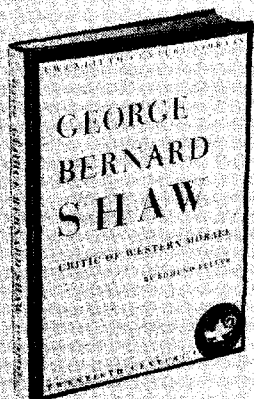
Vintage Wines

SELECTED WRITINGS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS edited by *Henry Steele Commager*. (Random House, \$5.00.) Two novels, *The Rise of Silas Lapham* and *A Modern Instance*; Howells's memoir of his childhood, *A Boy's Town*; and *My Mark Twain*. This solid old Burgundy has more life to it than is commonly supposed.

AN EDITH WHARTON TREASURY edited by *Arthur Hobson Quinn*. (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$5.00.) *The Age of Innocence*, three novelettes, and eight short stories which please the taste like a soft Bordeaux.

THE SHORT STORIES OF CONRAD AIKEN. (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$5.00.) Best known as a poet, Conrad Aiken is an accomplished and original short-story writer. Written in the twenties and thirties, these tales, like a very dry Chablis, are for the demanding palate.

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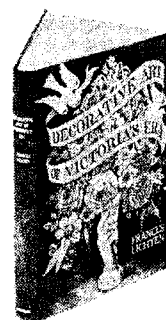
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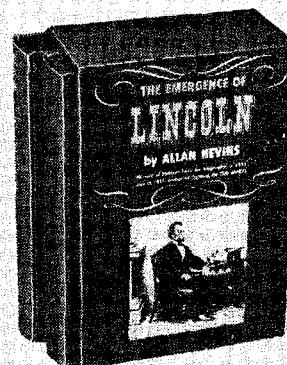
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



"THE twenty-fifth hour," says one of the characters in *The Twenty-Fifth Hour* (Knopf, \$3.50), "is the hour when mankind is beyond salvation. It is Western Civilization at this very moment. It is NOW."

A sensational success in Europe, this novel is the work of a Rumanian, **C. Virgil Gheorghiu**, now living in Paris. The two chief protagonists are a Rumanian peasant, Johann Moritz, and an eminent man of letters, Traian Koruga — a sort of twentieth-century Candide and a Pangloss in reverse, a tough-minded pessimist, who separately and together journey through a nightmare world in which to be human is to be guilty. There is no garden left to cultivate — "The earth has ceased to belong to men." What Gheorghiu calls the "Anti-human Revolution" — the mechanization of life — is an accomplished fact.

The novel opens in 1938, in the village of Fantana. Johann Moritz, though not a Jew, is suddenly drafted into a Jewish labor battalion: the local sergeant of gendarmes has taken a fancy to his wife. Every attempt, even his confessor's, to correct the mistake is stymied by bureaucratic formulas. The officials refuse to bother with "an individual case" or confess they dare not try to undo the rulings of the anonymous deity, the machinery of state. The fact is that once Moritz was officially registered in the category of Jew, he became, in a world that thinks in categories, a Jew.

Johann escapes to Hungary, and there, as a Rumanian, he automatically falls into the category of spy, is tortured and deported to Germany as a slave laborer. Here categorization first saves and later ruins him. A specialist in Race delightedly finds him to be a member of a rare Germanic group and he is transferred to the Military Police. When the Americans arrive, he is sent to a concentration camp as a war criminal. Traian Koruga, too, and his Jewish wife wind up in American camps as "enemy aliens." And back in Fantana the manure pit is choked with the remains of men and women butchered

by the Communists for belonging to the wrong categories.

Coincidence shows its hand rather clumsily in the atrocious course of events, and the novel has other literary failings. Even so, with its graphic presentation of the European inferno and its appalling ironies, it establishes a strong hold on the reader and dramatizes Gheorghiu's somewhat theatrically phrased ideas with a terrible effectiveness. Though not up to the standard of *Darkness at Noon* or Orwell's *1984*, *The Twenty-Fifth Hour* is certainly an arresting specimen of the thesis-novel of contemporary history: a book filled with compassion for man's fate and horror of the technocracy that is dehumanizing life.

Many readers will find it difficult to believe that Gheorghiu's picture of U.S. procedure in Germany is not overdrawn — he himself has assured American friends that every incident is based on personal experience. At any rate, Gheorghiu's characters are presented as the victims not of American occupation policy, Rumanian fascism, or Russian Communism, but of *Technological Civilization*. His thesis is that the mechanical proletariat of our age, the machine, has proletarianized the ruling minority, man. The laws and traits and jargon of the mechanical world — uniformity, anonymity, categories, statistics — have established their supremacy in our society. It is the hour beyond salvation because man has grown to despise human beings: he evaluates and orders human life by technical standards. Life is being inexorably collectivized — and salvation can only be individual. "Civilization," says Traian Koruga, "has reverted to the automatism of a barbarian age."

The shape of things to come

What Gheorghiu has to say about the distemper of our time is in many respects strikingly paralleled and is sweepingly amplified in an altogether different work: *Post-Historic Man* (University of North Carolina Press, \$3.75). This breath-taking treatise on the meaning of history is written by a layman, a New York architect, **Roderick Seidenberg**, who displays an impressive knowledge of science, psychology, sociology, anthropology, philosophy, and history. His book is highly commended by divers authorities — among them a Nobel Prize winner in physiology and the theologian Reinhold Niebuhr — who, though they disagree with his view-

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point, affirm that he has made a chal-
lenging contribution to the study of
man's destiny. Readers with a taste
for bold speculations on this subject
should find *Post-Historic Man* a
stimulating adventure.

Mr. Seidenberg holds that the pres-
ent trend toward increasing organiza-
tion — the collectivizing trend of so-
ciety under machine production — is
irrevocable; and that modern tech-
nology, while it has crucially ac-
celerated this trend, is not the original
cause of it. "Collectivism," he writes,
"is implicit in the historic develop-
ment of man." His vindication of this
view runs roughly as follows: —

The social cohesion achieved by
primitive man was an unconscious
process, guided by instinct. With the
emergence of intelligence, man's in-
stinctual harmony with nature was
disrupted and there came the be-
ginnings of conscious organization.
Henceforward man pursued his course
under a twofold compulsion: that of
instinct and intelligence. But the
fixed pressure of instinct was unequal
to the dynamic impact of intelligence,
continually fortified by the accumu-
lation of knowledge. "Thus man
found himself diverging ever farther
from his instinctual harmony along
a precarious path of unstable syn-
theses. And that path is history."

In Seidenberg's view, history is
merely "a transitional stage in man's
development": a period of warfare
between the instincts and intelligence,
in which the organizing drive of in-
telligence had been gaining the upper
hand slowly and spasmodically until
the discovery of the machine. The
machine — "the purest type of or-
ganization" — has speeded up the
advance of organization in the same
way as a crystal breeds crystals. Thus
what we are witnessing in the twenti-
eth century is a universal process of
crystallization: the original drift to-
ward organization has become "an
all-pervasive principle." Like Gheor-
ghiu, Seidenberg in effect suggests
that it is already the twenty-fifth
hour, the hour when man as a spiritual
being is beyond salvation. The or-
ganization of the world, he argues, is
destined to become so flawless and
encompassing that man will eventu-
ally change into a depersonalized
automaton, devoid of consciousness
and without a history — *Post-His-
toric Man*.

The obvious objection is that all
this is far too neat and sweeping, that
history's mazy gyrations have been

reduced to a mathematical equation;
but that objection, I believe, is out of
place. Mr. Seidenberg has addressed
himself to the challenge that preoc-
cupied Henry Adams: the possibility
of establishing a *precise* dynamics of
history — he approaches history as
(the phrase is Adams's) a "physicist-
historian." The important point is
not whether his formulations are
"true," but whether, put to work,
they yield fresh understanding — a
matter I'm in no position to judge.
An altogether different aspect of the
book must not be overlooked. The
author of this bleakly deterministic
interpretation of history, which fore-
casts humanity's transformation into
men-machines, shows himself to be,
paradoxically, a man deeply imbued
with the spirit of humanism.

Men working

The trend toward collectivization
is also **John Dos Passos's** major
concern in *The Prospect Before Us*
(Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75), a book of
reportage which visits Britain during
the Blitz and under the Labor Gov-
ernment (1947); Brazil, Argentina,
Uruguay, and Chile; and a number of
farms and business enterprises in the
U.S.A.

The crucial social reality today,
says Dos Passos at the start, is that
most people — under American Cap-
italism, British Socialism, and Russian
Communism — make their living by
working in some capacity for cor-
porate organizations (which may be
the government, a private enterprise,
or a labor union); everywhere you
find "centralization of power and
isolation of the individual in his rou-
tine." Dos Passos suggests that the
"bogeyman" which Americans see in
Socialism and which many Europeans
see in Capitalism lies "somewhere in
the structure of industrial society
itself. . . . The antithesis between
Capitalism and Socialism is beside the
point. . . . It doesn't affect the way
in which the people who work . . .
actually behave." Dos Passos's book,
accordingly, sets out to be a study of
behavior "in the empirical tradition,"
its goal being to show by direct
scrutiny of people's lives what ways
there are of saving the individual from
being organized into semislavery.

In the light of this promising pre-
amble, *The Prospect Before Us* seemed
to me a disappointing performance,
which develops along much more con-
ventional lines than the overture
leads one to expect. Dos Passos ap-

plauds the traditional spirit of free enterprise, denounces bureaucratic interference and high taxes, urges some decentralization, stresses the importance of fostering self-governing institutions, pleads for peace between labor and management, glorifies high-pressure salesmanship. This may be all very well so far as it goes, but it doesn't go much further than — and wallows in the same clichés as — the speechmakers and newspaper columnists. Dos Passos never really comes to grips with the issue which he seems to point toward at the outset (the issue highlighted in Seidenberg's book): namely, that the very principles of modern technology appear to lead irresistibly toward some form of collectivism.

The Prospect Before Us is cast in the rather grating form of lectures, supposedly illustrated by a movie projector and punctuated by naïve questions and interjections from the audience. Dos Passos's documentary talent fortunately has plenty of scope. There is a great deal of first-rate reporting; but there was also much that I found wearisome. The book's failings, I believe, grow out of a double-edged paradox. In the first place, Dos Passos, while arrayed on the side of individualism, shows very little interest in individual life. He seems virtually incapable of portraying people except as units of a social category — as farmers, socialists, small businessmen, officials; their human quality escapes him. This impersonality makes for dullness; it also makes the author's perceptions defective. Whether he is discussing the hostility to the U.S. in Latin America or the grumbling in Britain, he focuses almost exclusively on economics and politics; he gives little indication of realizing there is something we call human nature which makes most people envy powerful neighbors and enjoy a good grouse.

The other edge of the paradox is that Dos Passos, though he detects a menace to the individual in industrial society, is fascinated by modern technology. He is all for all-out efficiency, even though efficiency has shown itself to be, in large doses, incompatible with humanity. Impressed by the achievements of the Perón regime, he dwells less on its dictatorial aspects (which he compares, with qualification, to those of the Truman administration) than on the controls exerted by the Labor Government. Dos Passos's book, in sum,

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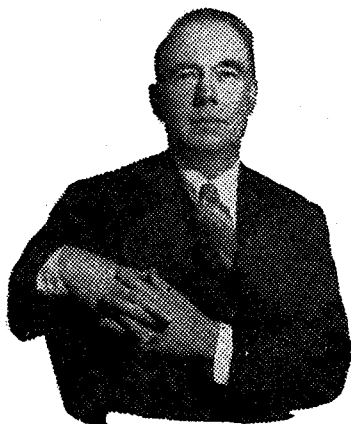
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reflects a curious blend of sentimental, old-fashioned individualism and hard, forward-looking devotion to technology. This looks to me rather like making the worst of both worlds.

Read any good books lately?

Classics and Commercials (Farar, Straus, \$5.00) is a collection of sixty-seven critical pieces written by **Edmund Wilson** during the forties — a readable and pleasantly diversified volume held together by a very spirited viewpoint. Mr. Wilson ranges from the lowest point the brow can reach, *The Turquoise*, to the most elevated, *Finnegans Wake* (*Skeleton Key To*); from Mrs. Post's *Etiquette* to M. Sartre's *Existentialism*; from the homespun pietism of *The Robe* to the lush depravities of Salvador Dali's *Hidden Faces*. He gives you Gilbert without Sullivan and Wilde with the *Spirochaeta pallida*, Connolly in his condemned playground and Huxley in his mystical oasis. He travels, in sum, all the way from the fine old mansions of literature — Jane Austen, Thackeray, Saintsbury — to the literary slums, where he tangles with the detective story and gives it such a drubbing that friends of the victim shower him with abuse, and one lady informs him she has always expected the worst of men called Edmund.

The function of criticism being to criticize, it is, I suspect, a grave liability for a critic to possess a sunny and benign disposition and to prize the affection of his fellow man. There is no indication that Mr. Wilson suffers from this handicap. And as far as I am concerned his asperity — which does not prevent him from applauding the good whenever he finds it — is a useful corrective to the prevailing *Gemütlichkeit* of the reviewing business. Sometimes Wilson is guilty of gratuitous waspishness and sometimes he is glaringly condescending. Occasionally he employs a tank attack against a molehill (the syntax of *Mission to Moscow*), and once or twice, notably in Maugham's case, he carries depreciation to very questionable lengths (granted Maugham's lifelong love affair with the cliché, some of his work is surely not *completely* second-rate). But by and large, Wilson tellingly points up the failings and limitations in the work of well-known writers — O'Hara, Saroyan, and Steinbeck, for instance — without losing sight of their qualities. His loathing of commercialism and championship of the nonpopular; his re-

spect for writers who toil for the *mot juste*; the slightly romantic feeling he projects of the glamour and dignity in the calling of letters — all this I find admirable and it outweighs Wilson's crotchets.

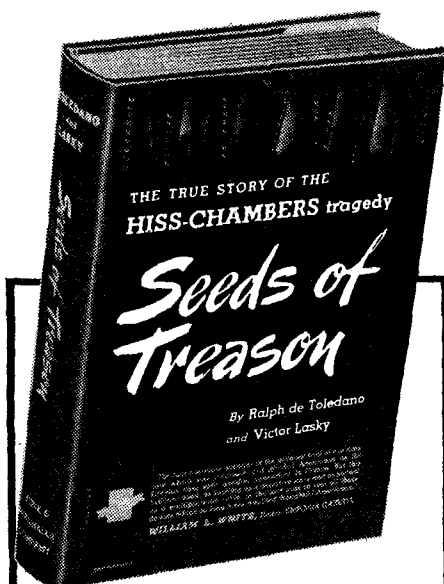
One feature of his criticism is at first sight puzzling. The strategy of his resistance movement against the vulgarization of reading taste has been, in the main, to attack mediocrity and trash and to turn back to the classics and semiclassics: he has strangely neglected most of what little serious new fiction has appeared in the forties. When he does deal with it — with Sartre, for example — Wilson's form is not quite up to par, he seems not to establish really close contact: Sartre, tough-minded and highly cerebral, is said to have the same *kind* of talent as Steinbeck, who is tender-minded and relatively unintellectual. This and the previously mentioned omissions suggest a certain alienation from the writing that most closely reflects the philosophic temper of the forties; and elsewhere there are numerous indications that Wilson's interests, sympathies, and perceptions are strongly influenced by a far-reaching emotional attachment to the twenties.

It is not, I hope, *Gemütlichkeit* but a desire to straighten out these notes which prompts a blunt statement, before passing on, that *Classics and Commercials* gave me keen pleasure and considerable profit.

An old legend newly told

Evelyn Waugh surprised us a few years ago by suddenly switching from satiric burlesque to the seriousness of *Brideshead Revisited*; then he surprised us again by following through with two novelettes in the old manner. He has again turned up with something rather unexpected, a short novel, *Helena* (Little, Brown, \$2.75) — part *divertissement*, part history, and part Christian legend — about the life of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, who in her old age traveled to Jerusalem and is supposed to have discovered the True Cross.

Waugh says in his preface that many of the facts about St. Helena in the encyclopedias "dissolve on examination." Where the authorities differ, he has chosen "the picturesque in preference to the plausible"; where they are silent, he has freely invented. St. Helena's life "begins and ends in surmise," and Waugh has joined hands with the British historians who



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claim her for Britain. He makes her the daughter of old King Coel, whose seat is in Colchester, and introduces her as a young girl in the year 273. Tall, slender, and with copper-colored hair, she was everything we esteem beautiful today and in her own age was dubbed "the plain one." But a young Roman officer—a great-nephew of the Divine Claudius—who is visiting Coel on a mission, falls in love with her at sight. The King fails to persuade Helena that British girls shouldn't go marrying trashy foreigners, and the newlyweds set off for Nich, where Constantius is commander of the imperial garrison. All this is most amusingly handled in the traditional Waugh fashion.

The middle section of the book is made of more sober stuff: Helena's disillusionment as she discovers her husband's absorption in the struggle for power; the turnover in Emperors and the turmoil in the Empire; the rise of Christianity. In the third phase, Helena, now in her seventies, a Dowager Empress and a Christian, has come to Rome for the Jubilee of her son, Constantine. There is the glint of satire in Waugh's picture of the Roman court, then a more devotional note as he retells the crucial part of the legend—the old lady's journey to the Holy Land; the dream in which an ancient Jew tells her where the True Cross is; the search and discovery in the well and the Cross's restoration to Christendom.

Helena should not, I think, be approached as a novel (it is too cluttered with history and slight in characterization to be an impressive novel), but as a fictionalized history or reworking of a legend. From this standpoint Waugh has done his job with fine artistry. I confess, though, that Waugh is one case in which I prefer to see an author stick to his rut. He is incomparably at his best in the audacious harlequinade, and that best is nothing short of comic genius.

The Office; The Revolution

The Rest They Need (Dial, \$3.00) by **Herbert Lyons** is a novel about "The Office"—the tight little world of people who work on an American weekly magazine. *Dark Green, Bright Red* (Dutton, \$3.00) by **Gore Vidal** is a novel about "The Revolution"—the tight little world of conspirators involved in a coup d'état in a backward Central American Republic. In Mr. Lyons's book the central character is overdrawn, not

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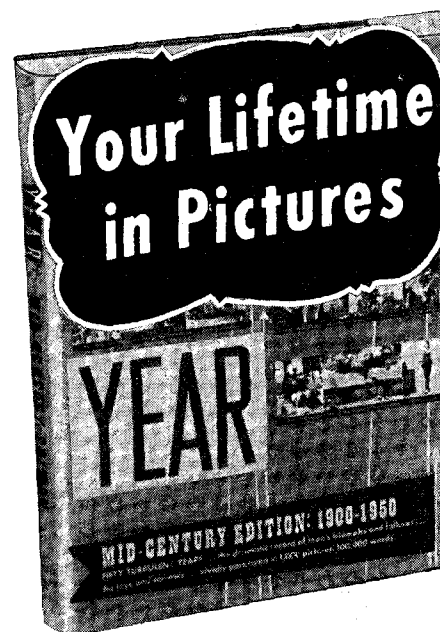
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completely credible. Mr. Vidal's book is credible but somewhat underplayed: it never quite achieves sufficient impact. The good point about both books is that each imparts a vivid sense of the *feel* of its special world — the nervous tensions and competitiveness on the big magazine; the seediness and treacheries of the small-time *Putsch*.

Vidal's hero, Peter Nelson, is a young American who, court-martialed out of the U.S. Army, has welcomed the invitation of a wartime friend, the son of General Jorge Alvarez Asturias, to train the levies for his father's projected insurrection. The General, a former President of the dictator type, had been overthrown several years previously by a more liberal regime, but he has lately been allowed to return from exile and is organizing his coup from his estate beside the jungle-ringed town of Tenango. His chief aides are a disappointed Parisian novelist, who for ten years has been his adviser on life and the use of the Word; Colonel Aranha, a pure-blooded Indian, his chief of staff; and Father Miguel, whose role is to serve as mediator with the Archbishop, who takes a poor view of the General for having once reported his financial speculations to the Vatican. In due course a Mr. Green, boss of The Company — the American fruit concern which is the real power in the Republic — also shows up in Tenango with his son, who is engaged to the General's fetching daughter, Elena. Mr. Green is alarmed by the liberal tendencies of the present regime and appears to be willing to line up The Company behind the General.

We have here a pleasantly conceived but rather ambiguous situation, one that hovers between seriousness and farce. The General's pomposity and speechifying; the dinners with their ten revolting courses and ghastly native wine; the primitive trainees who loathe to drill but love to shoot so long as there's no enemy around; the ramshackle tropical town with its sticky-eyed children; the wide-open conspiracy and tarnished American hero — all these elements in the minor melodrama under way suggest infinite possibilities for burlesque. Mr. Vidal plays it straight but he extracts a certain amount of quiet humor from the situation. There is humor, too, in the one fantastic battle fought, and the story's denouement is absolutely right — a low-down, farcical surprise, which

brings to light a host of villainies wonderfully in character with The Revolution.

It's a pity, I feel, that Vidal didn't try his hand more boldly at satire. The straight drama in the book — the halfhearted love affair between Peter and Elena; the jealousy of Elena's brother and his death; the periods of tension and depression — fails to achieve real importance and rather subdues the suggestions of *opéra bouffe*. As it stands, *Dark Green, Bright Red* is a skillful impressionistic picture of a political blowup in a banana Republic.

The Office in mid-town Manhattan — magazine, advertising, or publishing — has for several years been a favorite setting among magazine, advertising, and publishing folk (ex- or otherwise) who have finally got around to writing a novel. The besetting sin of these novels has been to glamorize the milieu out of recognition, and it is refreshing to find that Mr. Lyons has steered clear of this kind of hokum. His editor's office is not equipped with a bar; no one takes a cab to "21" when he wants a Coca-Cola. Lyons shows the whole complex machinery of office government, and his stenographers don't appear in the novel solely for the purpose of providing sexual distraction.

The book's storm center is Gregory Grigson, editor of the *Weekly Review*. On returning from Europe, Grigson finds that his second-in-command has encouraged the owner to write, for the first time, an article for the magazine. Grigson immediately suspects a plot to oust him from his position, and this neurotic phobia becomes the mainspring of the story. The editor is one of those deceptive characters — brilliant and hard-working, utterly dedicated to their job and not much interested in money — who seem to be idealists and who really are slaves to their vanity, wildly neurotic megalomaniacs: what Grigson wants out of life is to be Jupiter in his chosen sphere. He is a cunning tyrant who, if he cannot turn a subordinate into a sneak and a toady, sadly recommends that he be sent elsewhere to acquire "seasoning." He is also a sanctimonious lecher, in many respects a weakling, and certainly a sadist.

There is nothing in any of this that makes Lyons's characterization implausible, but he lays everything on too thick. The fawning of the editor's

subordinates, the general emotional turmoil in *The Office*, are somewhat overdone, too. I kept wondering how on earth they ever got a magazine out — and a weekly, at that.

Potpourri

THE AMERICAN WRITER AND THE EUROPEAN TRADITION edited by Margaret Denny and William H. Gilman. University of Minnesota Press, \$2.75.

These twelve essays by different hands add up to an unusually dispassionate and generally enlightening appraisal of the American writer's relationship to the European tradition. The volume as a whole brings into bold relief "the force and persistence in America of European ideas," but it also points up the creative role of an indigenously American way of thinking — radical, exploratory, and pragmatic — which has "naturalized" its European source material. The over-all conclusion is that the European tradition has been an inevitable and invigorating strain in American culture, and that the literary chauvinist who seeks to achieve a simon-pure Americanism is really cutting himself off from a precious part of the American heritage.

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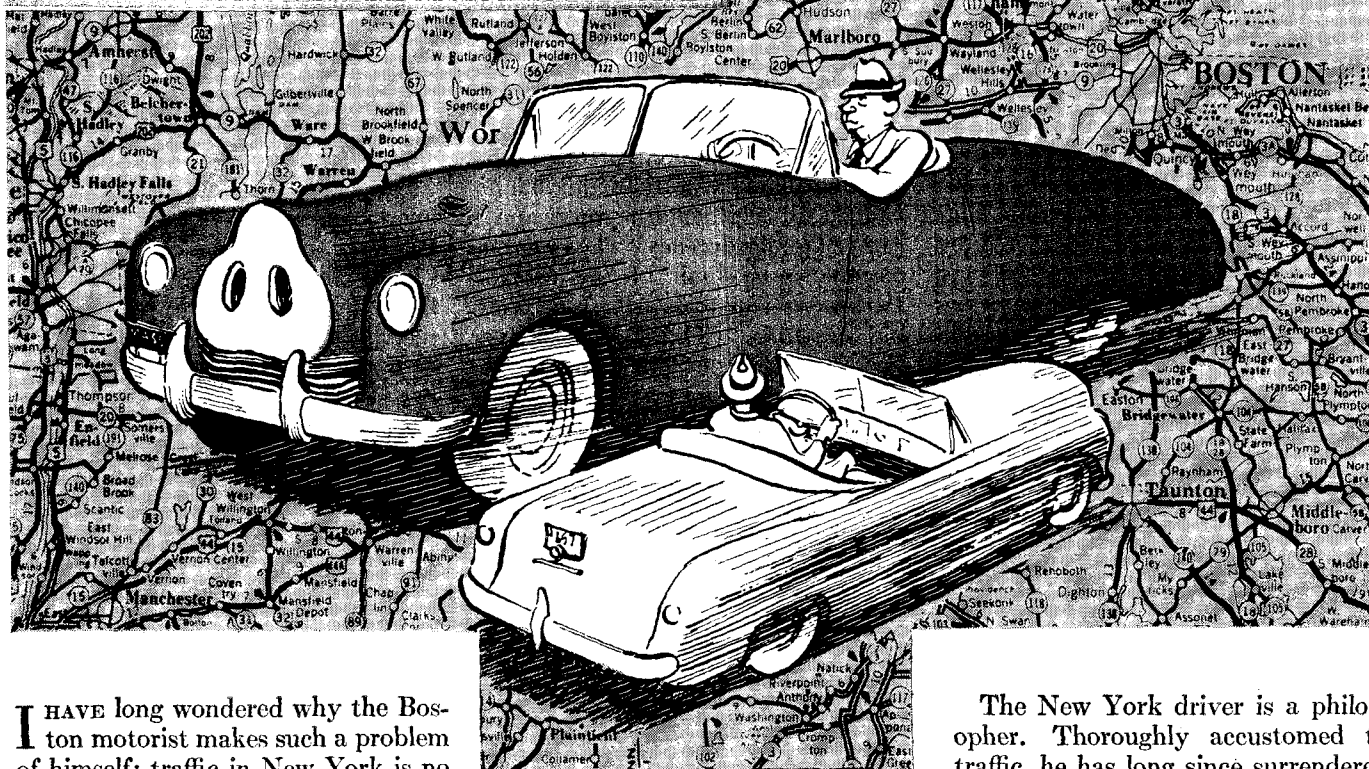
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—N. Y. TIMES
BOOK REVIEW

ACCENT ON LIVING



I HAVE long wondered why the Boston motorist makes such a problem of himself; traffic in New York is no less congested, but drivers there are far more urbane.

Pulling out from the curb is all but unpardonable in Boston, and any driver already in motion will prevent such a thing if he possibly can.

No Boston driver will wait in a line if he can manage to head up a new line on the wrong side of the street and balk oncoming traffic in the bargain. To make four lines where only two can pass, thereby forcing every car in all four lines to come to a dead stop, is highly regarded in Boston.

Boston is distinctly not a square-corner town. Any of its drivers will take a half-block run along the wrong side of the street in order to force a left turn against oncoming traffic. My impression is that this is practically a penitentiary offense in most cities.

Cutting in and out, on the theory that the overtaking car enjoys the only right of way, is in the best Boston tradition. The driver's seat in this town really ought to be facing backwards, with the forward view provided by a front-vision mirror.

A hand signal simply prompts the driver behind to a blast of his horn,

THIS MONTH

indicating that he understands your intention and does not propose to let you carry it out.

At intersections, the prudent driver must not let it be seen that he is aware of other drivers about to intersect his course. If they do see that he sees them, they construe the situation as a challenge, or an affront, and claim precedence regardless of all other circumstances. Thus the safest crossing is achieved by (1) furtive peeks while seeming to look in the other direction; or (2) genuinely not looking at all. This is the same condition that makes the use of the hand signal so unprofitable.

The Boston motorist will always stop so as to block cross-street traffic when he himself is obstructed. This puts him ten or fifteen feet nearer his Dream Street.

I note few or none of these characteristics in the New York driver, and I have finally figured out the main reason underlying the two dissimilar situations.

The New York driver is a philosopher. Thoroughly accustomed to traffic, he has long since surrendered as an individual. He will not writhe and pout and glare simply to pass another car or to keep another car from passing him, because he knows that traffic has no end: there will be just as many cars in the next block.

If a New York cab driver comes up on another car which is about to pull out from the curb, the cab driver's first feeling is one of pity: imagine the poor sap, his thoughts go, who expects to get anywhere in this mess. Well, let's ease him in just for the gag and watch what happens to him. The despairing courtesy with which a New Yorker waves a recruit from the curb into a cross street blocked by hand trucks, moving vans, excavations, and open manholes is unknown in Boston.

A Boston driver will follow another car for blocks, six inches in its rear, just to keep it from backing into a parking place.

The Boston driver, a hick at heart and a hick in conditioning, has never brought himself to believe in traffic. His Dream Street, towards which he is forever plunging, carries no traffic but himself. That is the true intent of Nature, he believes. Once he has

outcheated his rivals in any given jam, he expects to be in the clear. No more traffic for the rest of his days. Yet at the very next block, he is involved all over again with new miscreants who have actually dared to intrude their cars into his delicious, traffic-free fantasy. It gets him down.

The Boston motorist's slogan in all traffic situations is "*Sauve qui peut!*" The slogan doesn't work out as well as it should, simply because too many Massachusetts drivers have espoused it. Thus the Boston driver who sneaks past on your right side and makes a left turn across your bows is all too often obstructed by another Boston driver who believes that the ideal right turn in heavy traffic shall begin only from the extreme left-hand lane. The resulting impasse is of interest mainly to small-time bodily-injury lawyers and the statisticians who compute the annual

increase in liability insurance rates. The driver himself remains frustrate. He knows that the rules of the road are intended for other drivers to obey in deference to himself, yet the other drivers — being true sons of Massachusetts — harbor exactly the same conviction in their own behalf.

Baffled at every turn on his home grounds, the Boston driver comes into his own on reaching the Connecticut state line. What exhilarates him is his mastery over the Connecticut drivers. These law-abiding motorists with a habit of driving in the right-hand lane are further handicapped by their good manners and a sense of public decency. The generous 55-mile speed limit of the Merritt Parkway seems to satisfy these humble creatures. The Boston driver swoops in on them like a buzz bomb.

By way of showing Connecticut the stern Massachusetts code of motoring, our visiting hero settles down

in the left lane and pigs it there, right across the state. None of this servile moving over for him. He will drive it at 40 — more likely at 70 — but he is the only one, he feels, who appreciates the left lane, and there he stays. The only difficulty comes when a hapless Connecticut driver ventures to pull out and overtake a slower right-lane car: a toot from behind warns him that the visitor from Massachusetts is displeased and coming on full blast, in no mood to tolerate even a hint of company in his own exclusive high-speed lane.

San Francisco, like Paris, toots at blind corners without slowing down. Washington is capable and friendly. Chicago is tough, tense, and rapid. Philadelphia is baffling but not hostile. New York has learned to live with itself.

But Boston is out to punish any and all who turn a wheel on its streets.

CHARLES W. MORTON

How FOOTBALL DIED — CONTINUED

by SAMUEL YELLEN

SAMUEL YELLEN is Associate Professor of English at Indiana University. His verse has appeared in the *Atlantic* and other magazines.

LAST year, in the November issue of the *Atlantic*, I reported how the two-platoon system, introduced fourteen years ago (that is, in 1947), led inevitably, step by step, to the death of football. An autopsy undertaken during this past year, however, has revealed that still another disease, operating almost simultaneously, helped do football in. That disease was the self-imposed handicap. The original blame, in so far as any human agency can be held responsible, rests squarely with Notre Dame and Head Coach Frank Leahy.

Looking back from the present vantage point of 1961, we can set the exact time and place. The self-imposed handicap first manifested itself on Saturday afternoon, October 29, 1949, in the Babe Ruth Stadium at Baltimore, when Notre Dame, to use the staid and sober language of the *New York Times*, "inflicted the most humiliating defeat upon Navy in the 23-year history of their football rivalry, winning by 40-0 before a full house of 62,413."

Yet the item of greatest significance in the *Times* account was buried near the bottom of a column: "The Fighting Irish, obeying instructions, did not launch a pass in the second half." (Emphasis mine.) What is astonishing is that not one of the sports experts and commentators in those



remote days noted the implications of the fact that for two full quarters Notre Dame had deliberately denied itself the forward pass.

Today it is not hard to understand what drove Frank Leahy to make use of the self-imposed handicap. Out of the 38 games played during the four seasons 1946-1949, Notre Dame won 36, most of them by over-

whelming scores, and tied the other two (with Army and Southern California). The dilemma that faced Leahy is clear enough. He was finding it increasingly difficult to schedule games with the better-known teams, which were understandably reluctant to submit themselves to such utter carnage and humiliation.

Somehow Leahy had to reassure his opponents by discovering a way to keep the score down and make the game less one-sided. Nothing he did seemed to stop Notre Dame from rolling up a score.

Consider, for example, that Navy game back in 1949. Four of the six Notre Dame touchdowns came in the first half. During the third quarter, with the regulars on the bench and with the second- and third-stringers under instructions not to pass, Notre Dame still scored two touchdowns. Only in the fourth quarter, when Leahy had scraped the bottom of the barrel for a sixth-string backfield and had, moreover, forbidden it to pass, could Notre Dame manage not to score.

The prospects must have disturbed Leahy. No wonder that at the close of the 1949 season he announced that Notre Dame would not have a good team the following year. There was,

of course, nothing as definite as an agreement. Nor even an understanding. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that the opposing teams took the hint.

By 1951 they *assumed* that Notre Dame could be counted on to use the forward pass only during the first half of each game. Actually, after it saw the score of the opening game, Notre Dame limited itself to passing during only the first quarter of the next game, and later restricted even the number of passes. By the end of the season it was using no forward passes at all. But still the scores — all too lopsided — rolled up.

By 1952 the self-imposed handicap was no longer a mere assumption. It had become a definite agreement, sometimes informal, more often written into the contract. In desperation, Notre Dame gave up not only the forward pass but also the lateral. In fact, before certain schools like Princeton would schedule a game at all, Notre Dame had to restrict the number of end runs too, until by a gradual limitation that play also disappeared from its repertoire.

Nevertheless, trouble arose. The self-imposed handicap proved to be self-defeating. For as Notre Dame gave up in turn the forward pass, the lateral, and the end run, and finally confined itself to line plunges, it developed greater and greater line plungers. What it was up against was the sheer adaptability of man. Or perhaps Emerson's law of compensation was at work. Thus Six-Yard Sitko of 1949 gave way to Nine-Yard Hrvboveczak in 1952 and Twelve-Yard Antonini in 1953. Despite the diminishing variety of plays and the exercise of self-restraint, Notre Dame continued to run up its usual scores of 40 and 50.

As football lost its variety, it also lost its spice. The spectators began to complain about the monotony of a game all line bucks. Nor was Notre Dame the sole offender. Other titans, such as Michigan and Southern California, had likewise adopted the self-imposed handicap and written it into contracts with weaker opponents. By 1954 the dissatisfaction of the fans showed itself in the steadily falling attendance figures. When only 18,000 turned out for the Notre Dame-Navy game that year, anyone could see that strong measures were called for.

At the close of the 1954 season, Leahy himself issued the invitation for a conference of the leading schools.



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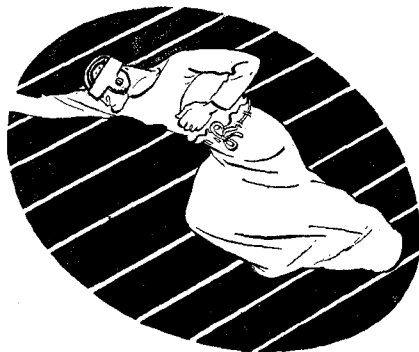
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The problem was simple. Somehow the former variety of plays—the forward pass, the lateral, and the end



run—had to be restored to football. At the same time, some means had to be devised to curb the virtuosity and skill of the individual players.

The solution, when found, had the simplicity of any great fundamental discovery. Why not tie the right and left halfbacks together as in a three-legged race?

With his customary resolution and daring, Leahy tried out this idea in the opening game of the 1955 season. It was a triumph. True, again the handicap proved inadequate. For, given the kind of interference provided by the Notre Dame blockers, the three-legged right-left-halfback swept down the field 90 yards for one touchdown, and 73 yards for another. However, the crowd went wild. New thrills and color had been added to football.

As the season progressed, other tricks were introduced to weaken the Notre Dame scoring punch. Thus the safety man receiving a punt took it with one hand tied behind his back. Whenever Notre Dame crossed into enemy territory, further modifications went into effect; inside the 10-yard line, the entire backfield was put in sacks, and took off for an off-tackle slice or an end run as if in an old-fashioned sack race.

But probably the most impressive play of the season, an adaptation of the egg-and-spoon race, came in the Pittsburgh game, when left end O'Grady grabbed a pass with his free hand and ran for an 80-yard egg-and-spoon touchdown.

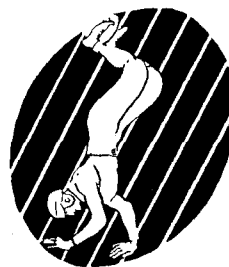
Of course, difficulties could not be avoided. The players grew more and more adept at overcoming handicaps; the fans became more engrossed in the incidental performances than in the game itself. Players had to be selected not so much for their ability to run, pass, and kick as for the handicap stunts they could do. The

gridiron took on the appearance of a three-ring circus. This development had been foreshadowed long before in the complicated formations and acts put on between halves during the 1940s by marching bands, baton twirlers, acrobatic cheerleaders, and beauty queens. However, those primitive interludes were like amateur night compared with the new spectacle.

It is not surprising that even those on the inside were slow to see the disaster at hand. Somehow there were always new and urgent problems to be met immediately and solved, leaving no time for the long view. Thus, during the 1957 season, friction developed with the Variety and Vaudeo Artists Guild, when it stepped in and demanded a contract covering all the stunt players.

A further complication arose when Actors' Equity claimed jurisdiction over the quarterback calling signals because of the "speaking part" involved. However, all these minor hindrances were smoothed out, as if, ironically, to permit the ultimate catastrophe to gain full momentum.

What had happened was that football had been transformed into theater. The backfield came to outdo the best talent available on television. This eventuality was first put into words by *Variety* in a story headed "Grideo Heaves Vaudeo." In fact,



so important did the theatrics become, and so intricate, that in 1958 Southern California hired Billy Rose to help the coaches in planning and directing its games. Other schools, too, began to lure directors from Broadway and Hollywood. Perplexed coaches were let go as unnecessary, although some schools kept them on, either because of sentiment or of what sociologists call a cultural lag.

The virus spread with fatal speed, and with it came disintegration. Television began to focus only on the spectacular stunts, so that the rest of the game became vestigial. MCA scouts showed up in the locker rooms to dangle contracts before the players. Even the alumni organizations, loyal and generous as they were, could not compete with such an outfit as CBS. There was a constant exodus of players, most of whom quit as early as their sophomore year to go into television or the movies.

By 1960 the game was running out of players, at the very time that the two-platoon system and the specialized unit were requiring ever bigger squads. It was more than football

could survive. The *coup de grâce* came late in the 1960 season when CBS moved Grideo out of the stadium into its studio, and put on the highlights of the Minnesota-Michigan Little Brown Jug game there. One of the props was a football.

BROADCAST OF THE GAME

by *FREDERICK EBRIGHT*

THREE thousand miles, on the other side of the continent,
and this the hour noon: noon, and a bland sun,
the quiet impersonal sunlight on hibiscus and poinciana leaves,
and the abstract voice out of the amplifier announcing,
"Well, the sun is setting pretty rapidly now . . ."
and the anonymous roar of the crowd cheering,
cheering, already in their evening, at a far place;
the faces, voices never to be gathered again, at a game you'll never see,
and you remembering now, remotely, play by play,
crisp leaves in a coppery sunset, stale taste of rye
and the chilly damp smell of frost moving over the bleachers,
remembering now while the radio voice shouts, "Twenty yards! . . .
thirty yards! . . ." and the cheering ascends to frenzied crescendo,
and there is the swift figure running, running into the red sunset,
running into the bloody evening light, and the cries wild,
alto and shrill, mounting in thunderous blare of band:
but the players, the crowd in their evening already dead, hours ago;
and you here in your quiet noon remembering,
but the shadow moving westward . . .



DID YOU WRITE THAT?

by COREY FORD

COREY FORD, whose touch as a light writer is anything but middle-aged, simply wrote too well when he described recently the symptoms of being fortyish. The consequences should be a warning not only to light writers but also to light plagiarists.

A YEAR OR SO ago, as I was walking upstairs, it struck me that the steps were getting steeper than they used to be. What's more, they seemed to be using finer print in newspapers lately, and the materials they put in these modern suits had a tendency to shrink, particularly around the waist and in the seat of the pants. So I jotted down some of the changes taking place around me, and *Collier's* published them in a little essay entitled "How to Guess Your Age."

My life hasn't been the same since.

Everybody who read my piece seemed to feel that it applied to him personally. He felt it was so personal, in fact, that he made several typewritten copies of the essay and mailed them to his friends. Whereupon his friends were so amused that they all made carbon copies, and mailed them to other friends, and these friends made mimeographed copies and sent them along to still other friends. I began to feel like the author of the original chain letter. I was the President of the Pyramid Club. I was becoming the most widely quoted author in America. I was also the most anonymous.

Somehow, in the process of copying the piece, my name got lost. People would leave off the by-line, or else they would substitute their own names and send it along with a little card: "Compliments of the J. S. Printwhistle Rutabaga Corp." I began to get copies of my essay, signed

by somebody else, usually with a sneering note: "Why don't you write something as funny as this sometime?" Several hopeful authors submitted the article to the *Reader's Digest*, and my agent had some difficulty establishing my ownership when the *Digest* printed it. On the day that Doubleday and Co. decided to bring it out in book form, the editor-in-chief found five other copies in his morning mail — under five different names. I barely got under the wire with my own book.

To make matters worse, the thing began to pop up in trade journals, business house-organs, and advertising publications. It was published by such varied media as the Juneau (Alaska) *Empire*, the Automobile Old Timers Club of Gary, Indiana, the Bodine Automatic Tapping, Drilling and Screw-Inserting Machinery Corporation, the Harvard Class of '17, the Ordnance Department of the Frankford Arsenal, the *Journal* of the American Medical Association (I think they called it "How to Guess Your Age"), and the Pardeeville-Wyocena *Times*. Some of these apologized handsomely but the damage was done.

Executives sent it out as their personal Christmas cards. Fraternal organizations read it aloud at their weekly luncheons. Columnists borrowed it whole to fill their columns. Radio broadcasters used it on the air, secure in the belief that there is no adequate copyright law in this country to prevent them. A veteran in a Walla Walla hospital submitted it in a contest and won first prize. My own hotel printed it up in a nice gilt booklet — no permission, naturally. Keeping track of the piece was like chasing a toupee in a wind tunnel.

So I called in my lawyer, Mr. Henry Walter. Normally I am a peaceable guy, but today I have more suits than Adolphe Menjou. I have been plagiarized by two life insurance companies (life insurance people seem to have a morbid interest in getting older); the *State*, a weekly survey of North Carolina; a large chain store (which ran it with a message from the president and his picture); a plumbing supplies company; and the U.S. Army. The two life insurance companies, the chain store people, and the plumbing people all settled readily out of court with Mr. Walter — no staggering sums, but enough to establish the literary principle that Plagiarism Doesn't Pay. Other ac-

tions are pending. Meantime, Mr. Frank Sullivan took up what he would doubtless call the cudgels in my defense in his review of the book in the New York *Herald Tribune*: —

"The whole thing," concluded Mr. Sullivan, "is an amusing commentary on the casual contempt with which most Americans regard the Profession of Writing. They would not steal a writer's watch (if he had one, which is unlikely unless he has sired a book like *The Cardinal* or *Peace of This or That*) but they think no more of stealing his brains than they would of stashing a souvenir ash tray from the Stork Club. They do not feel that a piece of writing constitutes a property, since they do not think any effort or talent is required to write. They could write as well as Ernest Hemingway themselves if they weren't so tired when they get home from the office or the filling station.

"At any rate, Corey Ford, like Queen Victoria, to whom he is not related, was not amused at this blithe kleptomania, and he sued a horde or two of the pirates who had lifted his handiwork. That is why, to this reviewer, one of the most comical lines in the book (and their number is legion) is the one on the first page that says: 'All rights reserved.'"

So it goes on and on. My normal life is ruined. My harried agent, Harold Ober, has had to hire a couple of extra secretaries to handle my mail. Reprints, requests for permission to reprint, and apologies for



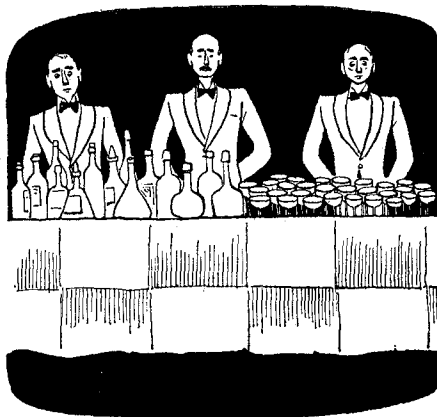
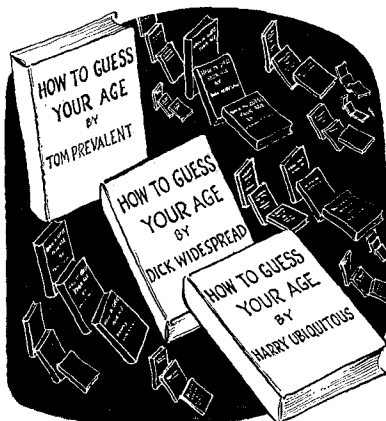
having reprinted without permission continue to pour in. I have no time for writing any more. Even my sleep is disrupted. The other night I was awakened at 3 A.M. by a collect telegram, and after I'd paid for it (\$3.76) I discovered it was from a national pear growers' association asking if it

would be okay to hand out my essay free with each box of pears. I wired back that people should be able to guess the age of their pears without help from me. Yes, I sent it collect.

I'm losing friends fast. For some reason, people who steal the piece are highly indignant if I object. I just tossed it off for a laugh, didn't I? A manufacturer in Middletown, Connecticut, who had been handing out hundreds of printed booklets, was outraged when I suggested some token remuneration. "Why, that piece about getting old was delivered last June in New Haven as the Alumni Day address by a member of the Yale Class of 1900," he snorted. "I copied it down word for word. Where do you get off trying to claim it, you young whippersnapper, you?"

What's more, the effects of my own observations on middle age are catching up with me. I notice that people get up and give me a chair when I come into a room nowadays. I've given up crossing the street against the lights, and usually my companion props a helping hand under my elbow as I step off the curb. I've quit tennis lately because these modern tennis balls they make are so hard to reach when I stoop over. I'm getting more absent-minded, too. The other day, on my way to an uptown appointment, I gave the elevator operator the street address, and then when I got into a taxi I gave the driver the telephone number. I've already mislaid three hats since my book came out. I'd tell the publishers to stop printing it, if I could only think of their name.

The next time I write an essay, I'm going to choose some obscure subject like the binomial theorem. Maybe if I turn out a piece that nobody reads, I'll be able to catch up on a little sleep. I need more sleep lately. Nights seem to be getting shorter than they used to be.



"LE COKTEL"

by **RAOUL SIMPKINS**

RAOUL SIMPKINS is the pseudonym of a former British diplomat who has been entertaining Accent on Living readers with his reports on life in France.

WHEN I lived in Washington, D.C., there were perennial headshakings over the "cocktail party scandal." Too many parties, it was inferred. Too many cocktails at the parties. Was it true, as whispered, that General Hotzenheimer, overstimulated by Old Fashioneds, had been caught kissing his Georgetown hostess's maid last week? And that, towards the end of the evening, Senator Klubb fell so heavily he destroyed an occasional table of considerable worth?

Personally, I enjoyed those Washington affairs immensely, and now that I live in Paris, I find myself looking back on them with increasing wistfulness. The good General Hotzenheimer, were he to appear at a run-of-the-mill Paris party, would undoubtedly remain a model of military sobriety. Why? Because he just wouldn't get anything much to drink.

Here's the form. An engraved invitation (an R.S.V.P. job) comes through the mails requesting the pleasure of your company on such-and-such a date at the Baron de Pompom's apartment in the Avenue Foch. Six to eight. The occasion is known technically in France as "un coktel." A sad misnomer.

Rashly you accept. The Baron, whom you have met once or twice, is young and charming. The Avenue Foch is one of the most chic of Parisian thoroughfares; and the Baron's richly appointed flat, a byword for elegance, looks out on a superb view of the Bois de Boulogne. What fun!

As you enter the room there is a momentary illusion of well-being. Gallic vivacity flickers all over the place like radar. The host is bending low over the hand of a beautiful woman who wears Jacques Fath's latest piece of bad news for her husband's bank account. (That reminds you: you must be prepared for a spot of graceful hand-bussing. Lose face otherwise.)

There are several extremely pretty women present and one or two moderately important figures from the Embassies. And — aha! — a reassuring background to the flower-scented scene of sophistication is a large side table. On it stand plenty of bottles and glasses and plates. And behind it stand three men in immaculate white jackets. They look competent and enterprising. Never judge by appearances.

You are greeted by your host, and almost at once here comes the first female hand. Down to it now — not too fast, otherwise you'll seem to be pecking. Not too slow either. Watch for the back of the wrist; you can hit yourself a surprisingly painful blow on the nose with it. Prettiest women apt to have boniest wrists. And one man I know had to have a stitch taken in his lip when he smashed the glass of a dainty wrist watch with a carelessly executed power dive.

There, you managed that quite well. Just a generous hint of Chanel No. 5 left clinging to your lips. Never mind — that will no doubt disappear with the first drink. Incidentally, when is it coming along? The three men in white coats are still standing there on the wrong side of the table. What do they think they are — cigar-store Indians?

Oops — another hand! Mouthful of black suède glove this time. Still the owner gives a nice smile and begins telling you all about her search for a house. Complete fill-in on the rentals asked for all the seventeen places she'd seen in six weeks of looking. . . . How are the whitecoats making out? Ah, one of them is uncorking a bottle of some kind. It is soda water and he is giving himself all the time in the world.

Where have we got to? Oh, dear, now we are embarking on the drains of those seventeen houses. Most of them faulty, apparently. But courage — here comes a whitecoat, picking his way through the throng with infinite care.

"Et pour Monsieur?"

Monsieur gazes at the curiously anonymous array spread upon the tray. That large tumbler of frosted glass (not frosted by ice but by its manufacturer) — what can be its contents? The thimble-sized job containing, apparently, a distillate of purple plush? And what in heaven's name is the faintly greenish substance nestling in what seem to be converted mustache cups?

You have been in France long enough not to ask for a Martini, which is the trade name for something quite different. Instead you say, in even tones, "Avez-vous un 'dry'?" Whitecoat nods, but your heart sinks as he indicates one of the mustache cups.

Too late to change the mind. You have got to pick it up and take a sip.

It is unbelievably awful. There is just enough ice in the concoction to cause the exterior of the containing vessel to sweat in an eerily human manner. There is a twist of lemon peel on the surface of the liquid, but from then on in, any resemblance between the "dry" and an American dry Martini is not only purely coincidental but entirely nonexistent.

It is made of one of the lesser breeds of French gin. A winebibbing nation, the French have never taken gin seriously. Perhaps the highest compliment that can be paid is to say that French gin is not quite so unlike English gin as Japanese whiskey is unlike Scotch.

You gag and tears spring to your eyes. This display of emotion is taken as encouragement by the house-hunting lady and she embarks with new zest on a further detailed description of drains and their impishness.

What to do? Whitecoat or one of his fellows may be around again, every hour on the hour, like the defile of mechanical saints in the great

clock of Strasbourg Cathedral. Take your courage in both hands, forge your way over to what should, by rights, be the bar and demand a drink? One of the stationary whitecoats will explain courteously that Monsieur must await the ministrations of the perambulating one.

And even when the perambulating one does finally reach you again, what will be your decision? Not another "dry"—anything but that. But what, then, is the alternative? So far, in forty minutes, you have consumed a drop or so of Chanel No. 5 and a glass of something that tasted like triple-distilled hemlock. What goes well with that?

While you are pondering this question a tray of what you take to be canapés is insinuated at your elbow. No harm in chewing on a little something, you feel. Might raise the morale. Wrong again. You find yourself with a mouthful, not of cheese, anchovies, smoked ham, or other kindred tart substance, but — of all things — a sickly sweet chocolate cake!

When Whitecoat does come round again — and he bears a faintly reproving look — you point in panic to the item colored like purple plush. It turns out to be "Porto." And however well port may taste in an Oxford common room after a good dinner, at a Paris "cocktel," taken on top of the "dry" and the Chanel No. 5, it changes out of all knowledge.

The fight has been knocked out of you by this time. You take your leave of the charming drain specialist (a last lingering kiss on the black suède glove) and say good-bye to the host.

"Going so soon?" he cries with well-simulated astonishment. Just a great little old kidder, the Baron.

And how are things in Georgetown these days, General?



FOR AN OLD SCHOLAR

by ROBERT McBLAIR

His only foes lie helpless in the mesh
That Plato plaited of sweet words and slow,
And his lone love is one whose tender flesh
Went drifting with the dust of long ago.



TRAP LINE IN ALASKA

by MASTEN BEAVER

MASTEN BEAVER and his wife lived in Alaska for six years operating trading posts. This is his first appearance in the Atlantic.

MY WIFE Helen and I operate a little one-horse (I guess you could call it a one-dogteam) trading post, north of the Arctic Circle, at an Alaskan Indian village called Chalkyitsik, about sixty miles east of Fort Yukon, near the Canadian border. It might be possible to get farther away from civilization but I doubt it.

I spent the fall compounding a potent brew for baiting my traps. Visions of animals unable to resist its lure came to mind as I carefully added liquid to solid. If Smellivision is ever invented, I've got the makings for a quick fortune.

Saving the roe from a whitefish, I put it into a glass jar and let the sun curdle and boil the contents. A dash of liver and of the entrail fat of the northern pike, plus a beaver castor, thinly sliced, was mixed in with a dash of cod-liver oil to pep the solution up to full strength, but when I sniffed my secret formula it lacked the magical ingredient that always appears in advertisements — glamour. I quickly solved that sticker by adding some of my wife's best perfume to the brew, and sat back dreaming of how I'd spend the money when the fur came piling in. I was positive I had the one and only bait for trapping fur-bearing animals.

I pestered the Indians the rest of the fall, trying to pry a few secrets on the art of setting out traps from the best trappers. They thought it was a big joke for me, the trader, to want to know how they made their animal sets. I carefully refrained from mentioning my secret bait.

Big Nitchie, a tall, kindly warwhoop, took me under his expert wing

and tried his best to teach me the fundamentals of opening a trap without losing a finger or two when the trap snapped shut. He was one of the finest trappers in this section, with a face that would have panicked a Comanche warrior but with a heart



like a friendly puppy. I have been his backward pupil for six years as he has patiently tried to teach me the lore of the North.

I followed him out into the spruce grove in back of the post for a practical demonstration after he thought I was showing a little promise. Nitchie picked an old charred stump for the first lesson. He gathered an armload of sticks in assorted sizes and put two into the snow about six inches apart, leaning them back against the stump.

"That's door," he said, looking up to see if I was watching him, the strain of concentration lining his homely face. He had trapped all his life but it was difficult for him to explain how he did it.

Next he jabbed the rest of the sticks into the snow, forming a half circle from the door to the stump. It looked like a frame for a tepee. Nitchie took the axe, cut a pile of spruce boughs, and brought them over to the frame. He placed the spruce limbs over the sticks, covering everything but the entrance.

He picked up a small piece of bark. "That's bait," he said, "you watch." Reaching back into the set, he placed the bark on the snow.

"Don't make house too small," he continued. "Bait got to be way back so marten go all way inside. House too small, then marten reach in with long neck, get bait but no get trap."

Nitchie set the trap and placed it inside the door, sifting a fine covering of powdered snow over it. Picking up a stick, he demonstrated how a marten was supposed to act. The stick went searching around the sides of the house for a place to sneak in and steal the bait, but the set was too

well constructed. Finally, the stick in his hand went toward the door, slowly, cautiously, until it was almost inside; then, with a rush of confidence, the stick entered and the trap snapped shut. The lesson was over.

Curiosity, which killed the cat, kills thousands of marten each year. The trapping sets are based on this fact. Lure the animal close with the scent, and when he comes to the set, curiosity will make him take a look inside and another Hudson Bay sable takes the initial step toward milady's neck.

When the trapping season opened, I loaded a dozen traps, a small axe, and my potent bait into my pack and, with snowshoes strapped to my winter boots, started out across country toward Okk-dik Lake.

It was a beautiful day, with the temperature hovering around the zero mark. The winter's sun, a ball of pale gold, hung suspended over the spruce forest, giving light to the Arctic regions but no heat. Snow lay heavily on the brush and trees, mantling the countryside in dead-white with gray shadows. You didn't have to look far to see why the Indians loved the bright reds, greens, and blues. A spot of color in this two-toned scene would have been visible for miles.

As I pushed farther back into the bush, I watched for the tracks in the snow. The tiny feet of a mouse punched holes in the surface and disappeared under a white-blanketed log. There were tracks of a weasel running from tree to tree, bush to bush, constantly on the search for mice. The snowshoe rabbits were beating their trails through the willow thickets, and a branch stripped of bark showed me where they had fed the night before.

I stopped, parked myself on a log, and lit a cigarette. Zipping down the front of my parka, I let the cold air cool me off. The pick 'em up, lay 'em down action of the snowshoes was making me sweat. Next time I would not wear so many clothes.

Continuing, I found marten tracks wandering through the spruce, so I stopped and built a little marten house. I stirred my bait and smeared a little of it on a piece of rabbit fur, spilling a generous amount on my clothes, and placed it in the back of the set. My first marten house and I was proud of it. Nitchie would have thought he was a good teacher if he could have seen it.

More marten tracks farther back in the woods, and I set a total of six traps that day. I returned to the cabin confident the morning would find me the owner of six marten skins. And why not — wasn't I using my special bait?

Helen had been busy baking bread while I was out and I got home just as a pan of hot rolls came bouncing out of the oven. There was a slight delay as she ran me out of the house and made me change my clothes in the store. I was informed that I smelled strong enough to chase a skunk off a garbage wagon, but I figured she was complimenting my bait.

I finally got her to say she'd go out with me in the morning when I went to pick up the fur, but not until I promised to be careful where I sprinkled the bait. Nothing quite like taking your wife along so she can see what a fine trapper you are.

Bright and early the next morning we hit the trail for the trap line. I was so excited I couldn't wait for breakfast. Locking our little cocker spaniel in the cabin, I looked around for my three Husky pups, my future dog team, but they had gone somewhere, probably down to the village. We put on our snowshoes and started for the first trap.

I could see the animals had been moving around during the night. Yesterday's smooth expanses of snow were punched full of tracks. I approached the first set with a growing apprehension that proved to be not unfounded. It was exactly as I had left it.



"Well, I guess we'll only get five today," I told Helen, trying not to catch her eye.

"Oh, that would be plenty," came the answer, and I suspected she was laughing at me. I hoped she'd see when we got to the rest of the traps.

She saw all right — the rest of the traps were as empty as the first. I

didn't have much to say on the way home. What could I say? My despair was so deep I didn't hear the commotion taking place toward town. When Helen called my attention to it, I passed it off as being the big sled-dogs in the village. In sub-zero weather you could hear a dog howling for miles.

"Oh, honey," Helen cried excitedly, "you've caught something!"

I hurried up to the wrecked marten house and saw instantly that the trap was missing. A whimpering from the brush, then one of my pups came limping out dragging the trap with him. The small trap hadn't hurt him a bit, catching him by one toe, but he was sure scared. He licked my face and was awfully glad to see me as I took off the trap and rebuilt the house, but I'm afraid the affection wasn't returned.

The other two houses each caught a pup and had to be rebuilt. It was a sadder but wiser bunch of pups that limped back home that morning. I was a little wiser, too.

As I sat eating breakfast Helen cheered me up. "Don't worry, honey," she said, "your bait attracts dogs, anyway. If worse came to worse, you could always catch a dog team."

NIAGARA IN A TEACUP

by ELIZABETH CHESLEY

LITTLE boys, any two,
Make a circus, make a zoo;

Sportive seals in constant cry
Sharply barking "What?" and
"Why?"

Wounded yelps and piercing joys
Pale the howler-baboon's noise;

Monkey-restless, full of tricks,
Connoisseurs of stones and sticks,

Bottle caps and rusty nails,
Through the house they blaze their
trails.

Barnum-Bailey, all compressed
To little space, with sound increased:

Set beside this giddy spate
Calliope is sweet, sedate.

Giraffe in reach and ape in chatter,
Pointless, endless — still, no matter.

Others for such pleasures pay,
Mothers have them free, each day!

ACCENT ON LIVING



by CONSTANCE URDANG

CONSTANCE URDANG was graduated from Smith College into war work in the Pentagon, and is now editing mail-order copy in New York.

WHEN I flew from Houston to Mexico City via Pan American Clipper I was surprised and pleased to find, in the Souvenir Folder tucked into my seat pocket, a little booklet called *Air Traveler's Dictionary*, with the subtitle *Frases Útiles en Inglés*.

The headings listed in the table of contents seemed to promise a fruitful and instructive hour for one who spoke no Spanish, and I turned eagerly to the first heading: *At the Airport — En el Aeropuerto*.

"Where is the airport? ¿Dónde está el aeropuerto?" I read, and conscientiously practiced the phonetical pronunciation in the next column: "Dohn'-day es-tah' ell ah-ay-roh-poo-ayr'-toh?"

I could not help looking over into the fourth column, *Pronunciación fonética, Inglés*, and there I read, "Juér is di eir'-port?" After that I was lost. That fourth column held an irresistible fascination for me, and I could not tear myself away. "Juér is mai ba'-gey?" I read. "Plis cól ei taxi. Ai uisch tu chek mai siút'-queis."

I realized that the consonants and vowels were to be pronounced in the Spanish fashion, *j* with the sound of *h*, *y* with the sound of *j*, initial *u* with the sound of *w*, *d* often with the sound of *th*, and so forth; but even so, something seemed to be wrong. It was nothing you could put your finger on; just an indefinable sense of something not quite right.

It was not until several phrases later ("Jav iú ei jeld ser-ti'-fi-ket? Uí uil a-raiv' punc'-tiu-eli") that I realized what it was about the *pronunciación fonética* that gave it its tantalizing flavor. The *Air Traveler's*

Dictionary was teaching its Spanish-speaking readers to speak English with a Spanish accent. Once I had grasped this principle, the rest was easy.

Turning to my companion, I remarked conversationally, "At juát al'-ti'-tiúd ar uí flai'-ing?"

"Huh?" was the reply.

I refused to give up so easily. "At juát cir'-port du uí stap neest?"

"Are you trying to talk Spanish or something?" he demanded.

"Ai uisch ei sing'-l rum uid bad," I retorted coldly. "Plis giv mi ei buc."

Both of these remarks were ignored, so I turned back to the *Frases Útiles*. "Di spun, di fore, di naif," I read. "Cop, pleit, teheir." The next had me temporarily baffled. "Bát'-tld uó'-ter." I repeated it aloud.

"Look," said my seatmate, "if that's supposed to be Spanish, you'd better stick to English. More people will understand you."

"But it is English," I explained, "pronounced phonetically." Together we went over the phrases the tourist is expected to find useful "in di schap."

"Jáu mutch is it?"

"Tu mutch. Giv mi sem'-ding tchi'-per."

Now my companion, too, was entranced. He had found the section on the *Póst Of'-iss*.

"Giv mi di an'-vel-op," he read. "Ai uisch tu re'-yes-ter diss let-ter."

"Der is di meil bacs," I replied.

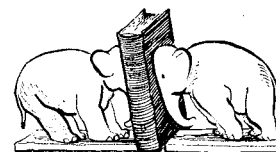
"Me'-ni dancs."

"Dont men'-schen it," I responded, having found the felicitous phrase under the heading *Everyday Expressions*.

My companion had found that page too. "Ol rait," he remarked agreeably, lighting a cigarette. "Des di smok ba'-der iú?"

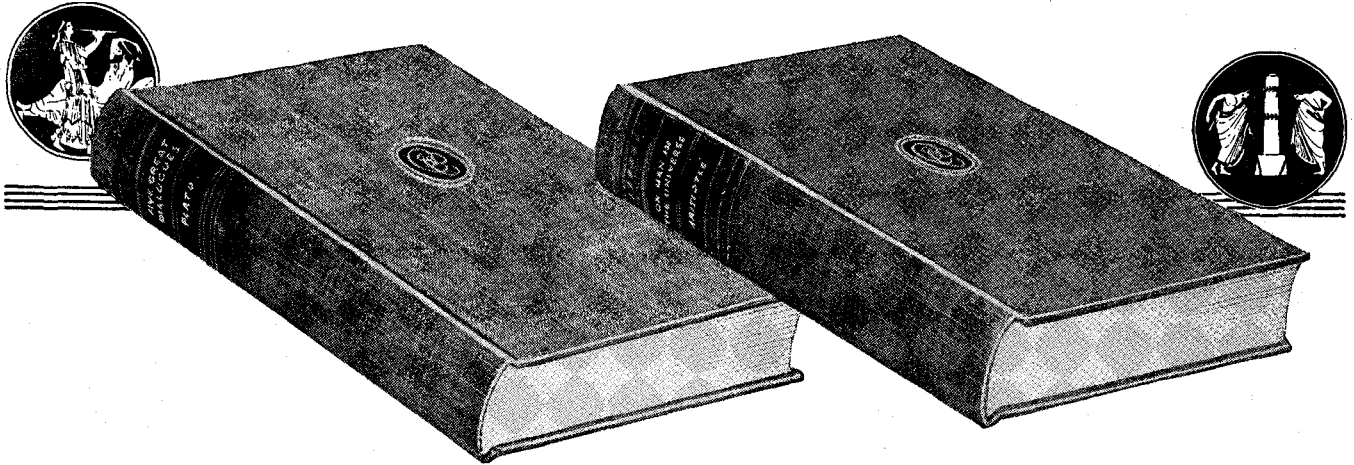
I searched in vain for the proper answer to this, and finally managed a feeble "Ai dont dine so. Du iú jav ei match?"

For the remainder of the trip we smoked in silence. There seemed to be nothing more to say. I could hardly wait to try out my new language in Mexico City, where I felt sure it would be understood as easily as the *Air Traveler's* Spanish.



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